

The July

JUL 5 '5M

Leatherneck

15c

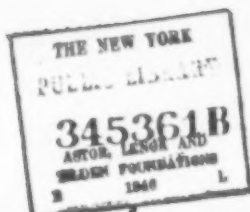
MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



Doc

July-Dec
1945

FRED
CASSWELL



*'Round the bend
of that road..*

are highways that lead home
—to old friends, new happiness



THE Road of War is turning now and, in good time, the endless columns of American fighters will roll back, victorious, along the roads of Peace.

America's highways will take these millions back to all the well-remembered places and faces... to the homes and loved ones they've dreamed about, sleeping or waking. And that's where Greyhound will be proud to round out its immense war job—by re-introducing returning service men and women (and the travel-hungry millions at home) to the land they love. There'll be fine new Super-Coaches, improved modern terminals, new high standards of highway travel... 'round the bend of that road.

GREYHOUND



SOUND OFF

SEABEE SQUAWK

Sirs:
We of a certain battalion of Seabees receive and appreciate the Pacific Edition of THE LEATHERNECK. Especially good, in our opinion, is the "Sound Off" column. It gives a man opportunity to air his views on subjects of provocation — hence this letter.

We, the undersigned, agree most emphatically with PFC James A. Salway, and buddies, who were responsible for the letter entitled "USO Gumbat" in your March 1 issue.

Concerning the so-called morale builders, (female USO entertainers), who said they didn't eat, sleep or travel? The gumbat boys didn't say it! All they said was that the gals entertain officers 24 hours a day. Sure, and that doesn't stop them from eating, and traveling, always in the company of officers, too, wanna bet !!!

On the two occasions when shows were given on this island we were never given the "honor" of their "royal" presence in our camp. We receive an invitation and upon arrival we find that the closest we can get is maybe a quarter of a mile, if lucky. The only thing left for us to do to the time is to have a game of chance in the headlights of our weapons carrier. You see, only a few get to see a show meant for many. After all the expectation of seeing Stateside gals in the flesh, the let-down doesn't do the morale any good. Morale builders — ? HELL NO!!!

They might as well be on the production line at home. At least they might do a little good there if something can be found for them to do.

The undersigned are a small per cent of the fellows who feel the same way.

LeRoy Hall, WT2c
Rupert S. Rogers, McMM2c
Clinton A. Leef, CM3c
L. M. Newman, MM2c
D. V. Cotter, Cox.

Pacific.

● The USO Camp Shows have a tremendous job

on their hands in trying to bring entertainment to remote outposts as well as to the larger bases both Stateside and overseas. The scheduling of shows, length of time spent at each base, and traveling arrangements of these units are largely determined by the military. Hence, it is sometimes necessary to double up on shows, presenting them before larger audiences than may be readily accommodated. This may, perhaps, explain the quarter-mile view at your base.

Many performers have two years or more of overseas duty. They frequently have to dip into their own funds to cover expenses. The great majority are not in the "big name" class and during their "tours of duty" the public at home generally forgets all about them, so that they have to start from scratch when they return to civilian entertainment. There must be an easier way of earning a living, and, incidentally, of meeting officers. There are always a few lemons in every outfit, but we'd like to hear from some of you men who have had more fortunate experiences than our Seabee friends. — Eds.

CAPTION CRISIS

Sirs:
We must commend you on the covering of the Iwo Jima operation, with pictures and a few

TURN PAGE

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★ GARY COOPER producer and star of "Along Came Jones", an International picture

BACK FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Gary Cooper

SAYS

"I've never found anything like it!"

"I discovered Ammen's Powder during my short visit to American and Australian troops in the South Pacific. I think it is wonderful."

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM IRRITATED SKIN, SUNBURN

When stinging, itchy skin makes you feel like a pincushion, get fast relief. Try Ammen's Antiseptic Powder yourself.

Ammen's is so soft and gentle, so soothing, it quickly puts your skin "at ease". Just dust it on. Its medically active ingredients go to work—fast!

Discover, as Gary Cooper did, how effective this supersoft powder is. Ammen's dries irritating perspiration, checks harmful bacterial growth and soothes the skin.

*Germ*s cannot live near Ammen's.

It's used the world over by the U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

Ask your medical officer about Ammen's. Get a package at your PX or Ship Service Store today. No finer powder is made. 25¢

AMMEN'S
ANTISEPTIC POWDER

ABSORBENT • ANALGESIC

Its medically active ingredients go to work fast on

Itching Skin • Chafing • Prickly Heat • Insect Bites • Sunburn • Nettle Rash • and all minor skin and foot irritations.



CHAS. AMMEN COMPANY, LTD., ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA



Is "Pink Tooth Brush" worse than "Shots"?

THERE HAS BEEN very little discussion about this matter. Which is as it should be.

Because practically everybody knows that "shots" are extremely beneficial to one and all.



But "pink tooth brush" is no Christmas present. It is a warning that things may be going to occur amongst your dentistry which can cause nothing but grief.

Indeed, it's a matter you had better report to the dentist right away.

Chances are he may say today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise — that your gums are becoming tender.

(In non-medical terms, this may mean that your smile can presently become lacking in the gleam that girls go for.)

Anyhow, since tender gums are not highly regarded in dental circles, the dentist may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Because this Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, when you massage a little extra Ipana on your gums, it helps them to healthier, ruddier firmness.

Such gums are often helpful in producing teeth of greater soundness and brightness.

And such teeth are conducive to giving you a smile which is very handy on leaves and on other occasions when chicks are present.



Start today with

Ipana and Massage



SOUND OFF (cont.)

words. Rest assured it was most interesting.

But looking at the pictures, lower right corner, page 9, April 15 issue, I see what I believe, am quite positive in fact, is a hospital corpsman writing out a casualty report in the log kept for records at the evacuation station on the beach. Just how you figure it to be a forward observer, doing such, carrying a unit number 3 and splints is almost beyond me. How's about checking up on it and giving that corpsman a break?

Charles H. Gantt, PhM2c Pacific

● *Corpsman Gantt is correct. The editor who doped off on this caption has been duly strung from the yardarm. — Eds.*

WOMENHATERS, INC.

Sirs: Received your package of letters to our "Womenhater's Club" and wish to thank you for same. This club is beginning to get out of hand with every gizmo and his buddy wanting to take the pledge. From the mounting list of new members, we take it the gals in the States are having a good time while their "one and only" is across the pond. If the fellows that wrote in have not yet heard from us, we hope they will stand by, as the war out here is our first consideration. Women-hating we do in our spare time. Then too, we try to answer letters from buddies in the hospital first.

As for the Army, Navy and Coast Guardsmen who want to take the pledge, it's okay fellows, you're in, too. If you've been fouled up by a fem, we'll fix it.

From the threatening little notes we've received from irate Stateside gals, it looks as if the Pres., Vice-Pres. and Secretary will have to have a body guard when we get back!

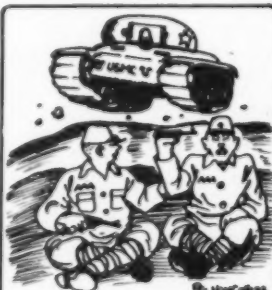
Anyway, thanks again to THE LEATHERNECK and keep the letters coming. To the Pres. and members of the "I'm going to marry an Aussie gal" Club, it's no soap fellows. We can't merge, because the gizmos in this exclusive club got the "Injun sign" on all females!

Pres. Walter McCoy
Vice-Pres. Bob Kneuhl
Secty. James Lyng
Pacific

UNFORGOTTEN BATTALION

Sirs: As I have had an opportunity to read one of your magazines I noticed an article called "The Forgotten Battalion." I enjoyed reading the story as I have a brother in that outfit.

I want them to know they have not been entirely forgotten. I have known of the company ever since it left the States. Since reading the story lots of things



"Never mind, Captain Okisabl. Just stand by a moment!"

OFFICIAL IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES

The only baseballs used in Big League play. And to-day thousands are going to American fighting men around the world for the enjoyment of America's favorite game.



REACH . . .
Official Ball
of the American
League
for 45 Years

SPALDING
Official Ball
of the National
League
for 68 Years



TWINS OF THE MAJORS
BOTH MADE BY

SPALDING

LIPS HURT?



CHAPPED?

Sore, painful chapping calls for Lypsil. Soothes and helps promote healing.



DRY?

When blazing sun dries, parches and cracks your lips—use Lypsil quick.



WEATHER BEATEN?

Wind and cold roughen lips. Avoid soreness, ease pain with soothing Lypsil.

Get LYP Syl for quick relief

● Lypsil soothes and comforts sore, painful lips — helps heal cracked, broken skin. Colorless — doesn't show. Applies in a jiffy. Take along Lypsil (pronounced "Lip-sil") wherever you go. Costs only 25¢ at PX and drug stores.



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(PRONOUNCED "LIP-SIL")



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That Gives You Tops In
Smoking Enjoyment**

**KING
EDWARD**

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*America's Most
Popular Cigar*

☆
Here is a pleasure-filled, 40-minute smoke—KING EDWARD—the mellow-mild cigar that provides true contentment and economy, too! It's made of finest tobaccos, thus packs a heap of quality and satisfaction in every puff... Ask for KING EDWARD today—and enjoy the best cigar money can buy!



**KING
EDWARD
Cigars**

SOUND OFF (cont.)

have been cleared up. They are a great bunch of men and deserve plenty of credit. Nothing in the world is too good for all of them. Here's hoping they are soon Stateside-bound. After having been to some of the places they have fought, I can say the going was plenty tough and I certainly know what they mean by "sweating it out" here in the Pacific.

Tell the fellows to remind my bud he owes me an answer to three letters if he has received them. He is PFC Robert L. Kline.

Clarence M. Kline, Flc
Pacific

CALLING ALL GUNNYS

Sirs:

In your April issue I read a short story titled "Eager Beaver." The caption on the yarn says "his world was a five-inch gun mount," but in the pictures he was a talker on a 40 mm quad.

PFC Leon Williams
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

• *Editor who handled story got a bit fouled up. We're going to send him to sea for 10 years to get the straight dope on guns as a member of a ship's detachment. — Eds.*

MISUNDERSTOOD

Sirs:

Regarding our letter published under the heading of "Rough Boys" in the March 15 "Sound Off," and particularly in reference to your editorial comments, this is not a retaliation, we are merely attempting to explain ourselves. Sorry you misconstrued our overly subtle attempt to dig some of the more obviously Marine Corps-happy contributors to your column. We love our Marine Corps as well as the next man. We volunteered, we took what they gave us, we're not beating our gums, and we'd do it all over again. But we do think that to constantly brag about it shows a lamentable lack of modesty, to put it mildly. Believe us, that is all we are guilty of. It is unfair that you only printed one third of our letter. And, incidentally, it's about time you began to recognize a common journalistic device employed with great success by Swift and Defoe, namely the satire or "take-off" in popular parlance. And as for your remarks, I have no room to talk, having seen only two campaigns, but the rest of the undersigned can testify that on Cape Gloucester, Peleliu, and Okinawa, the Japs have considerably advanced beyond the "blunderbuss" stage.

PFC AL Hurwitz
Sgt. D. R. Hamm
Sgt. A. E. Cleworth

Pacific

• *Fie on you, too, for taking our answer seri-*



"I'll swap ya six Samurai swords for that dirty propaganda"

Even tough old
faces like his



feel almost
smooth as his



after a cool,
cool Ingram
shave...

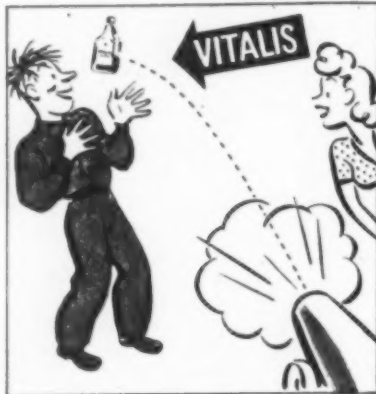


Product of Bristol-Myers

LIKE all really good shaving creams, Ingram's foams into thick, whisker-wilting lather fast. But more—it helps condition your skin for shaving—soothes burns and stings. And Ingram's refreshing coolness lingers on and on! So treat yourself to a fresh-feeling face tomorrow. Get Ingram's today—in jar or tube—at the nearest drug store or Post Exchange.

INGRAM SHAVING CREAM

Pfc. Casanova—



Go Further on Furloughs...and Faster...with a Handsome Head of Hair. Get Yours Handsomer with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!



Product of Bristol-Myers

TAKE 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry scalp. This routs your loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair and makes your hair look more alive.

Now...take just 10 seconds with the comb. Then take a look! Man—you're magnificent! Your hair's set to stay in place, and Cousin, it looks good there!

So get started with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" today!

You can get Vitalis at any Post Exchange.

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

SOUND OFF (cont.)

ously. We, too, have a nodding acquaintance with satire. — Eds.

SHORT STUFF

Sirs:
This is in answer to the item in the March 1 LEATHERNECK about Pvt. Frank Ambrogio who is exactly five feet tall.

I am exactly four feet 11½ inches tall. I was turned down in the draft and put in 4F because I was too short. I volunteered for the Marines. Then they called it five feet and took me in. When I got to PI, I was measured twice and was only four feet 11½ inches, and I have been measured since with the same result. I am the shortest Marine as far as I know. They told me at PI that until then, the shortest ever to go through PI was five feet 1½ inches. I do not want to disappoint Pvt. Ambrogio, but that is the scoop.

PFC S. H. Matthews
Pacific.

YOU CAN'T MUSCLE IN

Sirs:
I have read a great deal lately in *Naval Information Bulletin* about the Navy Rehabilitation Program. I am interested in the program because by profession I am a physical education specialist and I intend to make coaching my career after the war. My questions are: Is it possible for a Marine to become a physical education specialist in the Navy Rehabilitation Program, and if so, what procedure must be followed?

PFC O. K. Edmondson
Pacific

● The Navy Rehabilitation Program is staffed with naval personnel only and it is therefore impossible for Marines to become physical education specialists in that program. However, Marines possessing a background of physical education and recreation may request assignment to the Welfare Division of the Special Services Branch for work in that field. Requests should be submitted to the Commandant of the Marine Corps via official channels. They may be submitted by overseas personnel, but such requests will not be considered until such personnel has returned Stateside. — Eds.



But wait until
you see my balance
in the BANK



● Bicycle Bill started an allotment savings account not so long ago. Now his pass book shows a balance of over \$1000. He'll be sitting prettier than he is now when he gets back...and so will you if you start your savings account today. Fill out an identification blank, have your Commanding Officer certify your signature, and mail it to any one of the Bank of America branches located in cities and towns throughout California.

Veterans who come home to California will find this bank, through its Vet-Loan Plan,* ready to help men who want to own a business, a farm, or a home. For a special new booklet, address Dept. AD, Bank of America, San Francisco 20.

*Vet-Loan Plan includes and supplements the credit provisions of the G. I. Bill of Rights.

Bank of America

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Main offices in two reserve cities
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San Francisco... Los Angeles

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Member Federal Reserve System

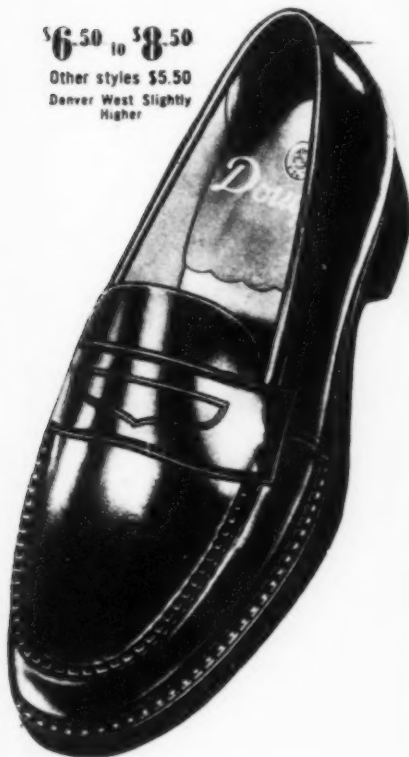


*"It's the little things
you look forward to!"*

Taking the kid brother to the circus. Eating more than your share of peanuts and popcorn. You'll have a grand time watching your excited kid brother try to see what's going on in all three rings. And you'll probably be wearing your easy-fitting tweed suit with a pair of W. L. Douglas "Vagabonds."

\$6.50 to \$8.50

Other styles \$5.50
Denver West Slightly
Higher



W. L.
Douglas
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.



Shoes
BROCKTON 15, MASS.

Stores in Principal Cities
Good Dealers Everywhere

INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY BONDS

SOUND OFF (cont.)

'03 RECORD

Sirs:

Several of us were discussing qualification scores for the Springfield, model 1903, as well as the M1. We also got on the subject of high scores. One of the men declared that the highest score ever made, officially, with the '03 was 336 out of a possible 350 points. I was in the Marine Corps from 1928 to 1934. In 1928, while on the rifle range as a recruit, we were told that GySgt. Fisher had made a 349 at Quantico, Va. I seem to recall reading an article about the same thing in **THE LEATHERNECK** shortly after that. Can you please put us straight on this subject.

PFC L. M. Winebrenner
Pacific.

● On 18 June 1928, Sergeant Dean R. Penley, USMC, at Quantico, Va., scored 348 out of a possible 350, which, according to Headquarters Marine Corps, still stands as the world's record for the prescribed '03 rifle qualification course. — Eds.

WINGS FOR MARINES

Sirs:

Would like to have an argument settled for the benefit of a group of slightly perplexed Marines. What are the qualifications for the wearing of naval observers' wings? Are there any authorized wings for navigator-bombardiers?

Pvt. Reese M. Walker

Sgt. Morris D. Cave

PFC B. R. Brown, Jr.

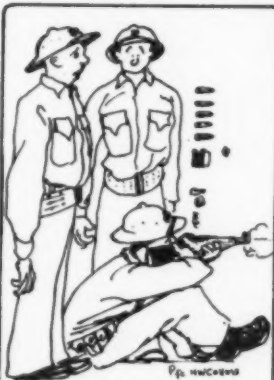
El Centro, Cal.

● There are no authorized Navigator-Bombardier wings. Necessary qualifications for wearing naval observer wings are set forth in the Navy Department Bulletin dated 15 March 1945, Circular Letter No. 64-45, 45-259-Naval Aviation Observers (Navigation), Designation of. — Eds.

FOURTH DIVISION PATCH

Sirs:

I am a regular reader and admirer of **THE LEATHERNECK**, and enjoy most of all your column, "Sound Off." In the last few issues of the magazine, there has been quite a bit to say about the shoulder patch of the Fourth Division. I have a brother in the Fourth Division, and until he



"The company that makes it used to make electric toasters"



*What's a furlough
without a DATE?*



*Cheer up
it's not to*

*Shine up your mug
with ACTIVE lather*



Get wise to the wonderful pick-up Lux Soap lather gives pronto to weatherbeaten skin. Smooth, slick—that's you now, brother! Lux Soap—at your P. X.



*And win the prizes
that LUX pans gather!*



**ATE
-UPS**



**TEA FOR TWO
WITH A 1/2**

...I just go to teas to tease the chickadees! They can't resist me, 'cause my skin's so yummy-smooth an' kissable... thanks to **COLGATE BRUSHLESS**! It's one 'no-brush shave cream that can wilt wiry whiskers!

**Comfort
OT Papa.**

asbestos
better than
Tokyo...
er skin
up
to co-ol
COLGATE
SS - it puts!
out 'cause
moist, keeps
soft an'
to shave!

**I SWOON
WHEN HE GROONS**
...Because Bill Stern is one radio star who's a man's man, and his swell show - the **COLGATE SPORTS NEWSREEL** - is a man's program! Listen in next Friday at 10:30 p.m. Eastern Time, NBC Network!

COLGATE BRUSHLESS SHAVE AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE—TODAY!



SERIOUSLY, THE SERVICE MAN WITH A FAMILY SHOULD CONSIDER LIFE INSURANCE SELLING AS A POSTWAR CAREER. THE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING WE GIVE ENABLES MANY MEN TO EARN \$4000-\$9000 A YEAR OR MORE. WE'LL PAY A LIBERAL SALARY FOR THE FIRST 2 YEARS TO HELP QUALIFIED MEN BECOME ESTABLISHED. OUR LIFETIME COMPENSATION PLAN WILL ASSURE YOU AN INCOME FOR RETIREMENT YEARS, TOO. WRITE NOW FOR OUR APTITUDE TEST.

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

"First in America"

34 NASSAU STREET



Lewis W. Douglas, President

NEW YORK 5, N.Y.

KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

SOUND OFF (cont.)

recently returned Stateside, I did not know what sort of insignia he wore to signify his division.

I agree with some of the boys in the Pacific stating that their shoulder patch is plain and very different from those of the other divisions. But I wholeheartedly agree with PFC William L. More (in the April issue) and his feelings toward the matter. I think the boys of that division should be very proud of their patch and the history it has made for itself, and I see no reason why it should be changed. They have something the other divisions do not have.

A Marine's Sister
Baltimore, Md.

SHIP DETACHMENT PATCHES

Sirs:

I am writing this letter to you in order to find out where I can purchase some US Marine shoulder patches that are worn by Marines who serve in the ship's detachments aboard naval vessels in this war. I have been told that they are prescribed by your Marine regulations.

Mrs. E. C. Duban
St. Paul, Minn.

• **Illers Military Shop,**
La Jolla, Cal., 25 cents
postpaid. — Eds.

FRENCH FOURRAGERE

Sirs:

Would suggest that PFC Homer Baugh, Jr., (April "Sound Off"), who believes bona fide members of the Fifth and Sixth Regiments who served in World War I should carry an identification card, ask to see the identification card issued to all members who served when the outfits named received the Fourragere of the Croix de Guerre establishing their right to wear the cord.

As a former member of the 81st Company, Sixth MG Battalion, I have one of these cards, as well as the cord.

To the editors and correspondents of **THE LEATHERNECK** who are doing an outstanding job, "Well done."

Jasper J. Jenkins
Springdale, Conn.

PAGING OLD BUDDIES

Former Shipmates:

Since being discharged from the Marines last August by medical discharge, I have lost track of all the fine fellows with whom I served in H&S, TTC, New River; G-2-7; Hq. Co.-1-1; Hq. Co.-1-23; B-1-25. After four years' service it is only natural that you will miss it when you are no longer



"I don't know who he is — but get him away from there, quick!"

**FROM
NOW ON—**



Smoke this outstanding quality Cigarette...Smoke it critically... Compare it with any other brand... See if you don't agree that from now on...
... it's Chelsea!

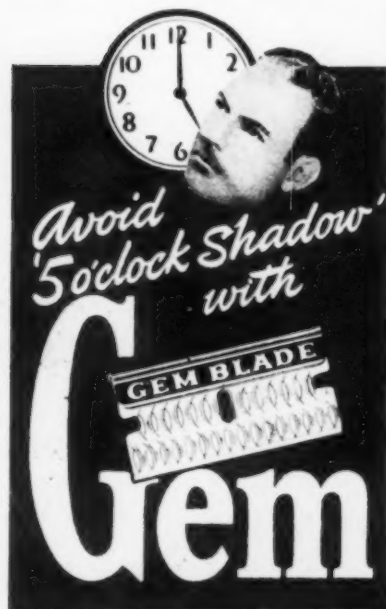


The BEST in Cigarettes —
Blended by
EDGEWORTH
A Heritage of Quality
Since 1877



"I've just loved canoeing with you
since you've got rid of your
'5 o'clock Shadow'!"

Keep free from "5 o'clock
Shadow" right around the
clock by shaving with gen-
uine Gem Blades. Gem's a
thicker, sturdier blade. Its
super-keen, deep wedge-
edge gives you more and
better shaves per blade!



SOUND OFF (cont.)

connected with the Marine Corps, but I would like to inform all who may be from St. Petersburg that we have a Marine Corps League here and it will be one to be very proud of before it is all over. Drop me a line any time. Will be glad to handle your application for the League here in St. Petersburg.

Charles S. Jones,
231 Charles Court South,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

• For information about other local chapters of the Marine Corps League, write to National Headquarters, Marine Corps League, Albany Garage Building, Albany 7, N. Y. — Eds.

MUSTER ROLE BLUES

Sirs:

In this month's issue (March) we ran across a small article of one First Sergeant (from FMF, Pacific) beating his chops about his oversized muster roll, transfers, etc., of more than one hundred a month.

We, the undersigned, would like to meet him at some bar to listen to the poor overworked man's story. He must have had a very terrific headache, as our muster roll merely consisted of 2700 men for February (28 pages) with 1800 transfers for the month. Of course, we know this couldn't compare to his, but what a headache it caused us.

Our suggestion to this poor man is that he come away from this child's play and assume a job where gum beating is recognized. The Muster Roll Department—

Sgt. D. J. Reed
Corp. R. L. Heckl
Corp. H. J. Davis

Camp Lejeune.

WOODSMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Sirs:

Up to now, it has always been my policy to take an officer's suggestion and not question it, but something has happened. It's like this—

About a week ago I read an article by a Major James A. Donovan, Jr., in *The Marine Corps Gazette* on the subject of "Why Should We Be Raggedy Marines." In his article the Major advocates a change of uniform because he heard of a group of men coming from campaign who couldn't go on liberty because they couldn't produce a full liberty uniform. He suggested a combination work and liberty uniform, square tails to be tucked in for liberty. Then while he was at it, he decided our greens are going out of date and thought the short waist jackets should be copied from the English. When he got through we were British air-raid wardens plus a green field scarf.

The army changed it's uniform



"Now, just allergic
to loud noises"

Insignia and Equipment of Quality



always identifiable by
the H-H eagle trademark



More Marine Corps officers wear
insignia bearing the H-H trade-
mark than all others combined.
There must be good reasons for this
overwhelming preference.

On sale at licensed dealers, post ex-
changes and ship service stores only.

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

and look what was the result. I'll admit you can't fight in greens, but that's what we have logistics officers for, to equip the men with special clothes according to where they are being sent. Naturally a little comfort has to be sacrificed for neatness, but it's worth it.

Thus, on the basis of what I have said above, I appeal to you to start a campaign against any change of uniform. The uniform as it stands today, is a symbol of the Marine Corps and to change it would be a crime. Let's not listen to a newcomer with drastic ideas, but rather to the men who'll be wearing the uniform for a long time to come. You can do it, as the power of the press is omnipotent.

SSgt. Ralph D. Baker
Fort Worth, Texas.

● *Seems to us there have been several changes in uniform in the last few years, such as caps, field scarves, etc., without precipitating any appreciable falling off in esprit de corps. Let's hear from the "Old Corps" on this.* — Eds.

PURPLE HEART

Sirs:
I would like to know what the requirements are to rate the Purple Heart award. As I understand it, one can get it from injuries resulting from the elements.

I was afflicted with dengue fever and also malaria . . . I returned to the States and was hospitalized for five months.

Corp. John Broek
Bayonne, N. J.

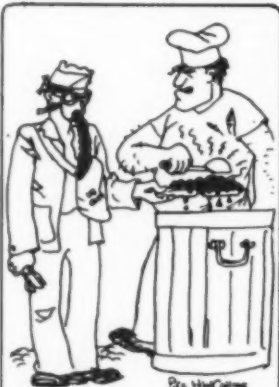
● *The Purple Heart is not awarded for malaria or dengue, but only for wounds received in actual combat.* — Eds.

DOG TAG DOPE

Sirs:
I am an "old Marine," having served in the so-called World War I from May '17 to March '19, and in this fracas from May '42 to August '44, when the Corps caught up with my age.

In the March issue of THE LEATHERNECK I read in "Sound Off" the article about serial numbers. It seems to me that SSgt. Wise's letter was answered without proper research or information.

To substantiate this statement let me say that during my hitch in 1917-19 my dog tag carried no number. After the armistice I was acting 1st Sgt., and to the best of my recollection the SRBs



"If ya don't like the chow, say so, — don't hint around"

Fast Relief—Hot, Sore, Sweaty Feet

Don't be tormented by your feet. Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. This grand relief of Dr. Scholl's almost instantly relieves hot, sore, tender, sweaty, chafed, blistered or smelly feet. Soothes, refreshes. Get a 10¢ or 35¢ can now at your Post Exchange or Ship Store.



Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER

SINCE 1918

A. M. BOLOGNESE
and SONS

TAILOR AND
HABERDASHER

QUANTICO, VA.

PETER BAIN BELTS

FOR COMPLETE GUN CLEANING use HOPPE'S No. 9

For over forty years this old, reliable gun bore cleaner has been removing primer, powder, lead and metal fouling and protecting guns from rust. It will clean and protect your guns too. Gun dealers sell it or send us 10¢ for trial size. "Hoppe's Gun Cleaning Guide" containing complete gun care data sent FREE upon post card request.

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.
2305 N. 8th St., Philadelphia 33, Pa.



NAUSEA



If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists
MOTHERSILL'S, 430 Lafayette St., New York, 3, N. Y.

CORRECTION

On page 72 of the May issue a caption inadvertently was omitted from the advertisement of the N. S. Meyer Co. The following caption should have appeared under the illustration of the Japanese gun: "Marines giving Japs a dose of their own medicine with captured gun."

THE LEATHERNECK regrets this omission.



HE'S NO

B.T.O.*

IT'S JUST

THAT WINNING SMILE!

Yes, a pin-up smile really sends 'em. And nothing you can buy will clean your teeth more beautifully, more thoroughly or more quickly than America's No. 1 tooth powder . . . Dr. Lyon's.

That's right . . . Dr. Lyon's is America's favorite tooth powder . . . outsells all others. It tastes so good, leaves mouth feeling so refreshed and breath so sweet.

Get a box of Dr. Lyon's today and see the difference it can make in your smile. And taste that wonderful flavor that lasts and lasts.

*Big Time Operator



DR. LYON'S
TOOTH
POWDER

ANCIENT PIPE OF ITALY



TODAY YOU SEE THE

**LHS
STERNCREST
STERLING**

IN ITALY, AND EVERYWHERE

Thousands and thousands of LHS pipes have been requisitioned for our gallant fighting men, in Italy, and on every fighting front. Stay-at-homes have fewer LHS's to choose from, but every one is guaranteed to be up to pre-war standards, and that means craftsmanship, choice imported Briar, and the "know-how" of LHS.

Model No. 14
Smooth Finish **\$5**

Dozens of other handsome models, antique or smooth.

STERNCREST 14K—solid gold band, specially selected briar . . . \$7.50

CERTIFIED PRICE . . . \$3.50

Other LHS Pipes, \$10 to \$15.00

**IMPORTED
BRIAR**

AT YOUR DEALER'S



BUY WAR BONDS

Send for a copy of "Pointers on Pipes"—FREE
L & H Stern Inc., 56 Pearl St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

of my company carried no serial numbers for anyone.

My number this time was 92122 and I can hardly imagine that I was the 92122nd Marine to enlist in the Corps since its organization.

M. L. Montgomery
Jacksonville, Fla.

● Our information came from Headquarters Marine Corps and we presume it is correct. — Eds.

CORPS MEDAL WINNERS

Sirs:

To settle an argument before blood is shed, please send a reply to us regarding the medal that Sgt. Schmid won. He comes from Philadelphia and was blinded on the 'Canal.

Also, how many men in the Corps have won the Congressional Medal of Honor in this war?

Corp. J. J. Kindy
Sgt. A. F. Huletz
Cherry Point, N. C.

● Sgt. Albert A. Schmid, USMCR, was awarded the Navy Cross for service on Guadalcanal, 21 August 1942. As of 20 April 1945, 25 members of the Corps had been awarded the Medal of Honor for service during the present war. — Eds.

LEATHERNECK DOPE-OFF

Sirs:

Regarding question number three in "How's Your IQ," April edition, none of the possible answers was correct!

The famous phrase, "Lafayette, we are here," was spoken on July 1917 at the Picpus Cemetery in Paris by Colonel Charles E. Statten of the AEF—not by General Pershing!

A newspaper reporter present at the scene erroneously gave Pershing credit for the statement. These words have been ascribed to him ever since, despite all his efforts to correct the misconception.

I think your IQ editor should "get on the ball!"

PFC W. Wayne Smith
Quantico, Va.

● PFC Smith is quite right—our IQ editor had been going into a decline for some time so we sent him off to Okinawa for a rest cure. — Eds.



Your Lifebuoy Pin-up for J



**SWELL IDEA, MADELINE—
I'M HEADING FOR
MY LIFEBOUY
BATH, TOO!**



**GOSH! DIGGING UP
THOSE LAND MINES
WAS A TOUGH, SWEATY
JOB. CAN'T WAIT
FOR A COOLIN'
LIFEBOUY
BATH!**



**MAN—LIFEBOUY
LATHER SURE GETS
THE DIRT AND SWEAT
—MAKES YOU FEEL
GREAT—STOPS
"B.O." TOO!**



**Beat the heat with
LIFEBOUY—**

The hotter it gets the more you'll cheer Lifebuoy's special purifying lather. So cooling! So refreshing! So downright *dee-lightful* when a fellow's hot, grimy and sweaty. Use Lifebuoy daily to stop "B.O." ... keep you welcome wherever you go.

PERSONNEL ATTACK

OR
"CLEAN SWEEP
DOWN - FORE
AND AFT"

"PERFECT FIT IN A
DECK PADEYE"



NOW GET THIS...YOU'RE
ALL TRAINED FOR A
BEACH LANDING...YOU'LL BE ON
HERE FIVE WEEKS...KEEP IN
SHAPE!!



"ELRIN' DAIN' SHIP"



"CAUGHT WHEN THE WATER GOES OFF."

"CHECKING GREASE ON TH'
DECK CABLES"



ZURK



"THOSE
NARROW
AN' STEEP
LADDER"



"SNAPPIN' IN
WITH A HOT TRAY AND CUP"

"WASHIN' DOWN ALL
WEATHER DECKS."



OUTTA M'WAY...
BOOT!



"ASSISITING A PAL TO HIS BUNK"

LOOKIT YA'...YOU'RE A
DISGRACE T'THE MARINE CORPS!



Gy. Sgt. Grant

AT SEA.
5TH MARINE DIVISION

SMOO-O-O-TH!

SMOOTH, SATISFYING Raleighs—the one cigarette that has *never* let down on quality! In spite of wartime conditions, Raleighs are still made from the choicest, *fully aged* tobaccos that money can buy. And they come to you factory-fresh, kept that way by the best moistening ingredient known. So why wait—why not try a pack of Raleighs *today*?

TUNE IN Hildegard Tuesdays, Billie Burke Wednesdays,
"People are Funny" Fridays, NBC Network



PLAIN ENDS
OR TIPPED

Raleigh

THE CIGARETTE WITH QUALITY TO BURN!

UNION MADE

Gunny's Taste

THE old gunnery sergeant attacked the stack of golden brown pancakes with all the enthusiasm of a connoisseur of fine foods. After the first mouthful a look of surprise and disbelief spread over his face. Squaring his shoulders he sailed into them again, this time launching his assault from the opposite side of the pile. Again a look of consternation appeared on his face, but this time he continued, as one who is resigned to his fate. With each succeeding bite his face grew longer until by the time that the last of the griddlecakes had disappeared, his countenance had assumed the melancholy appearance of a dyspeptic St. Bernard.

He remained seated for some time after he had finished eating, staring unseeingly at the empty plate, as though in a trance. The old gunny's erect posture and self-assurance had left him. His shoulders drooped and lines furrowed his brow as though some great unconquerable force was dragging him down.

At last, he rose and plodded the length of the mess hall, out and across the glaringly-white coral of the flying field, talking half aloud to himself.

"I had a hunch that something like this might happen to me some day, but I didn't think it would strike so soon," he mumbled, entering his quonset hut and making his way, gropingly, to his seabag in the corner. "I read an article not so long ago which said that continued use of low grade or improperly distilled liquor could cause a person to lose his sense of taste; destroys the taste-buds on the tongue or something."

He continued rummaging in his seabag, muttering to himself all the while, and finally emerged with almost a full bottle of Scotch.

He eyed the bottle, sorrowfully. Good stuff was hard to get on this little speck of an atoll and the old gunny had slipped one of the NATS radio operators quite a bit of sugar to bring in this pint.

With the air of one who has an unpleasant duty to perform, he carried the bottle to the back of the hut and, after first making sure that he was unobserved, uncorked it and began emptying the contents on the ground. The amber liquid gurgled invitingly from the bottle, leaving a moist spot as it sank into the white coral sand.

"Damn it anyway," he grumbled, "you can't tell what you're drinking nowadays: it's as bad as during prohibition. This stuff tasted pretty good last night, though, and, God knows, it cost enough. Still I'd be afraid to risk drinking any more of it. If a little of it will destroy your sense of taste, a bit more might even make a fellow go blind, or something."

"Why in hell does everything happen to me anyway? I get stuck way out here on this God-forsaken seashell that they call an island, where there is no excitement, and the only pastime is eating and what do I do? Drink some bum liquor and lose my sense of taste. Bahh!!"

The last trace of the once treasured liquid gone, the sarge kicked some sand over the empty bottle and made his way over to the sick bay. Perhaps there might still be some hope left for his impaired sense of taste. Medical science was making wonderful strides and only recently he had read where some Russian surgeon had successfully grafted nerves from a corpse to a living person. Or possibly some form of electro-therapy or radium treatment might do the trick for him. The old gunny had a lot of faith in the medics. He had always thought that if the chance only had been given to him, he might have become a famous doctor. Even now he liked to borrow some of Commander Smith's medical journals to read in his spare time.

The commander had his feet on his desk and was reading a week-old paper which had been flown in from the States when the gunny entered.

"You after some more of those medical journals, gunny?" he said.

"Not this time, Sir. I'm not feeling so good this morning."

"I'm not feeling too good myself," the Doctor answered. "I had a lousy breakfast this morning and when I don't have a good meal in the morning it spoils the whole day for me. One of those fouled up messmen pulled a boner and filled the syrup container with black coffee, and I dowsed it all over my pancakes and ate half of them before I found out what was the matter. Most tasteless stuff I ever ate. Now, what's ailing you, gunny?"

The gunny just groaned, "Have you got room for another bed patient?"

SGT. STANLEY DE TREVILLE
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



"POOR GUY— STILL TRYING TO
GIVE AWAY HIS KINGDOM FOR
A BOTTLE OF PABST BLUE RIBBON!"



Cour. 1945. Pabst Brew.
Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 Fine Brews **BLENDED**
into One Great Beer

1—Want a Quick, Clean, Comfortable shave EVERY TIME? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



2—Want a Face so COOL you need no After-Shave Lotion? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



3—Want a Fast, Smooth Shave, even with Cold or Hard Water? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



4—Want a shave that allows no Biting, no Stinging, no RAZOR BURN—even with Tender Skin? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!

Only PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS Guarantees* You 4-Way Shaving Comfort!

*Yes, only Palmolive Brushless guarantees you 4-way shaving comfort or your money back! That's because this easy-to-spread, greaseless cream wilts whiskers fast—makes tough beards easy to cut even with cold or hard water. At the same time, Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin—cushions your face against your razor. You shave without

scratching, scraping, or Razor Burn! Your face stays cool, comfortable—you need no after-shave lotion. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—4 ways—or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, N. J., and we'll refund your money!



Gyrene Gyngles

CASUALTY REPORT

There is no way to speak of those great, who lay before the ridge in cross fire of mortar and of mountain gun.

The terraced slopes in every yard, all previously marked and ranged and mined, felt flame.

No chosen vocables enumerate the courage of those dead; there can no anguish match the weeping and the cursing of the maimed.

No requiem is adequate for even one Marine.

"Casualties moderate," so ran the first communique.

When they came in, the long black beach received them, not all at once, in waves that broke and rolled upon the pounded sand.

They took it, and moved up.

More terrible than Tarawa, the metal rain; more bitter than the salted Carthaginian plain, the redder stain soaking still the red hill.

On the fifth day the flag went up on Hot Rock's top.

The heart and flesh of each Marine may deliquesce.

That other part which does illumine the heart, glorious with agony and pride, shall freight the warning unchaste wind and unforgotten, soar and ride.

— VICTOR HEYDEN, BM 1c Pacific

STERN REALITY

My Unit Citation and Special Citation,
Good Conduct and Silver Star,
Were easy to tell with many a glance
Of rapture from afar.

But then I'd wait and I'm never wrong —

Their lovely lips all part,
They always ask, "What's *that* one for?"

And point to my Purple Heart.

When I tell 'em they shudder with ecstasy

And some of them almost swoon,
And I sorta hope — but they always ask,

"Please, kin I see your wound?"

Well here it is back 'til I'm wounded again,

For I hate to rave and rant,
And have to answer as I've been doin' —

"I can't, 715% %?%?%, I CAN'T!"

— CORP. VERNON C. AKERS
USS Panamint

SENTRY

The silent Guardian of property,
Preserver of the status quo of Rules,
Steeped in your General Orders

(Special, too),
And able to quote any on command —

Your lonely vigil through the starry night,

Or in the coldness prior to the dawn,
Is honored if not envied: praised, not wooed.

So walk on, Sentry, at a leisure pace.
Scan deep into the shadows, challenge all.

Yours for the hour is a power that
All men respect — a hand that has no qualms

When Duty is avowed, excepting none:

And in your step, unhurried — in your calm,

Is the assurance that secures men's sleep.

— MTSgt. ROLAND EDWARDS
Philadelphia, Pa.

MY RIFLE AND I

Together in Boot Camp, my rifle and I;

Now down in the islands I still keep her nigh.

At night in my foxhole on her I rely;
We'll wrack those damn Nippers — my rifle and I.

She's my solace, my comfort, with snipers close by;

We'll stick close together, my rifle and I.

I love my old compass, to me it's my guide,

But I'll never feel lost with her at my side.

We'll make those damn Japs wish that they'd never seen

An M1 rifle and a US Marine.

With her I can conquer, and Nippon defy;

We're very close buddies, my rifle and I.

I guess I would love her with cartridges gone;

With fixed bayonet we would still carry on.

Come hell or high water, come wind-storms or sleet —

A Marine and his rifle are damn hard to beat.

— PVT. O. L. DAVIS

Pacific

DISCONCERTING

You've heard of persons falling
From a mountain or a cliff;

If they survive disaster
'Tis a most uncommon gift.

But this they say for certain,
That while coming down the way,
Your whole life slides before you —
You don't even miss a day.

From this I take due notice,
As the following I pen:

'Twould be most disconcerting
To see my life again!

— TSGT. HAROLD POWELL
Camp Miramar, Cal.

VICTORY VILANELLE

Marines have landed as they planned.

The beach secured, let come what may —

The situation's well in hand!

The first wave beached and took command

With just one brief communique —
Marines have landed as they planned!

As dawn embraced the coral sand
The Stars and Stripes were raised today —

The situation's well in hand!

And Sons of Heaven understand
When blue skies belch and turn to grey —

Marines have landed as they planned!

From Halls of Montezuma and
From Belleau Wood to Lunga Bay —

The situation's well in hand!

Old Glory waves high, wide and grand,

Defiantly unfurled to stay.

Marines have landed as they planned —

The situation's well in hand!

— SSGT. JOHN M. WILSON
Astoria, Ore.

ROLOFF'S TRUMPET

Often, o'er my sunset hill,
Rolloff's trumpet sounds again,

Drowsy as the whippoorwill.

Often o'er my sunset hill,

Sounds his mystic call to drill.

From his world of sleeping men,

Often, o'er my sunset hill,

Rolloff's trumpet sounds again.

— MAJOR J. H. CULNAN
Topeka, Kan.

(Editor's Note — When the Third Division finally was given the nod to come ashore at Iwo Jima it had waited five days in its role of floating reserve. From a ring-side seat at the rail of the assistant division command ship, and with the aid of situation maps, radio dispatches and scuttlebutt, the author watched development of the battle and the build-up of the Third's commitment.)

IN THE rosiness of D day's early morning sunlight Iwo Jima looks shining and unreal as the convoy moves toward it out of the night. The distant contours are so flimsy they might be nothing more than a mirage, like that of last evening when a row of small dumpy clouds marching along the horizon led Marines to believe for a minute they had sighted the fleet. This morning the gun flashes in the pink haze leave no doubt as to what lies ahead. The preparation bombardment is at the height of its fury.

Two hours later the seven transports bearing the 21st Marines are standing off cone-shape little Iwo. Just before nine they are running through the outskirts of a city of ships which, someone along the rail explains, is the transport area. The air is quaking with the violence of the bombardment. Warships — from destroyer escorts to battlewagons — lie in close to shore and between the thick clusters of shipping the orange puffs from their guns can now and then be glimpsed. Overhead a squadron of planes moves toward the island silently, the roar of their motors inaudible in the din.

At 0904 hours the ship's PA system electrifies everyone aboard with the announcement:

"The first two waves hit the beach at 0902."

The 21st Marines days before had suddenly weighed anchor to follow escorting destroyers out to sea, leaving the rest of the division in the harbor of its island base. With more speed than convoys usually muster the seven transports race north on the heels of the Fourth and Fifth divisions.

What for? Rumors are a dime a dozen. The 21st was to be Corps reserve, said speculators in scuttlebutt. It was to be on hand for a separate landing. It was scheduled to go ashore to protect the lines of the assault troops from flank or rear landings by the Japs. It was to go in on D plus One; it was to go in at H plus Ten; it was to go in at H plus One. No one really knew except, possibly, the high ranking officers. But the 21st Marines couldn't help guessing.

With its ships still-moving at a good clip the regiment hardly expects to be debarked in time for a 10:00 landing, which disposes of one rumor. At 0910 the PA system announces with enthusiasm that

The Third waited five days in its role of floating reserve before being ordered up to the front



Enter the

3RD. DIVISION

troops already ashore are now 200 yards inland. At 0917 Jap resistance is reported to be weak thus far. At 0923 amphibious tanks have landed and are 15 yards inland, ready to go over the first of the series of terraces leading up to Motoyama Airfield No. 1.

Things are going very well. The Third Division may remain in reserve.

The island has become much plainer as the 21st ships slow down to a waiting walk well within the transport area. Iwo looks like a half-submerged whale with the tail of a Superfortress, grey-brown in color, and barren. Its only physical highlight is Mount Suribachi — the tail — whose white streaked sides look like mother of pearl. Perhaps Iwo Jima will not be the Tarawa it has been expected to be.

Approximately 47 minutes after the initial land-

ings Corps radio reports the advance has stopped. No one seems to know what the trouble is. Intermittent mortar fire is falling on the beach, although no serious concentration of either mortar or artillery fire has been encountered.

Higgins boats are being made ready on the Assistant Division Command ship (ADC) of the Third Division, which is one of the seven in this convoy. Landing craft packed with more assault troops can be seen crawling shoreward through the transports.

Naval gunfire is smashing at the cliff area above the Boat Basin beyond the right flank of the landing beaches, and caves to the left of the 28th Marines

at the other end are reported demolished. Streamer of white and grey smoke trail in the wind from incessant bomb and shell hits, until they merge into a hazy pall over the blasted island.

Enemy resistance is increasing. A landing craft blazes up in the surf. The first mines are encountered on Blue One, and artillery bursts increase on Yellow One. At 1020 the ADC's PA speaker rasps into life.

"Dinner will be piped down at 1030 with boat crews and beach party at head of line."

The 21st's ships pick up speed and head in toward the beach. Up and down the decks of the ADC there is comment on the lack of enemy aircraft. (The ship's newspaper, distributed yesterday, described the air screen thrown up between Iwo and Japan.)

The PA system reports the Marine lines are now

by Sgt. John Conner

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

3D DIVISION (continued)



As casualties continued to mount in ever-increasing numbers more Marine units were ordered to stand by to enter boats and move in. Loaded down with fighting gear, they waited the word

750 yards inland in an advance that has taken them to the southwest edge of the airfield at 1045. Whatever had halted the drive up the beach had soon been overcome.

"Our troops," reported the PA voice, "have swept over the southwest part of the airfield and are just about at the west beach on the other side of the island."

The early enthusiasm has returned to the unseen narrator.

But excitement at portentous events transpiring all around suddenly gives way to a grim realization of what it all means to Americans. A Higgins boat flying the red cross comes along, bouncing violently in the choppy seas. It passes the ADC, turns and retraces its steps with slow uncertainty. The coxswain, a kid with a piping voice, yells the number of an assault hospital ship he is looking for.

"I don't know," bellows the ADC's executive officer, "but we'll take them aboard. We'll take them!"

The struggle to hold the Higgins boat steady and keep the ascending stretchers from smashing against the ship's side is terrific. At last the first patient comes aboard. Ambulatory but in pain he is so anxious to get on the bigger and steadier vessel that he has climbed up the cargo net before he can be stopped. The excited exec. reads the Higgins crew off. No. Two is a stretcher case, bloody bandages over his eyes. No. Three has something in splints by his side. It's what's left of his left arm. Yet he's calmer than any of those helping him, and smokes a cigaret with his good hand.

One after another they come up, some apparently unconscious; some in terrible pain, their faces set in a fierce mask of self-control; still others managing a smile at the white faced and silent spectators.

Beyond this small cross-section of Iwo mayhem a nearby battleship cracks open the universe with a broadside. Divebombers and rocket planes, hardly more than specks at this distance, attack the whale-backed island. One of them, leaving a double track of white smoke from its discharged rockets, keeps going down and disintegrates in a puff of dust.

Via radio the Fourth Division can be heard putting out calls for more of this support.

"Mortar and artillery fire increasing in the Fourth Division zone," says one message. "It is imperative that all ships, planes and observation agencies make every effort to locate source."

The Fifth Division landed on Green, Red One and Red Two; the Fourth on the two Yellow and two Blue beaches. The 28th Marines turned south to storm Mount Suribachi, while the rest of the Fifth's assault troops moved on across the isthmus and turned north, forming the left flank in the general drive up the island. The Fourth turned right, anchored the general line while it pivoted and

ultimately moved up the east side of the island. When it landed the Third would spearhead the attack up the center.

At 1400 the 27th Regiment, facing north, reports receiving rocket-type fire from Mount Suribachi to the south. Marines are in a most intense crossfire. Fourteen of 31 tanks ashore are reported inoperative. Artillery fire continues to increase on the Yellow beaches.

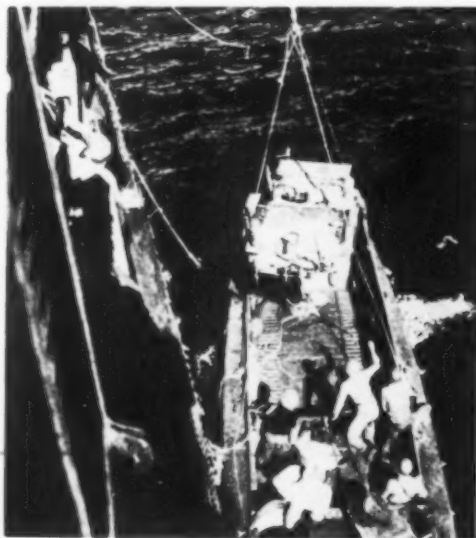
At 1420 the air over the transport area vibrates with the roar of planes. They patrol about in groups of 24, waiting to go in. Over the island others attack in groups of eight, some with rockets, some with bombs. Up and down the northern hump of the island brilliant red fountains of flame flash up under quick umbrellas of black smoke. The bursts are surprisingly huge for the size of their winged perpetrators.

An hour later comes the word over Corps radio that the 26th Regiment is to be landed as Fifth Division reserve. The rest of the 24th is boated and sent in as Fourth Division reserve.

D day comes to a close with the buttoning up of the lines at 1605 and before dusk is well started ships of the 21st Marines are racing to sea with general quarters sounding an air attack alarm.

"Bogeys sighted 30 miles off the port beam," blats the ADC's PA loudspeakers.

Behind, the island area erupts with anti-aircraft



Among the vehicles unloaded from transports and ferried in to the shore were many jeeps

The Third was in reserve

fire. The sky is filled with the quick, brilliant stars of the heavier shell bursts, and with the red sparks of 20 mm fire floating up in clouds. Green-gold streaks of 16-inch battleship salvos smash against Suribachi, silhouetting it with the glowing red spots they leave.

In the grey morning light of cloudy D plus One the shelling of the mountain is continuing as the ships return. The 23rd Marines are jumping off and moving up bullet-raked Airfield No. 1. Yesterday tanks were unable to get on the field.

The night ashore was hell. Fifth Division troops repulsed a landing in their rear by barge-borne Jap troops evidently sent down from the island's garrison in the north. The Fourth's position was very hot. Artillery fire from Suribachi was continuous, curtailing the landing of reserve battalions.

The supply problem is growing acute because of wreckage jamming the beaches. Half of the two divisions' artillery and all of corps artillery are still afloat.

At 0800 the ADC makes radio contact with the ship of the Third's commanding general. With the rest of the division it is still 80 miles out to sea. About 25 minutes later the PA system discloses the 21st Marines are being boated to go in as Corps reserve. In their camouflaged helmets and heavy packs they can be seen from the ADC, getting into the boats. The sea is rough and it's raining.

"All troops aboard this ship are to have personal gear near ready to debark at a moment's notice," warn the loudspeakers.

The 21st's Higgins boats are still circling near their transports when the Fifth Division asks that nothing but sorely needed supplies be landed, and those by amphibious tractor.

Marines aboard the ADC, packed and ready to go, write letters, play cards or just idly walk the decks, hardly noticing the racket of war, which is becoming commonplace. Over a radio net come reports that a Jap landing has been made on the north coast of Iwo.

"We have warships off the coast and surely they would have seen any landing," said the Fourth Division's aerial observer. Then, after a long pause:

"I've just made a careful search of roads throughout the north end of the island and can observe no movements or signs of enemy activity."

Two and one-half hours after the 21st was boated the Fourth Division asks that the regiment not be sent ashore at all today. The beach area is still too restricted and congested.

Just after noon the PA system announces Marine lines are on a general east-west bearing, stretching across the first airfield at about its northern tip. At 1415 the Fourth Division asks for communications personnel as replacements for communications casualties ashore.

The rain has increased and visibility has become so bad that observation planes are warned to be on the lookout for and keep out of the way of air strikes over the island. Air Support Command says two planes collided in midair.

Corps orders the re-embarkation of the 21st Marines in mid-afternoon. Thousands of soaking and seasick troops make their way back up the pitching sides of the transports near the ADC. They've been rocked and shaken in the rollers for nearly seven hours. The sea is so bad it's hard to believe a small boat can live in it.

CONDITION One Able on the ADC is secured. The emergency is over for this day. At evening chow tense-tired Marines hear Radio Tokyo make impossible claims for its part in the Iwo struggle, such as harassment of US lines of supply all the way to our West coast.

"We'll get ashore tomorrow," is the assurance everyone gives everyone else. "Tomorrow."

At 1740 the Fifth Division orders establishment of a cemetery and commencement of burying as soon as possible. The Fourth asks that all dead aboard ships be buried at sea during the night. Ships not putting to sea are petitioned to transfer bodies to those that are.

Off the island the night passes without incident. Amazingly, no Jap planes get through to the best of knowledge on the ADC. The morning of D plus two breaks cloudily and cold, but without rain. Decks of the ADC become crowded as word spreads that the jump-off this morning will be preceded by an immense air strike.

in the early hours of the battle for Iwo, but played its part once ashore

In the thunder of the air attack, just after 0800, Corps orders the preparation of the 21st Marines for landing. It advises the Fourth Division that the regiment will be released to it, on request, to aid in the taking of the second airfield. Situation maps show that all of the first airfield is in Marine hands. Over the island planes streak down in roaring cascades of power.

"There. There they go," shouts a Marine. "Wow."

Just off the starboard beam a cruiser is firing steadily. The Japs are fighting back with coast defense guns. Spouts of water shoot up near a battleship. Yesterday an LST and two LCIs near the ADC were straddled.

"Land the 21st beginning at 1130," orders Corps.

The regiment is going in on the heavily-pounded Yellow beaches.

CORPS is also requesting that air support maintain one aircraft over Suribachi to locate guns and mortars. The pilot is to lead rocket planes against any Jap emplacements he finds.

Shortly before noon the sun breaks through for the first time since D day. The 21st is going in without the ADC's passenger personnel, which was brought along to serve as a headquarters. But scuttlebutt now has it that the whole Third Division will be called in tomorrow.

At 1330 the Fourth Division asks for a company of Third Division tanks to relieve its battered mechanized forces. The Fifth reports that enemy equipment and shell holes and foxholes are booby-trapped along its northern front. The Second Separate Engineers, attached to the Third, have gone in. Corps artillery is being readied for landing.

At 1500 the Fourth describes the desperate situation confronting the 23rd Regiment. The 23rd is storming the foot of heavily defended Motoyama Airfield No. 2, whose strip is long enough for B-29s. It is expected that the heaviest fighting of the campaign will be necessary for its capture.

"The 23rd is being held up by minefields on both flanks," says the radio message from Division to Corps. "Fields are covered by heavy artillery and small arms fire. The entire regimental front is receiving intense mortar fire. Maximum use is being made of supporting weapons."

Late in the afternoon the Fourth puts in its expected request to use the 21st and the regiment passes from Corps reserve to division command. In the morning it is scheduled to move through the tattered lines of the 23rd.

At dusk enemy planes are sighted and general quarters is sounded. PA loudspeakers proclaim that two bogeys have attacked a patrol ship on the protective perimeter.

A new destroyer steams past, all its guns pointing skyward. It would be nice to have it stick around pretty close. The sea and sky are blending in the deepening grey of falling night when a ball of orange flame streaks briefly downward several miles away. It looks like a meteor before it hits the water.

"The battleship *Nevada* has just shot down a Zeke, and a destroyer got a Betty off our starboard beam," the ADC loudspeakers announce minutes after. "Forty-five miles off our port bow other

Japanese planes have been intercepted by friendly fighters."

Early in the morning of D plus Three the Third Division command ship breaks its radio silence briefly to test reception.

The night has been filled with Jap counter-attacks and counter-landings. There have been no banzai charges. Iwo's defenders are well disciplined and fiercely clever fighters. The 28th broke up a counter-attack; 800 Japs struck both flanks of the 27th; more than 200 Japs landed behind the 26th, which is in reserve; the 21st went into the lines and met a counter-attack. All Japanese action was successfully repulsed and Marine lines are intact this morning, but there is an undetermined number of individual Nips behind the American lines.

There is a rumor that the Ninth Marines will be committed next. It soon appears there may be some foundation to this scuttlebutt. Shortly after the morning jump-off Corps discussed the possibility. In the event the Ninth is called it would operate under control of personnel aboard the ADC. The 21st would also revert to ADC control, pending arrival of the commanding general.

Once more ADC troops are ordered to pack up and prepare to land.

Ashore, the 21st this morning is having great difficulty in making any progress against hundreds of buried pillboxes and blockhouses guarding the second airfield. Elements of the Fourth and Fifth divisions are asked to lend aid in gaining a foothold on the airstrip. Nothing can seem to stand up under the intense fire unseen Japs are putting down.

The rain has started again and by early afternoon it is coming down so hard the island is blotted from view. Visibility is not more than a mile and carrier planes are flying contact, weaving between the ships at mast height. This weather is ideal for the Japs.

Now the Fifth Division reports that help is being given the pinned-down 21st. Troops are attacking in the zones of the 21st and the 26th regiments in an effort to crack through terrific enemy resistance. By mid-afternoon the 21st has ground out a gain of a 100 yards.

Tonight the ADC moves closer in until it's among the bombarding warships and almost under the towering north cliffs. The roar from the guns all around echoes and re-echoes the length of the island, like rolling thunder.

MORE casualties are coming aboard. In the mess hall, tables are ripped up and the wounded are laid on the floor in stretchers. Twenty-five of them.

No one now has any doubt about the bloodiness of this campaign.

In the morning breakfast is eaten on the mess hall floor. But some of the diners don't get a chance to finish. They are asked to get out to make room for more wounded. This is D plus Four.

During the past 24 hours the American lines have barely moved, although the 28th Marines now have Mount Suribachi almost completely surrounded.

In the ADC's lower wardroom a few paces from the situation maps a wounded company com-

mander's leg is amputated, and dropped to the floor. The smell of cooking fish coming from the galley mingles with the odor of ether. Someone counts on his fingers. Yes, it's Friday, he says. The wounded officer, still under the anesthetic and waxen-looking, is carried out. The paper work on the green baize tables doesn't stop.

In a main deck compartment some of the more lightly wounded Marines tell of what they've been through. They have a weird story. They say they've never seen a live Jap and very few dead ones. The enemy is either burying them or dragging the corpses back with them. Fire comes from every quarter. They know there are a lot of pillboxes but they're hard to spot before they get you. Foxholes are hard to dig. The loose volcanic ash caves in with every concussion. Marines who've been in the Marshalls and on Saipan vote this by far the worst they've ever seen.

At 0900 the 24th is advancing all along the line. The 21st gets rolling half an hour later.

At 1038 news of the flag-raising over Suribachi hits the ship like a bombshell.

"Now all hands, hear this," say the PA speakers. "The American flag is now flying atop Mount Suribachi. The American flag is now flying atop Mount Suribachi."

A cheer goes up all over the ship. The lines around Mount Suribachi come off the maps. Over Corps radio it is announced that Lieutenant General Holland Smith and Vice Admiral Kelly Turner join in congratulations on the mountain's capture.

Developments ashore pick up speed. The Fifth Division asks for more artillery to boost the 21st's advance. An increased unloading rate is authorized on the beaches and Corps orders its artillery ashore. The Ninth and Twenty-first Marines are released to Corps and the second echelon of Corps' command post prepared to land in the afternoon.

Finally, at 0715 on D plus Five, the long expected word is given aboard the ADC. Debarkation will be carried out this morning.

Once again the sun shines on Iwo Jima. Mount Suribachi's streaked sides gleam iridescently as they did on the morning of D day. The sea is rough but the Higgins boats from the ADC circle only briefly and then turn shoreward.

Just off the black beaches the boats halt, waiting for the word from the beachmaster. Overhead a Helldiver wobbles away from the island, burning. It turns and the pilot seems to be setting a course that will bring it clear of the shipping when it crashes.

A black dot detaches itself from the plane and falls. Watchers in the Higgins boats wait for the parachute to open. But it doesn't and the dot disappears behind the ships. A second dot comes down. Again, no parachute.

Three planes follow the bomber out. Two of them circle the place where the two airmen fell, then return to the attack. The third is still circling persistently, loathe to concede the tragedy, when a rain of mortar shells bursts along the beach just inshore, bringing the gaping Marines back to their own situation. **END**

Warships stood off the shore hammering away at the enemy positions while Higgins boats plied between beach and vessels

The appearance of navy nurses aboard planes in Pacific used to carry wounded caused many to think he was in Heaven

Photos by Sgt. Robert Wilton



Litter cases are unloaded from one of the giant transports used to carry wounded back from Iwo to base hospitals located hundreds of miles away



Stretcher bearers carry the wounded into an air evacuation center ward in the Marianas Islands for temporary treatment and future distribution



An early treat for a wounded man who's just arrived at the center: A dish of ice cream given by Red Cross nurse Betty Snyder of Philadelphia

ANGELS HAVE WINGS

A NAVAL LIEUTENANT, commander of a huge transport plane used to return wounded men from a combat zone to a hospital located hundreds of miles away, dropped down beside a Marine lying on a stretcher while the ship droned on its way.

"So you thought you were really with the angels when you first took off from Iwo? Well, I guess a guy has a right to be confused after what you went through — then being flown out so soon after you were hit would tie in with angels and things."

That about sums up the situation for the man hit in combat. Pilots and crews, including the ground personnel and the nurses who fly the trips, have been doing one of the great jobs of the



Cases requiring additional treatment are taken aboard a plane which will fly them to medical centers far from the war zone



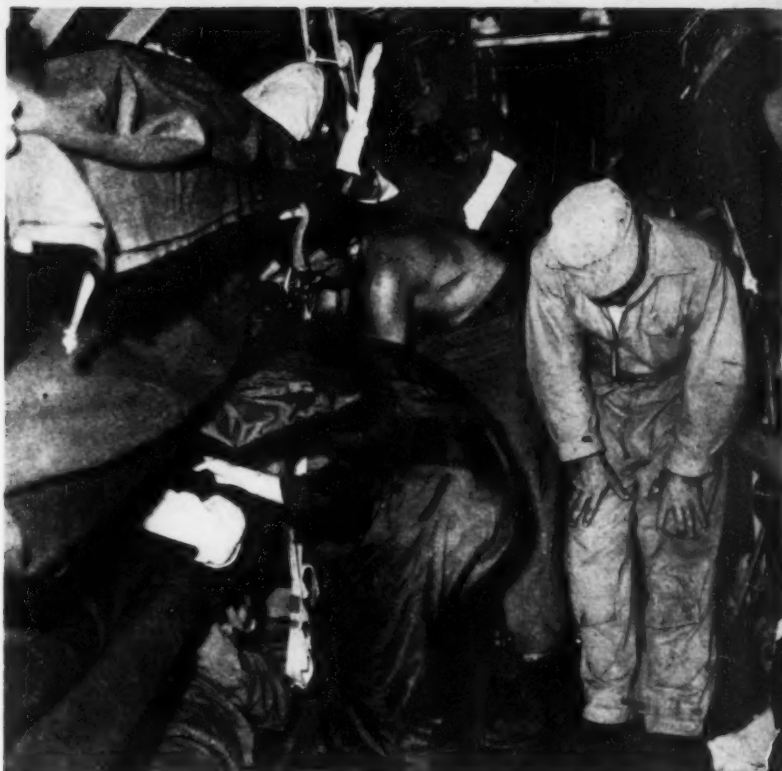
Nurse Lydia Masserine of Trenton, N. J., lights a cigaret for patient

war, rushing wounded from battle fields racing all the way from Guadalcanal to Okinawa. Their work is part of the evacuation program set up by the Naval Air Transport Service Command.

It now is a matter of hours where it would take days by surface transportation to get hard-hit men to the best of medical attention. Casualties are loaded and unloaded by stretcher bearers and mechanical finger lifts. Nurses are assigned to planes and corpsmen and orderlies assist in caring for the wounded. Chow and fruit juices are carried for those whose wounds permit their eating. Ambulatory cases are allowed to walk aboard the planes and use litters for bunks. Stretcher cases remain in their litters until the plane arrives at its destination.



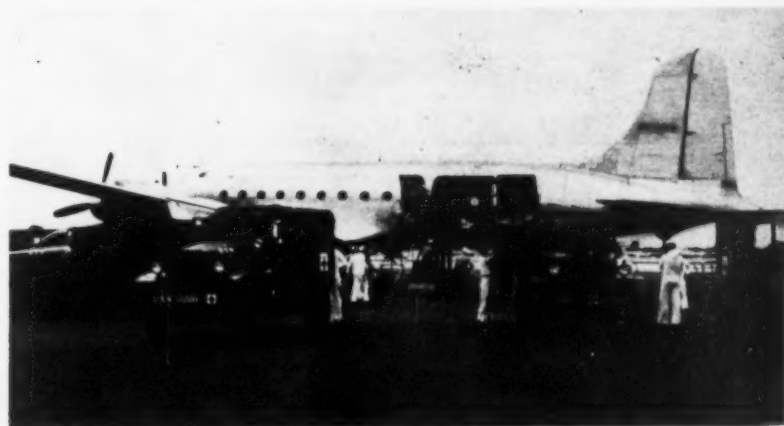
Wounded Marine helps a buddy to and from the head. Both are ambulatory patients aboard the plane flying them to the rear



Navy nurse and corpsmen wrap their patients in blankets before the plane takes off. High altitude flying makes blankets necessary even in the tropics



Navy nurse, Ensign Dorothy Wood of Baden, Pa., feeds a Marine who has been wounded in both hands. This is but one of the jobs a nurse must do



One of the giant transports reaches its final destination where wounded are unloaded and placed in ambulances for the trip to the base hospital



The WAR DOGS paid off at IWO

by Sgt. Duane Decker

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Ask any Marine who's seen them

THIS was the fifth night on Iwo and we got sent down to the bottom of Suribachi with our dog, Carl," said Raymond Moquin of Springfield, Mass., a private with the 6th Marine War Dog Platoon. "With me was Pvt. Bennett Green of Jacksonville, Fla.

"They told us to dig in on the outer edge of the perimeter because the troops were worn out from getting hardly any sleep—they said they could really relax a while if they knew there was a dog watching for Nips.

"Well, Green dug a foxhole there and secured with the dog. The hole was too small for me to sleep in, too, so I sat there with a shelter half over me.

"About midnight, Carl jumped out of the foxhole and growled. I pulled him down and tried to calm him but he wasn't satisfied. He jumped up again and this time I couldn't get him down at all. So I called the sergeant in the foxhole behind me.

"The sergeant said it might be just a Marine patrol and to let it go for a while to see what the dog would do. We gathered strings and shoe laces and tied them together, from his foxhole to me. We tied one end of it around his wrist.

"Pretty soon the dog jumped and I couldn't control him except by hitting him. I pulled the string attached to the sergeant's wrist and he came out. I told him about the dog keeping it up. He went around to all the foxholes, saw everybody was sleeping, and gave orders to have at least one Marine awake at all times.

"Well, the Jap raid came 15 minutes later. There were about 100 of them that busted into our area—that was G Company, 28th Regiment. There was heavy fighting but no Marine got killed and only a few wounded. In the morning we counted 27 dead Nips in front of us."

Moquin's story is one of many instances where the war dogs used on Iwo for security purposes directly caused Jap deaths and saved Marine lives. But providing security was only one of the many ways they helped pry open the front door to Tokyo. They were a terrific help on scouting patrols. A good example is Pvt. John O. Tanner of Huntsville, Ala., and his dog, Blitzkong:

Tanner and Blitzkong were on patrol with the 3rd Platoon of L Company, 3rd Battalion, 9th Regiment on 27 March. Suddenly Blitzkong alerted them. Tanner estimated from the dog's actions that the Nips were 80 to 100 yards ahead—as a handler gets to know his dog's personality, he can estimate the enemy's proximity pretty accurately by his dog's actions. He judges by the extent of the dog's agitation, the degree to which he freezes and in many

cases even the degree to which he cocks his ears.

The platoon moved cautiously forward about 60 yards after Blitzkong alerted. There, they came to a bluff and saw the Japs directly below them. There were five of them in a wide crevice in a rock in front of a cave. There were two more Nips in the mouth of the cave.

The Nips spotted the Marines and threw a few hand grenades. But they were wild. The Marines opened fire and shot six of the Japs. The seventh committed hari-kari, very obligingly.

After that they went down and found another cave in the same ravine, with plenty of Japs in it. They burned it out with a flamethrower and then sealed it up.

"If that dog," said one of the Marines when it was over, pointing to Blitzkong, "never shows us another Nip, he's still earned his H. D. button."

But security and scouting were only two of the jobs the war dogs performed so ably at Iwo. A third was messenger duty.

There was one messenger dog, Rex, who was handled by PFC Henry J. Brisbois of Chesterfield, Mass., and Pvt. John Czernich of Greenfield, Mass. They had Rex carrying overlays of maps and general daily reports from the 25th Regimental CP to the Divisional CP during the first week when the going was so tough that a Marine would have been lucky indeed to get through. Most of the reports came out after dark—and only a dog was an even money bet to push through then.

ANOTHER messenger dog, Duke, handled by Pvt. Leon B. Griffin of Springfield, Ohio, and Pvt. Norman B. Heil of Shadyside, Ohio, was attached to the 2nd Battalion, 28th Regiment. Duke carried an average of two messages a day—chiefly casualty reports and promotions—from the Battalion CP to Regimental Headquarters. This was a trip of three-quarters of a mile through traffic thicker than Broadway at high noon. And, invariably when Duke got back, he was scratched up from fights with Jap dogs. But he got through.

"Not that I'd say these dogs never failed us," said PISgt. Michael R. Nuzzola, who became acting CO of the 7th War Dog Platoon after the officer in charge had been evacuated as a casualty on D plus 10.

"As a matter of fact," Nuzzola continued, "after the first week, when more men came in and the Japs started really combing things in earnest, fewer dogs got through all the time. And some of them failed to get through simply because they dozed off. Nobody likes a dog better than I do, but you can't rate them

over a human being that way—just like humans, some of them are eager beavers and some of them are dope-offs."

The war dogs on Iwo were a big help to the troops in many small ways. For instance, checking fallen Nips to make sure they were really dead and not a trap. There was one dog, Pal, handled by PFC Erwin (Doc) Small of Boston, Mass., who was involved in a case typical of this kind.

Pal's original handler had been hit and evacuated, so Small had taken over the dog. On the night of 22 March, this pair was sent up on a ridge about 10 to 15 yards in front of the CP of the 2nd Battalion, 9th Marines. This was the perimeter and Pal was wanted there for security purposes.

"This perimeter," said Small, "had been divided into three sections and one of them had caves in it that had been explored. Supposedly, there were no Nips left in them."

"About midnight, Pal alerted. We woke up all the fellows in the area but we couldn't see anything much as the terrain was too rough. Nothing happened just then.

"But at daybreak, Pal alerted again, growled and pulled on his lead as though he wanted to tear after something. About this time, Sgt. Knobby Walsh, in charge of the area, came out of his foxhole and went up on high ground where he spotted a Jap in front of one of these so-called secured caves. The Jap was defecating.

"Sgt. Walsh grabbed his carbine and shot the Jap. But we weren't sure he was dead and didn't want to make any mistake about it. A live Jap can't lie still while a dog stalks him.

"So we let Pal off his lead. The dog went over and started to stalk, circling around and around the Nip. But the Nip didn't move. So we were sure he was dead and we went over.

"After that we put Pal in the cave where the Jap had come from to check if there were more in there. But there weren't. I guess you know, though, it's a good feeling to have a dog check a cave for you before you go in it. Ask any Marine who's had the experience."

Most of the Marine war dogs are Doberman-Pinschers and they're pretty generally accepted as the glamor dogs of the outfit. But one of the best in the 7th Platoon is a German Shepherd named Rick, handled by Russ Hairston.

In fact, Rick is so highly regarded that he and Hairston were sent out on a lot of special patrols when the troops needed a dog with a reputation for seldom missing. On one such patrol, Rick and Hairston went out with Sgt. Howard B.



A group of animals in the war dog platoon that served so effectively during the Iwo Jima campaign and their handlers take time out to pose. Used for security purposes, on scout patrols and as messengers, they were directly responsible for the deaths of scores of Japanese troops.

in combat out in the Pacific and he will tell you the dogs are invaluable

Inman of South Amboy, N. J. This was on 2 March.

Rick alerted a cave. Inman and Hairston went in. They killed a Jap almost immediately, near the front. But Rick was still alerting. So they didn't go in any further.

They left and went back for an interpreter. With him they returned to the cave again and had moved 50 yards into the interior before Rick alerted them again. The interpreter immediately started talking and after an hour of it, the Japs decided to come out. Nine prisoners were bagged on this haul.

Sometimes the Nips have a habit of making a cave look as though it's been previously closed when it hasn't been touched. Sometimes they can fool a Marine if they make a careful job of it. But they simply can't snow a dog.

Take Bibi, handled by Pvt. Robert F. Greene, Sr., of New York City. "Bibi and I," said Greene, "were on patrol with the 3rd Battalion, 9th Regiment around 21 March. We were patrolling an area for the purpose of closing caves and doing general mopping up.

"Bibi suddenly gave us an alert. I estimated from his actions that the Nips were a couple hundred yards ahead. We passed this information back to Lieut. Bauman who halted the patrol and sent out a detail. They found and killed one Jap up ahead.

"So we pushed on. We were about to pass a cave that gave all outward appearances of being closed. Actually it just had large rocks rolled up in front of it. Bibi, ranging out in front of the patrol, alerted this cave and then trotted right up to it. He stuck his nose between the rocks and stayed there. We knew then that the sealed cave was strictly a phony.

"We rolled the rocks back, killed one Jap near the mouth of it and then demolition men blew it closed to take care of any other stragglers in there. If Bibi hadn't caught that one for us, those Nips could have still been hanging around there waiting to strike long after Iwo had been secured."

But of all the many ways the war dogs helped on Iwo, none was more valuable than in checking Jap infiltration at night.

On D plus 4, there were three dogs lined along the beach — Hans, handled by Pvt. Dominic Corradino of Rome, N. Y.; Jimmie, handled by Pvt. William T. Davis of Greenville, S. C., and Fritz, handled by Pvt. James E. Wallace, who was killed in action with his dog.

At this time, Suribachi had been cut off. Japs left up there were trying desperately to cut through the Marine lines to join their main party.

Wallace, with Fritz, was in one machine gun nest and Davis, with Jimmie, was in another. Corradino

and Hans were holed up between them. The Nips would send a few men along the beach to draw fire, while the main body infiltrated. When the dogs alerted the Marines, as they did methodically in these cases, the Marines sent up flares and knocked off the infiltrating Nips.

But one bunch managed to get through, up around the cliffs behind Wallace. They shot up Wallace and Fritz, killing the Marine and wounding the dog. Then, three more Nips slipped behind Davis, but Jimmie spotted them immediately. Davis promptly shot one Nip with a carbine and got the other two with a grenade.

Meanwhile, Corradino had taken Hans down around a cliff and got five snipers holed up in a cave. The dog smelled them out, then Corradino knocked them off with grenades. The dogs put the bead on 40 to 50 Nips around the beach that night.

There were many cases on Iwo where the dogs



One of the handlers exercises dog by having him jump over a hastily improvised obstacle

directly were responsible for keeping Marines from walking into Jap fire. One such case occurred one night with I Company, 3rd Battalion, 9th Marine.

At that time an ambush had been sent up along the beach and in the party was a dog named Skipper handled by Corp. James E. Stone of Betsy Lane, Ky. Skipper alerted just as a sergeant of communications started to head back to 3rd Battalion headquarters. As soon as the dog alerted, the sergeant changed his mind. He came back. It was a good thing.

About ten minutes later, the Marines counted 20 Nips walking across the road in front of them. The dog alerted both flanks and the Marines opened fire. In the morning they found six Jap bodies.

"Take good care of that dog," said the communications sergeant, when he left in the morning pointing to Skipper. "He's m' boy."

The dogs on Iwo also proved what a lot of punishment they could take and still stay on the job. Probably the greatest display of gameness was put on by King, a messenger dog handled by Harry Collins and Pvt. Steve Hruby.

The trio went ashore on D plus 3. They were the foot of the first airstrip waiting to go on security work that first night. They were being pinned down there by a lot of small arms fire, plus plenty of mortar fire.

Sweating it out in a foxhole, King got hurt badly. When the handlers got a chance to look over they found the dog's insides had been blown completely out of him. They literally pushed him back inside the dog, not thinking that he had a chance to live.

But they bandaged him up as best they could and King went to work licking his wounds with his tongue. The Marines moved up the next day and took King along. He was looking a little better.

Two days later he was on his feet. Within a week he was out on patrols. He finished up at Iwo with the full-time job of an able-bodied dog. All that was left to indicate what happened to King today were the visible scars on his side.

These are only a few of hundreds of such stories about the dogs at Iwo. Few of them were sent out because they were particularly outstanding. Most were selected because they were typical of the breed.

It all adds up to an even more creditable performance when you stop to realize that it was an operation designed for the work the dogs are trained to do. But, against the heavy obstacles the operation presented, the dogs did their job. They did it well. Ask any Marine who saw them there and he'll tell you what they all say: the dogs really paid off at Iwo.

time he'd go by an MP on duty he'd holler,
"Can I get a ticket to the Policemen's Ball?"



It is simple to settle a

but had just been locked up in El Gizmo for no reason at all. No wonder, they said, that the joint was always jumping. As the First Sergeant put it, if Billy Rose ever watched the turnstiles click at El Gizmo, he would turn green with envy and go back to the clay pits.

But the day the First Sergeant really blew his top was when two of our men named Charlie and Treetop came back from a brief stay at El Gizmo and the First Sergeant demanded to know why they had been put there.

"So help me, First Sergeant," Charlie said, "all I did was ride a borrowed bicycle through Orototo. I will admit I had my shirt off and had tied it around the handlebars. But that does not explain why I got shoved in the brig on six charges."

"Six!" the First Sergeant screamed.

Charlie nodded and began to count on his fingertips. "They sure threw the book at me," he said. "Out of uniform, out of bounds, AWOL, no trip ticket, insubordination, and possession of a stolen vehicle."

The First Sergeant made choking sounds and turned to Treetop who is six feet four inches tall which is, I guess, how come he got that name. Treetop looked very disconsolate.

"And what's your story?"

"Well," said Treetop, "as you know, First Sergeant, Marines are not allowed to travel through Orototo on foot, although it is perfectly okay to go through in any kind of a vehicle."

"So you had to walk through, eh?"

"Oh no, not at all, First Sergeant," Treetop said, very quickly. "Me, I'm cruising through Orototo in a jeep when all of a sudden I acquire a flat tire. I get out of the jeep to look at the tire and while I'm looking at it, up steps this MP and tells me I'm breaking the law as I'm on foot in the center of Orototo."

"What did you tell him then?"

"I told him," Treetop said, "that as he can plainly see, I merely had a flat tire which I had got out to look at it and make sure she was really flat."

"Then what?"

"He tells me I am not supposed to have flat tires in Prototo, and the next thing I know I am locked up, tight as a bug, in El Gizmo."

"Well it beats me," the First Sergeant said. "And all you guys can't be lying about these MP's. It sure beats me."

"First Sergeant," I said, after Charlie and Treetop had left the tent, "maybe somebody should go have a talk with this MP outfit and thrash the trouble out."

The First Sergeant just glared at me. "One-stripe," he said, "did you ever try to thrash out any trouble with an MP?"

"Why no, First Sergeant," I said, "but after all they are human beings just like you and me, and —"

"Why don't you go pound that up your nose," the First Sergeant said, and he walked off in disgust.

THE JOINT IS JUMPING

by Sgt. Duane Decker

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

WE SURE were having one awful time of it right after we got through "The Operation" and went back to this island for a little rest. Trouble was, hardly a day went by that at least one or three of our men didn't wind up in the brig. Things were simply terrible.

I asked the First Sergeant, I said: "I guess that must be a pretty busy place."

"Busy!" the First Sergeant roared. "Why, the place must be jumping!"

Now, this brig was down there in the town of Orototo and those MP's had named it El Gizmo — Institute of Self-Improvement. But that could have been a very exact description of El Gizmo. I did not notice any of our men come back from the place looking as though they had improved themselves very much.

Unless you know this situation gradually was getting the First Sergeant plenty doped-off. He said that the more we were going, our company soon would set a new all-time brig record of the Marine Corps. I didn't say it with very much pride.

Well, the more doped-off the First Sergeant got, the worse things became for me, as I see a great deal of the First Sergeant, particularly between the hours of 0800 and 1600, what with me being the clerk of the company.

This was a very "TS" situation for me also on account of I had been a PFC going on three years now and entertaining these visions of a quick jump to corporal, having managed to send 20 or so Shambos to their just reward on this recent operation during my spare time from the clerking. But with the First Sergeant so doped off the way he was now, it began to look to me as though I would maybe get my hash-mark ahead of that second stripe.

So I wanted this brig mess to end in order that the First Sergeant would get back in a better mood again. He was completely baffled by what was happening. I mean, practically all our men told the First Sergeant the same story when they got out of El Gizmo and came back.

They claimed they hadn't been drinking tuba or aggie or anything and hadn't been even disorderly,

Well, it looked to me as though the First Sergeant had far too low an opinion of MP's to sit down and talk to them and there was no other way to get to the bottom of our company's troubles. All of a sudden I decided that if I was ever going to acquire more than one stripe, I would have to show a little initiative. And this was my chance. That is how come I went down to Orototo on my first afternoon off, to thrash out this situation with the MP's.

I could not get a jeep, but managed to pick up a ride with a Seabee, Seabees being people who are always at the right place at the right time with the right gizmo.

When I walked into the Sergeant of the Guards', I found him sitting at his desk picking his teeth with a jackknife and scowling. When he saw me he stopped picking his teeth but kept on scowling.

I told him who I was and what my outfit was and then I began to explain what my business with him was.

"Sergeant," I said, "my outfit is a very peaceful loving group of Marines, all fine boys having ju

problem when you sit down and talk things over

finished an operation and up until we hit this island rarely having much traffic with MP's."

He only grunted and looked at me as though he had heard all this many times before.

"Consequently," I said, "I and the First Sergeant do not understand why so many of our combat-weary boys wind up in El Gismo."

He shrugged. "They break the laws, is all."

"But why throw the book at them for some little thing like not wearing a shirt?" And quickly, having such a fine opening, I went on to tell him the case histories of Charlie and Treetop.

"I remember those guys," he said. "Well, I will tell you — to understand why your outfit gets into so much trouble with our outfit, you will first have to hear a little of the background of this MP company here."

"I am very anxious," I said, eagerly, "to hear anything that will enable greater harmony and cooperation to spring up between our respective companies."

So I listened to him. And in 10 minutes I had the scoop — the answer to all our troubles. It was just like I had said to our First Sergeant — it's a simple thing to thrash out a problem once you sit down and talk like human beings instead of just beating your gums in private like Marines always do.

The thing was, this MP company had been overseas nearly three years and had been stuck on this particular "Rock" for over a year. As a result their nerves were frayed terribly and they were in no mood to take the slightest bit of wising-off from anybody.

"That is why, for instance," the sergeant said, "that your man on the bicycle got hit with the book. The MP who brought him in here only wanted to warn him to put his shirt on when he stopped him."

"Yes, but —"

"Your man made a crack about MP's being chicken specialists, then tried to pull his rank on our man. That kind of stuff to us, after three years out here, is just like a red flag is to a bull, see?"

"What about Treetop?" I said. "The one who had the flat tire in the center of Orototo?"

"**THAT** one!" the sergeant said. "He had been riding through Orototo every day, and every time he'd go by the MP on traffic duty, he'd holler, 'Hey Dick Tracy' or 'Where can I get a ticket to the Policemen's Ball, officer?' We do not take kindly to jokesters, see? We are Marines, not cops. We are not volunteers for this duty. So, we laid for that guy and we got him."

I began to feel wonderful. Our troubles were over. All our company had to do to stay out of the brig was to quit wising-off to this MP outfit which had become "rock-happy." It was all very simple.

I said, "To sum it up, what are the main things our men should avoid doing to stay out of trouble

with your company?"

"One," the sergeant said, "don't wise off. Two, don't call us cops — we're Marines. Three, don't even suggest that we are chicken specialists. Four — and this above all — don't try to pull any rank on us."

"Fine," I said, "I will see to it that our First Sergeant gives the word to our men."

"You do that," he said, "and you guys will have to commit murder to get locked up in this brig."

We shook hands heartily and I assured the sergeant he would certainly have no more trouble with our outfit now that we had the scoop. Then I left in a hurry, I could hardly wait to get back and tell the First Sergeant how I had solved our trouble. I figured I would have that second stripe in maybe a month.

Not having a jeep, I walked down the street to the road where all the traffic flows up our way. I stood there a couple minutes, jerking my thumb at passing vehicles but they were mostly full. Suddenly somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around. It was an MP.

"Maybe," he said, "nobody ever gave you the word you don't go through Orototo on foot?"

"I know that," I said, pleasantly. "But I'm just standing here trying to get a ride."

"Let's see your trip ticket."

"I — uh — haven't exactly got a trip ticket. I —"

"Then you're not on official business?"

"Well," I said, "it is sort of semi-official. You see —"

He stared at my feet. I stared at them. I happened to be wearing my moccasins which I always wear on liberty as I like them much better than field shoes.

"Those shoes GI?" he said, next.

I began to feel a little bit annoyed. "No," I said. "However —"

"So," he said, "out of uniform as well as out of bounds, eh? AWOL, no trip ticket —"

"Listen, cham —"

"And insubordination," he said.

My neck had started to swell. And suddenly I noticed that this big-mouthed MP didn't even have a single stripe on his sleeve. He was nothing but a lousy private and he was talking *that* way to a PFC!

I said, "Listen, why don't you cops quit this chicken stuff and learn a few things about the Marine Corps, huh? Like how a buck private is hardly in a position to read off a PFC, being considerably out-ranked and —"

Well, I regret to report that that was as far as I got. Next thing I knew I was back in the Sergeant of the Guards' tent being booked on six charges and that Sergeant of the Guards acted just as though he had never seen me before!

As far as this El Gismo is concerned, what they said about it is very true, indeed. The joint is really jumping.



THE WEISS BROTHERS

LOOK-ALIKE MARINES

THE officer saw him sauntering along the way and barked at him: "Hey, I thought I gave you KP duty. Now beat it." So PFC Harvey Weiss went on KP although he knew perfectly well that it wasn't he who was supposed to go on it at all. But he knew it wouldn't do any good arguing.

He knew, of course, that the officer had sent his brother, PFC Moe Weiss, on KP. But Moe and Harvey look so much alike that people always are getting them mixed up. In fact, they look so much alike that it is all they can do to keep from getting themselves mixed up.

If one gets blamed or praised for what the other did, he just lets it go at that. They figure the mistakes in praise or punishment will just about come out even.

The Weiss twins are with an MP outfit in the South Pacific and it is generally believed that they were selected for this duty for a definite reason. Namely, that a culprit, suddenly seeing these two identical creatures, might consider them symbols of the double retribution that is supposed to come to those who sin, and quickly confess to his misdeed.

There may have been another reason, too. The Weiss boys are quite handy with their fists. In fact, they made a living by them in their civilian days. They are among the few professional boxing twins in the history of pugilism.

To keep in trim for their return to civilian life, Moe and Harvey have had quite a few service bouts while in the South Pacific, where they've been for approximately two years. Harvey won the junior welterweight South Pacific championship on Guadalcanal and the Pacific Fleet championship on Samoa. Moe hasn't done badly, either. He's won all 29 of his service bouts, 16 by knockouts.

Harvey was the lightweight champion of metropolitan New York in his amateur days.

When Harvey turned pro, Moe decided to do that, too. They both shot up toward the top. They might have got there, too, if war hadn't come. They enlisted in the Marine Corps on December 4, 1942. They were only 17 when they turned pro, are only 22 now, and figure they'll have plenty of fight career ahead of them if Hirohito can be punched out in an early round.

Boxing is not exactly hereditary for the Weisses, but there is a suggestion of fistic capability in their background. Their father is a bartender in New York City. The Weiss boys will fight anybody their weight, but never each other, unless it's purely an exhibition affair.

The Weiss brothers have talents besides boxing. They put on a song-and-dance act. With vaudevillian ingenuity, they made some zoot suits out of camouflaged dungarees and toured around the South Pacific entertaining the troops.

Interested in their professional pugilistic record?

Moe has won 50 fights and lost 7.

And Harvey?

50 fights won, 7 lost.

Naturally.

SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



Flying Scouts

The Airborne Eyes of the Boondocking Marine

by Sgt. George H. Mattie

USMC Combat Correspondent

ONE would imagine that the creation of a new kind of fighting Marine rated some fanfare, a few salvos, or at least a speech and three bars of "From The Halls of Montezuma." But at the new Marine school, the Air Observers Training Center, where the first class of 30 eager students is being hammered and shaped into a brand new type of trouble for the Japs, there is no noise of celebration. You could walk right by the place and never know.

Don't let the relative quiet fool you. For the Marines who slug it out with the Nips in the jungles, over volcanos, through swamps and blasted cities, this is one of the most important developments since the discovery of the juice they shoot into ordinary guys to make them Marines.

This is the scoop. The FMF is being equipped with air-borne eyes, trained to really see what's up with the Nips just over the next ridge or down in the ravine on the flank. This pair of eyes will belong to an experienced infantry officer, a man who knows the problems of the boondocking Marine and can tell him what he needs to know to get to the Nip, knock him out, and live to hit more Nips harder.

The first thing that strikes you when you hang around this Air Observers Training Center is the keen intensity; so thick you can feel it immediately. This is because the school is unique in that it was conceived, organized and is manned by combat observers who learned the hard way — with Nip AA flowering around and slugs ripping holes here and there in the planes. Any line Marine would nod his

head in complete agreement when he heard these words pounded into the students at the school's introductory lecture:

"It is our job to graduate you as trained observers qualified to fly in combat. But we cannot turn out a finished observer since a *finished* observer requires a combination of intensive training with combat experience. . . . You are not working for a sheepskin diploma. You are working to learn how to conduct yourself in combat, and it is highly probable that you will be dodging anti-aircraft within a very short time after leaving this school."

Remembering the OY-1's (Sentinels) flying right into the mouths of caves on Saipan, or TBF's whizzing among the tree tops on Tinian to look down the muzzles of Nip artillery pieces, the line Marine can say sagely to himself, "How true, how true!"

THERE is no need to dwell on how important it is to know as much about the enemy as possible. To this end, scouts and patrols penetrate Jap territory, observation posts are manned. This is all very good, but for the guy on the line, waiting to saddle up and shove into a cane field, and up a hill, something more is needed.

Terrain, camouflage, and the natural Nip objection to being spied on, limit a guy on the ground, even when he has high powered glasses and the scouting skill of an Indian. These limitations were very obvious to Captain David J. Lubin, now the exec of the school, when for 35 days he hid on one hill during the Guadalcanal campaign as artillery reconnaissance officer with the Tenth Marines.

When he thought he spotted Nip positions that called for an air strike, he first had to contact a pack

howitzer group to fire smoke shells in the general area to give the air support planes a marker. Thirty-five days on one hill with Nips all around gives a guy time to think, and Capt. Lubin saw the possibilities of a higher, mobile observation post, manned by an infantryman. With proper communications, such an observer could get action in the right spots in a hurry and the ground troops would be helped immeasurably.

The idea stayed with Capt. Lubin, so when the Second Division was preparing for more action after the 'Canal, he and a few disciples, joined one of the Royal New Zealand Air Force's excellent photographic and aerial reconnaissance schools. With the New Zealanders and Marines, he worked on problems involving ground troops. He learned much.

It was clear that an observer in a plane was in excellent position to LOOK, but really SEEING what was on the ground while swiftly flying over it, was something else again. It was also true that artillery spotter planes were very good for their specific job, and that navy pilots flying observation could pick up valuable information, but they were not qualified to report on a tactical situation because they were not trained in observation of Marine troops in action or in enemy ground tactics.

While still training with the New Zealanders, Capt. Lubin and the Second Division shoved off for Tarawa. Tarawa proved the captain's conclusions. Navy pilots, flying observation missions, did not provide the maximum information possible. On the bloody beach, with his hands full as an officer of the Tenth Marines, the captain didn't have much time for critique, but when the fight was over and the troops were in a rest and rehabilitation area, he

Map reading is an essential part of the observer's schooling. He is trained to locate the enemy's positions and report his findings to the land forces



All men graduated from the school are qualified to fly in combat, so they must be well trained in gunnery. This Marine mans a machine gun



renewed his efforts for trained infantry eyes in a plane, to work directly with those ground Marines. He was assigned to division operations and when Headquarters in Washington authorized aerial observers for each division, he was nominated as aerial observer for the Second Division. He organized a school, and work on the idea really began.

WHEN the Marines hit Saipan, Capt. Lubin was in a carrier-based plane, sometimes a scant 30 feet over the heads of the Marines on the beach, searching out the Nips' secrets. And he wasn't alone. Both the Second and Fourth Divisions had aerial observers now.

It was tough. For the first week of the Saipan fight, Capt. Lubin flew an average of more than 10 hours per day. Three times, Nip fire forced his plane to streak for home and repairs. On one run, the TBF's gunner was wounded, given first aid by the radioman, and the crew continued to fly the mission. When Aslito Airfield was secured, Stinson Sentinels as well as the dive bombers were used to carry the observers over the Nips to learn their secrets. Aerial observation by infantry-trained eyes paid off.

It was dangerous. Every Second and Fourth Division Marine on Saipan and Tinian at one time or another held his breath as he watched a frail little OY-1 or a dive bomber scoot through flak and fiery tracers to look down the throats of scurrying Nips, expecting at any moment to see the plane blow up or crash into the coral. Maybe some of them were on the north coast, near Marpi, with the Japs pinned against the sea, and watched messages drop from low flying planes . . . messages that told of enemy concentrations just a few yards away from where the Marines were standing.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Duchein, the commander of the new school, was probably the air observer dropping the messages. He is another pioneer in this new field.

Just before the Marshall's operation, Col. Duchein was a field officer. One day he received word that he was an aerial observer for the Fourth Division. There wasn't much time. Frantic arrangements were made to borrow TBFs so that he and a partner observer could "snap in" during the final rehearsals for the strike. He had never been on a carrier or flown in a combat plane, but almost before he knew it, there he was aboard a fast carrier and headed for enemy waters.

In spite of all these drawbacks and inexperience, the results of the colonel's flights over the Roi-Namur battlegrounds during the assault and battle, were highly satisfactory to the division. The relatively bare islands made observation fairly easy, and, since

he was infantry-trained, the right kind of information got back to the Marines on the beaches. On return to rehabilitation areas, the Fourth Division established a school to utilize the lessons already learned and to develop new techniques. A course in aerial gunnery was a requisite for the potential observers. Col. Duchein appreciated that. In the Roi-Namur strike, he and his pilot found a trench full of Nips. The target was too tempting to pass up. They made a run, and the pilot blasted with the forward guns to chop down a goodly number of the enemy and as the plane rolled out, Col. Duchein operated the twin .30's to cream a few more. But in his excitement and devotion to the matter at hand, he threw 11 slugs through the plane's tail.

On Saipan, with Jap gun positions in profusion, the colonel not only turned in information, but on some occasions, when speed was essential, received permission to be more than observer and reporter. He and the plane's crew accounted for at least one battery of four Jap artillery pieces, and two tanks. In one encounter, he spotted six Jap tanks headed for the 27th Army Division's lines. The Japs were close, so the pilot zoomed for the enemy and in his first pass blasted one tank with rockets. The colonel contacted the artillery units nearest the scene and directed their fire. Two more tanks were knocked out. He then passed the word and Yank gunners made ready. When the remaining three Nip juggernauts dropped over the last ridge and into the American lines, they met the devastating fire of the readied guns and were flaming wrecks before they had a chance to fire a shot.

FLYING in an OY-1 over the rocky beach on Tinian during H hour, a Nip machine gun ripped 17 slugs below, over and around the rear seat. Col. Duchein was in it. One bullet tore through his ear phone. Splinters shattered his goggles and inflicted severe cuts on his head and above his eyes. Miraculously, the pilot wasn't hit and they made it back to Saipan. The colonel was right back on the job after treatment. For his work on Tinian, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

His next combat missions were flown over bloody Iwo Jima. There he found the terrain the worst he's ever observed and the Nips completely hidden. Observers found it most unusual to make a flight and come back without holes in the plane. On D plus three day, his plane was well cut up, so as soon as the relief observer took over, he returned to the *Bismarck Sea*, the base carrier. Before he landed, the relief plane was heading back, too. Same trouble . . . holes. The third observer went into the air to be the airborne eyes of the infantry.



All is in readiness for the take-off as the pilot and observer give the maps one last check over

About an hour after the Colonel's plane landed on the *Bismarck Sea*, Jap bombers got it, and the colonel, going over the side of the sinking ship, was blasted off a rope by a big explosion, bounced off the anchor, and landed in the water 35 feet below, flat on his back. He was picked up about three hours later, and taken to Saipan, despite his protests. He grabbed the first transportation back to Iwo and resumed flying observation missions several days later.

These are only two of the men behind the new Air Observers Training Center. They know their stuff. They aren't fooling, and line Marines can count on good airborne eyes to come out of this school to help take care of the Nips. And when a Stinson Sentinel or a TBF swooshes down close enough to see the rifling in a Jap gun, or the numbers on a Nip's dog tag, don't be amazed. Don't drop the jaw and stammer something about "Who the hell is that?" It will be a buddy — a newly designed, flying foot-Marine — a tactical or gunnery air observer.

It isn't all desk work at the school. Shown here is one of the students who was drawn for a working party. School is held at an overseas base



Prospective aerial observers must have more than a nodding acquaintance with radio. Here a student is shown tinkering with the dials of a set





The day the Bank of Guam reopened was a gala one for the people. Among those who attended the ceremony was Father Calvo, only native Catholic priest left alive on the isle when the US forces returned. Many of the depositors had hidden their money during the Japs' stay

The Bank of Guam

OLD MANUEL waited patiently while the band played. He paid close attention as the officers spoke to the crowd, and it was like old times in the Agana town square. New life was springing up in the rows of Quonset huts which stood in the midst of the pitiful, blasted buildings.

He felt the pocket of his coat to make sure the money was still there. This is a great day for Guam, he thought, and he remembered how sure he had been that Uncle Sam would come back. Now the old bank was reopening. Of course it wasn't as grand as the building which had been destroyed, but no one

mind that. Uncle Sam had come back to stay, and all those things would be made right again.

He watched the men in uniform stiffen and salute as the general walked over to inspect the bank and make the first deposit. It was quite a while before the policeman told him he could go inside. Manuel got in the line leading to Jose Untalan's window, his hand in his pocket and touching the package of money, carefully wrapped in a clean handkerchief.

by Sgt. Bill Miller

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

When he filled out the deposit slip, he knew exactly the amount to put down, although it had been a long time since he had counted it. Jose knew all about it, and he was not surprised when Manuel unwrapped the package and showed him the money. Buried for three years in the ground near Manuel's house, it was rotted and mildewed. The bills crumbled in fragments as Jose counted them, and it took him quite a while. Finally it was done, and the old man smiled happily as he walked out, his new bank-book in his hand.

He stood for a while outside the Quonset hut,



Business activity shortly after the bank's reopening was typical of that to be found in the States, with men and women waiting in lines



Jose Perez, a teller, accepts a deposit from a native woman, one of the first of the isle's residents to arrive with long-guarded funds



Lt. Comdr. W. B. Willard, bank manager and cashier, behind his desk, confers with Lt. R. H. Hughes, controller, on financial matters of day



Eduardo Calvo, assistant cashier of the bank prior to the war, shows old records to Lt. W. W. Smith, an assistant manager of the new bank

remembering the day when officers of the naval station opened the Bank of Guam. That was 30 years ago, in 1916. The town square was whole and splendid then, and the graceful buildings of Agaña gleamed white in the sunlight, against a background of green water in the bay, green palm trees and green hills.

Manuel recalled how puzzled he and the other natives had been at first with the idea of the bank. Thrift and credit were new things to most of them, but gradually they had come to patronize and understand.

Life was easy and pleasant in those days, and it was so until that dreadful morning in December, 1941, when the first Japanese planes came over. That was the day the bank closed. Lieutenant Arnold J. Carlson, the comptroller and cashier, with Eduardo Calvo, assistant cashier, and the two tellers, Jose Perez and Jose Untalan, took the money and checks out of the vault and burned them. They kept the numbers of the bills and checks and locked the list with all other bank records inside the vault.

When the Japs landed, Lieutenant Carlson and the bank employees were taken before the officers for questioning. All that anyone on Guam knew about the lieutenant was that he told the Japs the money was destroyed and that he was taken away to a prison camp with the other Americans. The Jap officers made Calvo go over the records with them, but they found nothing of value to them and permitted all the papers to be locked in the vault again. Calvo, Perez and Untalan managed to keep the records from being destroyed all during the occupa-

tion, and they were still in the vault when the Americans came back. No one remembered the combination then, and the Marines had to blow open the vault.

Manuel thought how right it seemed to everyone that Perez and Untalan should have their old jobs back. He knew that Calvo, whose cousin, Father Oscar L. Calvo, was the only priest left alive on the island when the Americans returned, had been helping the naval officers reconstruct the records so the bank could be reopened. All of the old deposits were being made good, and many of the natives were coming in to transfer their old accounts or to deposit money they had hidden from the Japs, as Manuel had done. He knew most of the merchants were anxious to get back on their feet, and he had heard that many of the old loans already had been repaid.

He was glad to see that Alejandrina M. Atoigue, one of the prettiest girls on the island, was working in the bank. She was a school teacher before the war, and the Japs had employed her as an interpreter and as an assistant to the school teachers they had brought with them. But there was never any doubt about her loyalty to Uncle Sam. Only a week before the American troops landed, a Jap officer beat her with a saber when she refused indignantly to act as an interpreter in aiding his advances to some of the other island women.

The Japs never opened a bank on Guam, and they were not interested in promoting thrift or anything except fear, slavery, disease and hunger among the natives. They even plastered over the name of the bank, where it was cut in the stone.

One of the merchants had told Manuel about the three ships, laden with cargo, which were on the way to Guam when the Japs struck so suddenly. Much of that cargo was the only security for credit extended to Agaña merchants by the Bank of Guam. The ships had put into harbors in Australia, Manila and San Francisco, where the cargo was discharged. But Uncle Sam's navy and treasury were looking out for Guam's interests, and an agent was assigned to sell the cargo and hold the proceeds against the day when the Japs would be driven out.

That agent, Manuel knew, as the friendly Navy Lieutenant, Richard H. Hughes, who had come to Guam after it was retaken to become comptroller of the bank. He had spent the years of Guam's bondage preparing for the day when the bank would reopen, first as a treasury official and then as a navy officer. Besides disposing of the ships' cargo, he had to locate other assets and liabilities. There were government securities on deposit in San Francisco and many important matters to be settled. But there was never any doubt that Guam would be retaken, and plans for the bank went forward from the day the island was lost.

Manuel remembered the dark night when he had gone out to hide his money from the Jap invaders. That had been a fearful, uncertain time, but he had held to his faith in Uncle Sam. He, too, had made plans for the day when the bank would reopen.

Now that day was here, and Manuel was satisfied with the works of God and man. Uncle Sam was back, and the Bank of Guam was open for business.

END



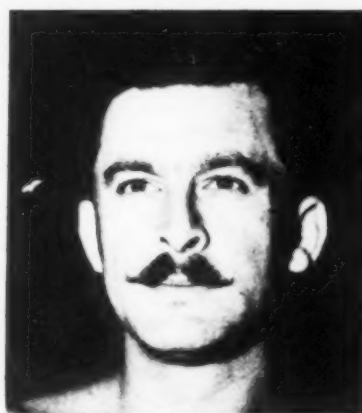
Alejandrina M. Atoigue, mistreated by Japs during occupation of Guam, is considered one of island's prettier girls. She's typist at new bank



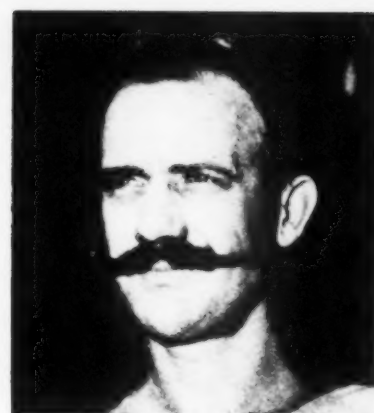
Maria S. Camacho was a school teacher on Guam before the war. Now she is employed at the new bank as a typist and bookkeeper

HANDLEBAR HANKS

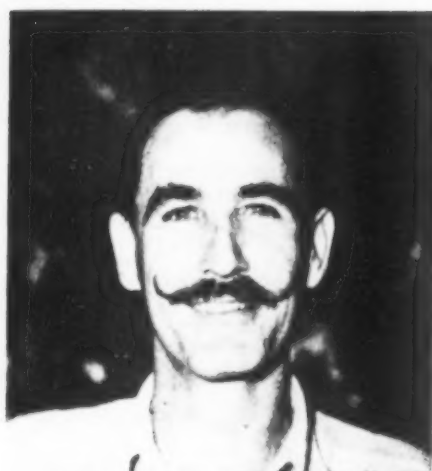
by Sgt. Harold Heffer
Leathemack Staff Correspondent



TSGT. PHILIP J. BENTZEL
Won the nickname "Thatch-Lipped"



PFC ARTHUR F. WHITTIER, SR.
He bore the label of "Fuzzpuss"



CAPT. WILLIAM C. McLAUGHLIN
Soup strainer earned title of "Mustachio"



PFC JOSEPH R. McKEE
His buddies knew him as "Poo"



SGT. WILLIAM S. BONDS
They called him "Whataman"

THIS is not a treatise in defense of the handlebar mustache. It is merely an acknowledgment of the fact that, since the Marines landed there, the South Pacific has come to sprout not only the enormous-trunked banyan tree, oversized sharks and giant lizards but this luxurious reincarnation of the '90's.

It would be a grave mistake, however, to shrug off the handlebars as a fleeting phenomenon of the war. The men have become deeply attached to their hirsute creations. These pictures show the quiet, fierce pride the men have for them. They intend to take their handlebars back with them to the States.

To those who get their backs up about it, this virily aggressive growth will become part of the post-war problem. To those who are in sympathy with it, the handlebar will add to the glory of victory.

That the handlebar fanciers will run into opposition back home there is little doubt. The first and foremost obstacles on the beachhead toward retaining their self-cultivated vegetation are the waiting wives and sweethearts.

Like true Marines, the Handlebar Hanks of the Corps are determinedly dauntless as they face the impending difficulties.

"I know my woman will let me keep mine," stated First Sergeant Maxmilus (Brushmush) Rushmore of Howard City, Mich., confidently twirling the peaks of his handlebar.

"At least," he added in an undertone of afterthought, "I think she will."

PFC Arthur Franklin (Fuzzpuss) Whittier, Sr., of Jacksonville, Fla., was equally confident.

"What I say goes in my household," he declared. "So it will be all right with my wife. Of course, there's a chance, I mean to say, well, you know how it is. . . ."

PFC Whittier seemed to be lost in a train of thought.

"There's nobody that can tell me to shave mine off," roared Platoon Sgt. Kenneth M. (Booger Red) Keith of Wichita Falls, Tex. "Of course, after talking with my girl I myself might decide to get rid of it. You know how those things are."

Capt. William Coleman (Mustachio) McLaughlin of Silver City, N. M., said he also was going to keep his handlebar.

"Suppose your wife objects?" he was asked. He gave a deep-bosomed, manly laugh. He did not elucidate.

First Sergeant Frank Reginald (Dapper Dan) Gore of Pueblo, Colo., scoffed at the thought that his wife would make him remove his mustache.

"I'll keep mine as long as I wish," he flatly stated. "— for a while anyway."

Technical Sergeant Philip James (Thatch-lipped) Bentzel of York, Pa., made this declaration:

"Didn't we fight for freedom to do as we pleased? Nobody is going to dictate to me. Of course, now, if the little woman suggests something — well, this is a democracy, hang it all — you've got to listen to people some."

Said PFC Joseph Ray (Pop) McKee of Terre Haute, Ind.: "I don't anticipate any trouble. My wife always has seen me with a mustache. All I've done is extended mine a bit. That sounds reasonable, doesn't it?"

Other statements:

Corporal Raymond Francis (The Whip) Beals of Detroit, Mich.: "Certainly I'm going to keep my handlebar. I'd like to see my girl try to make me get rid of it. However, I hope she doesn't try."

Sergeant William Stubbs (Whataman) Bonds of Abbeville, Miss.:

"Women folks aren't going to tell me what to do. My handlebar stays with me. Yessiree! Say, do I sound forceful?"

THERE are some who write the handlebar off as a needless and wasted ornamentation, but you will find those who do not hold to this viewpoint.

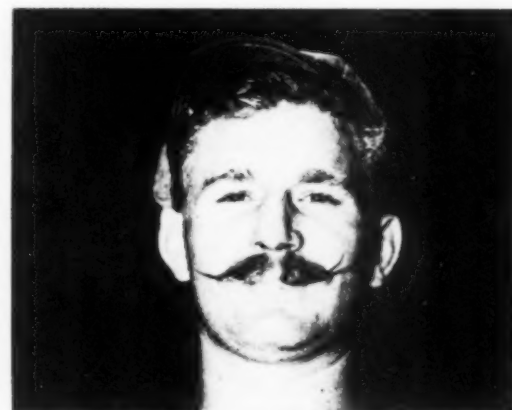
The latter school of thought maintains that the handlebar does a real service. It is more reliable than a weather vane, they say. If you observe closely, they declare, you will note that the handlebar heralds the change of weather.

If you study these handlebars, they state, you will observe that they will droop everytime inclement weather approaches; and the more inclement the weather, the bigger the droop.

As for the Handlebar Hanks themselves, they speak of their carefully-cultivated creations of mas-



1STSGT. MAXMILIUS RUSHMORE
Affectionately known as "Brushmush"



CORP. RAYMOND F. BEALS
He had alias of "The Whip"



PMSGT. KENNETH M. KEITH
Known far and wide as "Booger Red"

culinity with admirable restraint and modesty.

"We don't claim anything for our handlebars," is the way one of the spokesmen put it. "We can't help it if some people think they're wonderful."

The handlebarers are notoriously philosophic. Most of them smoke pipes. (At least they do until the handlebars reach such dimensions that any flicker of fire within three yards means danger of conflagration.)

However, it must be pointed out that the detractors of the handlebar say that this man-made jungle vegetation does not automatically mean a philosophic person but that it can just as easily camouflage a blank expression.

One beardless Marine in the III Phib Corps refuses flatly to play poker with handlebars.

"It isn't fair," he says. "You can't see their faces well enough to have any idea at all what's going on in their minds. Might as well play against Fuller Brushes."

But the Handlebar Hanks don't, or pretend not, to pay any attention to any derogatory remarks.

Regardless of the final fate of the handlebar, it seems certain that, for a few brief hours anyway, the return of the Marines from the South Pacific will cause nostalgic tears to flow from the eyes of the gray-haired ladies who were girls in the era of Lillian Russell and the Gay Nineties. Neutral observers agree the magnificent bristles above the upper lip of the fighting Leathernecks of today will rival anything in our country's hirsute history.

The story is told that Sergeant Brushmush, beg pardon, Sergeant Rushmore, ordinarily cucumber cool in combat, once went berserk in action, knocking out three Japs in two minutes with carbine, bayonet and butt stroke.

"I don't usually get upset," the sergeant is reported to have said later. "But those blighters sent out a bullet that nipped my handlebar."

Anyway, regardless of how one personally may feel about it, one fact stands out unchallenged: The subject is by no means a simple one. There are almost as many angles as a handlebar has bristles. **END**



1STSGT. FRANK R. GORE
The man that was known as "Dapper Dan"

Bouquets from Boyington



FOR a Shambo-hating outfit like the Marines' Black Sheep Squadron it was little short of Heaven to be there in the dawning Oriental skies, winging in from the carriers to attack Japan. These men of Boyington had looked forward to it for months.

Remember Boyington? This hot crew called the Black Sheep once was proud to call Major Gregory (Pappy) Boyington their leader. He had been hot, too, with 26 Jap planes to his credit. Pappy has been missing for more than a year, and for that little matter the Japanese homeland would start to pay on this beautiful morning. The Sheep were coming, bearing bouquets of fire and death from Boyington.

The famous squadron is one of a growing number of Marine aviation units that are becoming carrier-borne. Carrier strikes are now a part of their job, since island bases are becoming too few for the increasing fury of the attack against Japan proper.

It was bitterly cold when the fighter sweep scrambled off the battle carrier and went in over southern Kyushu. The Corsairs circled invitingly over the city and port of Kagoshima but no Japanese airman would venture into the brisk winter skies to accept the challenge. It began to look as if the Marines were going to be ignored.

They did the next best thing. They brought the fight down to the several airfields in the city's vicinity, raking and chopping at runways and buildings with their machine guns.

Behind the first wave came more Marine fighters, some of them Black Sheep assigned the job of escorting a pair of navy-manned Hellcats sent out with cameras to do reconnaissance work. They went over Kagoshima, moved on across Kyushu to the city of Izum and completed their mission without interference. Then they turned back, eyeing the hilly countryside and towns as they went for any sign of resistance. It was surprising how much these communities resembled American villages.

But the Sheep could find no excuse for venting any of their wrath until they were again over the volcanic crater whose steep flanks descend to the Bay of Kagoshima. The flight was creeping along high above the mountain and its wispy plume of smoke when the group commander's radio caught a distress call. It came from a navy fighter pilot whose position coincided with theirs. He was under the Marines, the pilot said, and at the moment three Zekes were on his tail. Would the Marines please hurry?

THE Sheep dropped their black, shiny noses and, with the two photo Hellcats tagging along, went downstairs three steps at a time.

They found not three but 15 Zekes milling around in a dogfight at about 8000 feet. The commander of the rescue detail, a Marine major, pulled up in the middle of the melee. He singled out a Jap who was jaywalking across the major's path and after a moment's chase caught him in the engine with a short burst. The enemy plane immediately went down, dumping its parachuting pilot on the way.

The major turned to a second Zeke, fought long enough to get him off the tail of a fellow Corsair, and lost him in the fast shuffle. Kicking his plane around to get on the tail of still another passing Zeke the major next glued his sights on the neat rear-view silhouette the fleeing Jap presented him. This baby had just got away from two Marines and seemed to know his way around Kagoshima's stratosphere. But the major got him in the middle of a climbing turn. The tracers bit into the enemy's fuselage and the Zeke fell away. As it tumbled out of sight the American could see the pilot climbing out.

Two more went down under the guns of a pair of Leatherneck lieutenants, and the navy photo pilots, who had come along for the protection, picked off three for themselves. The total had become seven before the survivors of the surprised Nip force could get the hell out of the area. It was a swift scrap the Japs had not planned on further than to get the lone navy plane they had cornered.

In two days of raids on Kvushu and southern Honshu this was the only air contest the Sheep could arrange.

At dawn on the second day they set out again, this time loaded with rockets for more effective low-level ground work, presuming now that the Jap would stick to his foxholes.

THEY crossed Honshu. Arriving at Kobe the Sheep were turning to strafe one of the airfields there when three enemy planes showed up briefly and distantly. The clouds got them before the Marines could.

So grounded aircraft made up for it. A freighter got it in the Kobe harbor, and a big transport just rounding a point of land, coming in, found itself in waters boiling with airplane gunfire. A lugger was sunk.

This was only the fighter sweep. On its heels came the main strike — torpedo and dive bombers escorted by fighters. The only opposition was some heavy caliber AA fire sent up from Kobe's dock area.

Bombs smashed and set fire to a big carrier still abuilding. Tremendous clouds of oily black smoke soon hid the wrecked flattop from view. A light cruiser was strafed; rockets kicked fiery swaths through hangars on a number of airfields; a hundred planes parked on a single strip were attacked and left smashed and burning.

On the neighboring island of Shikoku the Black Sheep picked out an airport for their grand finale. It was a pilot's dream, this setup. It was as if the Japs themselves had planned to receive as graciously as possible the last bouquet. Planes were packed on the runways in tight lines, wingtip to wingtip. The Sheep came in at hangar height and reamed the neat ranks of grounded craft from end to end.

The carrier planes left then, but more would come. The ferocity of the flying Marines will continue to mount until the day when their main body will hit the beaches of Hirohito and haul down the Rising Sun.

SGT. JOHN CONNER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



The First Texas Marine

by Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

A COUPLE of years ago, we found out that this Bustamente O'Brien was supposed to be the first guy from Texas to join the Marine Corps. When we got back to the States early this year and went on furlough we had time to look through the archives at the Texas capital in Austin and piece together a fairly complete story on Bustamente O'Brien's life.

Bustamente was not a native Texan. He was born sometime around 1810 in New Orleans. In 1817 a new sheriff was elected and things began to get hot for Bustamente's father, a prominent New Orleans pirate. So Mr. O'Brien took his little family and moved to Jean Lafitte's old hideout on Galveston island, off the Texas coast.

Times were tough for pirates and Mr. O'Brien often had difficulties supporting his loved ones, who included six wives, four mothers-in-law, a spinster aunt and 27 children.

"You can't imagine the humiliations we kids endured as the children of an impoverished pirate," Bustamente wrote in his diary, many years later.

When Bustamente was 15 years old his father reformed, possibly in a fit of remorse after murdering two of his mothers-in-law. The elder O'Brien and all of the family (excepting one of the surviving mothers-in-law who was a Hindu) joined the church and were baptized in a mass ceremony marred by only one drowning. A few weeks later, the family migrated inland and settled at Washington-on-the-Brazos, one of the leading towns in the Mexican-controlled state of Texas.

By this time, Bustamente had mastered the primer and was able to sign his name. Mr. O'Brien suspected that the lad might have literary talent or might become a minister of the gospel, so he sent Bustamente off to New Orleans for additional schooling. Instead of entering the Second Grade in New Orleans, the 17-year-old youth disappointed his pious father by enlisting in the Marine Corps.

Not much has been recorded of Bustamente O'Brien's Marine career. It is known, however, that he served on various US Navy men-of-war. He was about to make private first class when he completed his second cruise. In December, 1835, he received an honorable discharge, disembarked at Galveston and set out on horseback for Washington-on-the-Brazos. He was eager to return home and he recited, very tenderly, the names of his 26 brothers and sisters as he rode along. Most of all, though, he was anxious

for a reunion with his fiancée, a beautiful girl named Mildred Martinez. Bustamente and Miss Martinez had become engaged nine years before. He was sure that she had remained faithful although they hadn't corresponded regularly (one of the reasons being that Mildred couldn't write).

In his hometown, O'Brien received a terrible disappointment. He found the old homestead deserted and, on inquiring, he learned that the entire O'Brien family had been run out of town for stealing hogs. Also, Miss Mildred Martinez had left Washington-on-the-Brazos, moving to an address on Soledad Street in San Antonio de Bexar, many miles to the westward.

Thoughtfully, Bustamente stole a hog and dressed it for provisions. Then he rode out of Washington-on-the-Brazos (about 100 yards ahead of a sheriff's posse) and started the hazardous journey to San Antonio. His heart was filled with sorrow and he whispered, tenderly, Mildred Martinez's name as he galloped along.

The posse soon gave up the chase for there were more important things to do than catch hog thieves. Texas was in revolt against the government of the Mexican dictator, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. The American and Mexican settlers were forming an army under General Sam Houston. But Bustamente knew nothing of these great events as he travelled toward San Antonio, making mental pinup pictures of Mildred Martinez.

The third night out, he made a dry bivouac on the prairie. He awoke the following morning to find company in camp, a war-party of Indians. They were tough-looking fellows, members of a tribe called the Slaughterhouse Indians. They'd had another tribal name but they'd forgotten what it was for they lived near the town slaughterhouse at San Antonio and everyone called them the Slaughterhouse Indians. For 10 months out of the year, the Slaughterhouse Indians were a very peaceful bunch. But every winter, starting early in January, they'd go on a two-

month spree, riding all over Texas and drinking whiskey and lifting scalps and, generally, raising hell.

After he was captured, Bustamente said:

"You fellows have been drinking."

But he soon saw that it would do no good to try to reason with the Slaughterhouse Indians and he resigned himself to a horrible death. He was lashed on the back of a pony and taken, at a hard trot, for about 40 miles to the tribe's temporary camp in some timbered hills. Then he was brought into a big wigwam for an interview with the chief, a short, fat young fellow called Harold Stinking Wolf.

Bustamente was relieved, somewhat, when the chief addressed him in cultured English.

"Glad to have you aboard," said Stinking Wolf. And, after apologizing for his drunken condition, he explained that he had attended Harvard College for three and one-half years and had been expelled for hazing freshmen and for beheading a professor of romance languages. While at Harvard, Stinking Wolf had been a member of the badminton club, heavyweight wrestling champion, and he had stroked the crew. He still retained his interest in sports. He seemed a jovial fellow. However, he had a cruel twist to his mouth and Bustamente did not, thoroughly, trust him.

In the days that followed, Bustamente discovered that his life had been spared because Stinking Wolf wished him for a wrestling partner. It seemed that the chief liked to wrestle several times a day but he had run out of opponents. The other Slaughterhouse Indians were afraid to wrestle with him, for one reason because he was pretty rough for a fat man and also because they knew that any man who threw the chief would become very unpopular.

Bustamente's problem was to be careful not to win and at the same time to avoid getting hurt. To do this he had to use all of the tricks he had learned during 10 years of saloon-style fighting.

One day in mid-February (1836 had now rolled around), Bustamente and the chief were busy wrestling. O'Brien was letting Stinking Wolf beat him, but not too badly. All the Slaughterhouse Indians were sitting around, picking their noses and drinking whiskey and booing O'Brien and rooting for Stinking Wolf. Well, Bustamente got absent-minded and grabbed the chief by the wrist and gave a big tug and Harold flew through the air and landed heavily on his face.

Bustamente realized suddenly that he'd done the

How Bustamente O'Brien finally got to the Alamo and joined Colonel Travis



Bustamente realized suddenly that he'd done the flying whip wristlock

flying whip wristlock, a hold that he had been trying to master all during his years with the fleet. His elation was short-lived. The chief hadn't gotten up after landing on his face. One of the medicine men examined him and then announced that Harold Stinking Wolf was very dead.

Bustamente wasn't worried, particularly, at first. He figured that the Slaughterhouse Indians would see that it had been an accident and that they would be glad to get rid of a character like Chief Stinking Wolf.

Apparently, however, the Slaughterhouse Indians had some affection for Stinking Wolf. They jumped on O'Brien and trussed his hands with buffalo thongs. Then they brought up an unbroken stallion. With Bustamente's hands still bound, they lashed him aboard the wild horse and turned the animal loose. The stallion went bucking and snorting out of camp and took off over the baldies at a jarring gallop, intermixed with some serious bucking and sun-fishing.

Because he'd taken things easy in his matches with the chief, the Slaughterhouse Indians had never found out just how powerful Bustamente was. A few miles from camp, and when he was out of sight of the Indians, O'Brien broke loose from his bonds. Several times, the stud horse stopped and tried to roll over with Bustamente, but the Marine would beat him over the head with buffalo thongs. Before sunset, the stallion was a tractable riding horse.

By the next morning, a blue norther was sweeping over the plains. But Bustamente didn't mind. He'd fashioned a halter for the stallion. And he rode into San Antonio de Bexar on the blunt end of the storm.

Bustamente stopped in front of a saloon and tied the stud to a hitching rack. And there on the streets he met Colonel William B. Travis, who was in charge of the army of 180 Texans guarding the place. They were planning to try to hold Bexar, or rather the old mission, called the Alamo, and slow up Santa Anna's army long enough for Sam Houston to get the main Texas forces organized at Washington-on-the-Brazos.

Colonel Travis had a very tough outfit. And when Bustamente was introduced around he got the impression that most of them were colonels. There was Colonel Davey Crockett and 12 other fellows from Tennessee, all lieutenant colonels. There was Colonel James Bonham, and Colonel Jim Bowie who invented the Bowie knife, and a lot of other famous guys.

"In all my years in the Marine Corps, I've never seen an outfit like this," commented O'Brien to Travis, "nobody below the rank of major. I think I'll join up with you fellows, if it's OK. Right now, though, I have a date with a girl down on Soledad Street and I am seriously embarrassed. I was won-

dering if I could borrow a few odds and ends of clothing from you and the other colonels, sir?"

It was heart-warming the way the Texans responded to Bustamente's request. Colonel Travis said he was short of clothes, himself, but he gave O'Brien a handsome vest made of well-tanned wild-cat skins. Colonel Bowie contributed an elegant stovepipe hat, with only one bullet hole in the crown, a fine linen shirt and a string tie. Colonel Crockett furnished a frock coat which he had worn when he was in congress, and Colonel Bonham gave Bustamente some well-fitting trousers and a pair of shiny high boots.

O'Brien went down to the river and took a bath and put some bear grease on his hair. He put on his new clothes. When he got back all the colonels slapped him on the back and told him that he looked handsome as a setter pup.

About that time a couple of Mexican majors, who were serving in Travis' forces, came riding into town, yelling that Santa Anna's cavalry was just a few miles from town and the army numbered many thousands of men. Colonel Travis ordered everyone to grab all the provisions on hand and get behind the walls of the Alamo. They were all scurrying around and grabbing their weapons and no one noticed Bustamente as he walked off down an alley in the direction of Soledad street.

When he stopped in front of the address on Soledad Street, Bustamente drew a long breath and he was trembling with eagerness. But he remembered that Mildred had been delicate as a girl. And he didn't want to shock her with joy. He stood on the gallery and rapped on a window and called, rather softly: "Yoo hoo, Mildred! Yoo hoo! It's me — Bustamente! Hayooooo!"

A fat woman, carrying an infant and with four small children trailing her, padded out on the gallery, blinking like an angry owl in the sunlight and snarling:

"Is that you, Homer? Where in the world were you last night?"

And then she saw the tall man in the stove pipe hat and she started cursing in Spanish:

"We don't buy anything from peddlers. Get out of here, or I'll turn the dogs loose on you."

Slowly, Bustamente began to comprehend that this fat woman was his Mildred and that she didn't recognize him.

He bowed low, sweeping his stove pipe hat in a wide arc, and spoke:

"I have a fine line of herbs and injun remedies, Madam. Also, false teeth in three sizes and perfumes from Monterrey. However, if you do not wish to be disturbed, I will offer my apologies and leave."

And he walked off the gallery and down Soledad Street without looking back.

He went in the direction of the mission and was almost there when he saw several hundred Mexican cavalymen riding into town at a gallop, with their lances flashing wickedly in the sun.

The last of the Texans were tugging carts and driving cattle across a little bridge and into the stout walls of the Alamo. Near the bridge, one of the cavalymen charged at O'Brien with lance lowered. Bustamente was unarmed. He could think of nothing else to do. So he dodged the lance tip and tackled the galloping horse. The animal fell heavily, turning over on its back and pinning its rider. Bustamente got up, bruised only a little and feeling pretty good about things until he noticed that he had crushed the stove-pipe hat.

Thereafter, Bustamente O'Brien simply walked into the Alamo. For the colonels were on the walls of the mission by this time and their long rifles were speaking and shot cavalymen were tumbling from mounts like ripe fruit.

Bustamente dusted off his frock coat and trousers, adjusted his crushed hat, and strode through the big gate into the mission. He was met by Colonel Travis.

"This business must have messed up your date, Marine," said the colonel, "but, if we're relieved, you'll have lots of time for courting."

According to the archives at Austin, Bustamente never had time for any more courting. He and all the others of the garrison were slain, after holding up Santa Anna's advance long enough for General Houston to form the army that was to liberate Texas.

And, in the journal of Santa Anna detailing the hand-to-hand fighting before the garrison was overwhelmed, it is recorded that a number of the attackers met violent deaths when they were seized by a big youth and flung to the pavement in such a manner that their skulls were cracked. That would be Bustamente O'Brien with his flying whip wrist-lock working.

SHARK STUFF

THERE are four Marines out in the Pacific who positively are not worrying about post-war jobs. They are going into the shark business.

They are as follows: PFC Walter D. Schoppe of Houston, Tex.; Corp. Joseph Townsend of Florence, S. C.; PFC Herbert Oxley of Fresno, Cal., and Corp. Howard E. Clair of San Francisco, Cal. In a couple of weeks or so, off of a South Pacific island, they caught 40 sharks. In one night they caught eight.

They started out just being ordinary fishermen. They would sit at the end of the pier with a regular, ordinary line. Well, what would happen? They'd get a bite, and while the fish was dangling on the line and an Izaak Waltonish thrill was oozing through their veins, a shark would come along and snatch away the fish.

This happened not once but over and over again, and finally Schoppe and Townsend and Oxley and Clair decided they'd had enough of it. It was embarrassing to go back to their tents with nothing but a torn line to show for their efforts. So they began making their lines out of discarded telephone wire and cable. They'd come to the conclusion that instead of being go-betweens for a shark's dinner they'd go after old man shark himself.

Furthermore, they were serious about it. They got hold of a wrecked amphib duck, scooped around junk piles and picked up all sorts of coils and springs and thingamajigs and before long transformed all this into what they called a motor. And although maybe it didn't put-put exactly like an outboard motor does, nevertheless when they'd stick the amphib into the water it would carry out into the water and that's all they wanted.

So they not only fished for sharks right off the beach but further out. They put fish and beef at the end of their lines and, sure enough, they began hauling in those dreaded denizens of the deep. Big ones, too. Most were four or five feet long and weighed 50 or 55 pounds, but some spanned out for six or seven feet and weighed close to a 100 pounds.

They found shark catching was not always a bed of roses. Once, for instance, they got hold of a shark that decided to be stubborn about things. Instead of allowing himself to be towed in, this shark made off for sea dragging the boat behind him. He carried them out about a half-mile or so and the island was beginning to look as good to them as Springfield, Ill., USA. They were much relieved when the line finally snapped and the shark went on his merry way alone.

But the boys are really quite expert at sharking. They know how to bring sharks over the side of the boat and how to stick them through the head so that they won't cause "nobody no trouble no more."

You might say: Well, so what? After they catch a shark, what then? How can they make a living out of it?

The boys have figured it out. They have cooked shark and they say it tastes good. They say it tastes like fish, only more so.

So they expect to capitalize on shark for its food value. They hope to popularize it on Friday tables. They think maybe they can sell shark sandwiches, too. They say they've made shark sandwiches and they taste swell. They think maybe some day shark sandwich shoppes will be as popular as hot dog stands.

They believe, too, that the shark might have a future in the vitamin field. If a vitamin pill made out of peanuts can make Tarzans out of people, they point out, there should be no stopping the supermen created from pills made out of ferocious sharks.

END



One of the jobs TAU took on as routine was the transporting of Seabees to an isle where they were to build a camp for two veterans

TAU

"Puss-in-Boots" airmen are tops in transports

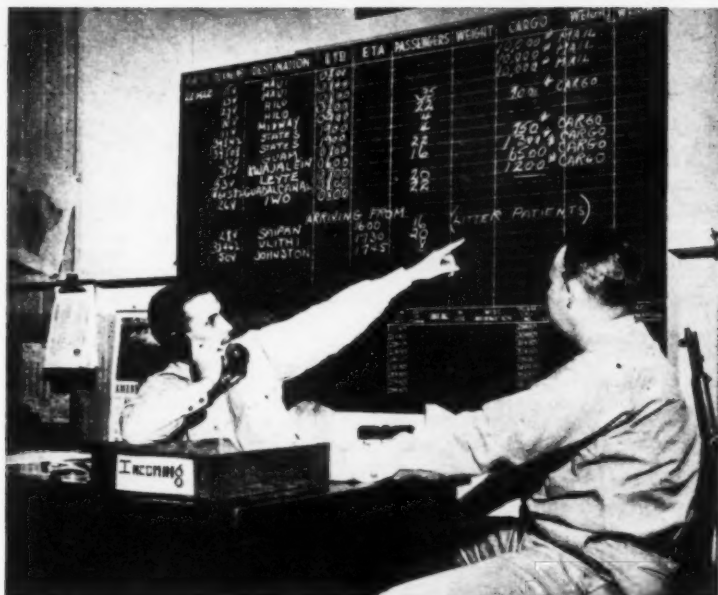
THE "Puss-in-Boots" Squadron or Transport Air Unit, which are one and the same for all practical purposes, was commissioned on the West Coast early in 1944. During its early days the squadron operated at a training unit. In the summer of that year the squadron embarked for an overseas base. Once at its new Pacific base the squadron functioned as one of the Marine service and feeder lines to the combat areas. From last fall to early this year, "Puss-in-Boots" has covered the whole Pacific area, carrying supplies, mail, and personnel in huge quantities to the fighting fronts and to isolated defense units. The squadron has outdone and outflown all other Marine transport units in the way of total ton miles flown, passenger miles, passengers carried and flying hours. Many records, as yet unchallenged, are held by the squadron and its accomplishments are increasing daily. Since commencing overseas operations, an average of more than 80 per cent of the "Puss-in-Boots" aircraft have been in service. No aircraft or personnel have been lost since the beginning of overseas operations, either by enemy action or because of mechanical failure. Planes of the squadron have landed at points ranging all the way from Guadalcanal to Manila. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Frederick S. Angstadt, formerly was operations officer for SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport), which operated so brilliantly in the Solomons area during the early days of the war.

Photos by Sgt. John Jalokai



Once aboard the transport, the Seabee contingent eases its gear and prepares to settle down for the overwater flight to its destination.

Moving outfits from one place to another, as need for their services arise, is but one of vital tasks being met successfully daily by TAU



1st Lt. Walter H. Johnson, Jr., in charge of TAU's loading office, goes over a day's flight schedule with his assistant, WO William H. Ramsey



1st Lt. H. M. Savage, assistant engineering officer, on left; 1st Lt. S. H. Egbert, engineering officer, and Sgt. T. N. King, draftsman, check plans

The insignia of Marine



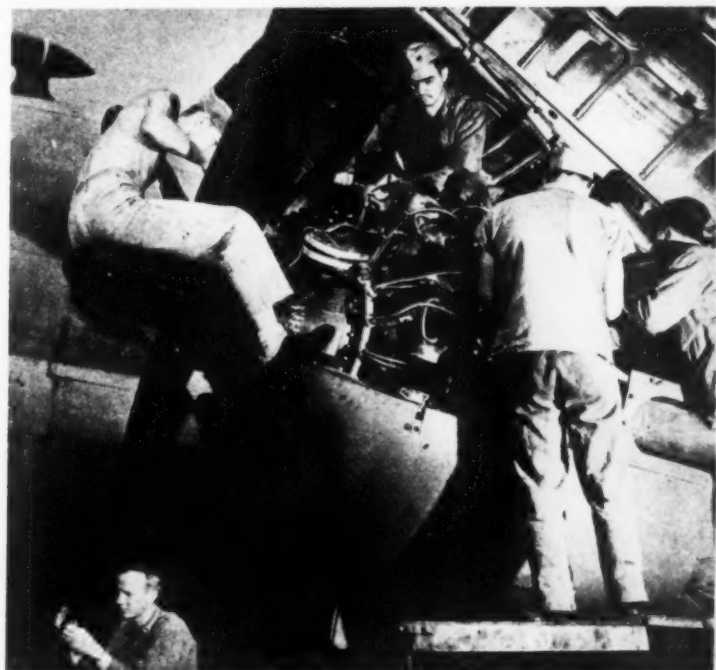
Transport Squadron 953



Group of pilots, some of them not long in from lengthy and arduous flights to scattered Marine bases and fighting fronts, relax over cups of coffee in the operations room of their station



All of the squadron's planes carry on their hatches the names of the island stops they have made. This ship's last port of call was Iwo Jima



Planes are checked over after 30, 60, 90 and 120 hours of flight. Every part, from propeller to tail wheel, receives close examination

Hypnosis and love are two things that just do not mix in the Pacific

IT WAS a hot day, even for the South Pacific, and Captain Amos Topovich sat behind his desk in the Quonset hut fanning himself with an empty cigar box. I coughed as indiscreetly as a staff sergeant can cough at a captain.

He looked up at me. "Well?"

"It's about Peepsight, sir," I said.

"What about him?"

"I think maybe you had better have a talk with him."

"What about? What's Peepsight done now?"

"Well, it's — it's kind of crazy —"

"I'm not particularly surprised," he said, "since it concerns Peepsight."

"I suppose I'd better start at the beginning and just tell you what happened," I said. "We were sitting around the mess table the day before yesterday and all of a sudden, without any warning, Tony Manazio keeled over in a dead faint."

"Yesterday at the mess table the same thing happened to Bill Johnson. Today it was Archie Stovall who went under."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Capt. Topovich, smoothing his trim mustache. "It doesn't seem likely that it could have been the food."

"No, sir, if it had been, all of us would have become ill. The doc at sick bay said he didn't know what to make of it. He said it wasn't malaria or dengue. He said the men seemed to be all right when they came to."

"Well, what do you make of it?" Capt. Topovich asked.

"I think it's Peepsight, sir."

"Peepsight! Why Peepsight?"

"Each time he sat opposite the man who fainted."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"When Archie fainted I was right by him and I and Peepsight picked him up to carry him over to sick bay. Pretty soon I felt my head beginning to swim and I realized I was going to black out and, instinctively, I turned my head away and immediately my head began to clear and I was all right."

"I still don't get you."

"Don't you see, sir? It was looking at Peepsight that gave me the dizzy spell. As soon as I turned away from him I was all right."

"But that's downright fantastic, sergeant," said Capt. Topovich. "Peepsight is just an ordinary fellow — in fact, I have never known anyone quite so ordinary. And here you are attributing witchcraft power to him. Pshaw."

"I know it's fantastic, captain," I said. "But it's true."

Capt. Topovich got up and stretched. Then he sighed.

"You ought to know better than that, sergeant," the captain said. "You NCOs worry too much about things. That's the trouble. Peepsight an evil Svengali! Phooey! That kind of stuff went out centuries ago."

Then Capt. Topovich said to me: "But I suppose you might as well bring Peepsight over to me. I might as well convince you."

Peepsight was in his tent, his abstract expression abstracter than ever. He was whittling on a piece of wood.

"The captain wants to see you, Peepsight," I informed him.

"OK," said Peepsight and his skinny, gangling body lolled lazily behind me as we made our way to the Quonset hut.

Capt. Topovich said: "Sit down, Peepsight."

Peepsight sat.

"Well, Peepsight, I've been hearing a strange tale," said the captain. "And you're involved. Do you happen to know what I'm talking about?"

"I can't say that I do, sir. Can you give me a clue?"

"The whole thing is a bit on the preposterous side, Peepsight. It seems . . ."

"Yes, sir."

"It seems, Peepsight . . . it seems . . . I mean to say . . . it seems . . ."

I was too late. The captain had hit the deck before I could reach him.

After the captain came to, he sat rubbing the back of his head for a few minutes. A new-born bump had blossomed out there.

Then he said:

"Come. We're going to see Dr. Spidell."

Dr. Spidell was the camp's psychoanalyst. He asked us to sit down and Capt. Topovich spilled the story.

A faint smile touched Dr. Spidell's bespectacled countenance.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I am not doubting that you have given a factual account of events. But, of course, we must seek a logical explanation for all this."

"I know," said Capt. Topovich, bitterly. "It sounds like something out of a nightmare. It doesn't make sense. No one should rightfully believe it. Only it happened. That's all I can say."

Dr. Spidell smiled blandly.

"To be sure," he said, with heavy good humor.

"Now let's get to the bottom of this."

He turned to Peepsight.

"So you're Peepsight, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me something about yourself."

"Sir?"

"Never mind. Tell me who your favorite movie star is."

"Trigger."

"Trigger?"

"Yes, sir. Roy Rogers' horse. I like Roy Rogers, too."

"Ah!" said the doctor, breathing significantly.

"Peepsight, what is it you'd rather be than anything in the world?"

"I'd rather be mayor or run a filling station."

"But which would you rather be?" Dr. Spidell demanded. "You always have a double answer. It bespeaks of an unsure mind. My boy, in this world there are two kinds of people; those with weak minds, and those with strong. The weak minds suc-

The Amazing Power of Private Peepsight

by Sgt. Harold Helfer

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



cumb to the strong. You must concentrate, Peepsight . . . concentrate . . . concentrate . . ."
Dr. Spidell was on his face on the deck.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Capt. Topovich and myself were back at the Quonset hut. Peepsight went back to his tent.

"This beats me," Capt. Topovich said. "What are we going to do?"

I didn't say anything because I didn't know what to say.

"Let's think about it," said Capt. Topovich. We both stared at the wall for about 15 minutes. Then the captain said:

"Get Peepsight's tentmates. Maybe they can shed some light on all this."

"Yes, sir."

I left. About three minutes later I returned. By myself.

"Well?" Capt. Topovich cried.

"They're all stretched out on the deck," I said. "Out cold."

Capt. Topovich had Peepsight back in the Quonset hut.

Carefully avoiding Peepsight's eyes, he said: "You know, Peepsight, this is a lot of foolishness, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why do you do it?"

"I don't mean to, sir. It's like that other time. In Birmingham."

"In Birmingham?"

"Yes, sir. There was an act on the stage. A man in a long black cape said he wanted somebody to come on the stage so he could hypnotize him. He had a very pretty girl with him. So I went up on the stage."

"And?"

"Well, the man began staring at me and his hands began waving at me. Then all of a sudden — kaplooie — and he hit the deck."

"What happened after that?"

"For about a week every time anybody looked at me for any length of time they keeled over. Then it stopped. And it didn't start again until a few days ago."

"Well, Peepsight, what causes this?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't you have any idea?"

"No, sir."

"But there must be a reason for it."

"Yes, sir."

"How do you feel, Peepsight?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What I say — how do you feel?"

"Oh, I feel fine, sir."

"You don't feel dizzy or anything like that?"

"No, sir."

"How did you feel that time in Birmingham?"

There, stretched out flat on the deck, with dreamily pleasant smiles fixed on their faces lay Colonel Gibbons and his aide, while Peepsight stood at stiff, somber attention before them



"Why, fine, sir. Even wonderful."

"Oh."

For a minute Capt. Topovich didn't say anything. He sat back, toying with his mustache.

"So you felt wonderful?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you describe that feeling in more detail? Just how was it — feeling wonderful?"

"Well, I kept hearing music even when there wasn't any and I didn't feel like eating any and my head felt like it was floating in space."

"My God!" the captain ejaculated. A glint appeared in his eyes. He leaned further back in his chair.

"My God!" he repeated.

"Peepsight," the captain said, "didn't I understand you to say that there was a pretty girl in the hypnotist's act?"

"Yes, sir."

"Uh huh. Now tell me: Did you think about this girl afterwards?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She was very pretty."

"Uh, huh. Now tell me this, Peepsight: Did you get this wonderful feeling again about three or four days ago?"

"Yes, sir. I did for a fact."

"What happened to make you feel wonderful?"

"I don't know, sir. Unless it was the letter from Gloria Fuller."

"Ah!" said Capt. Topovich, emitting a sigh of satisfaction.

"I know what it's all about now," he announced. "When Peepsight is in love he is possessed of a hypnotic power. Otherwise he is quite harmless."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For a few minutes no one spoke. Then Capt. Topovich said:

"This Gloria Fuller. Who is she?"

"She sells ties in a department store."

"OK, Peepsight. I suppose you know that you will have to fall out of love with her?"

"Yes, sir."

"I can't have men collapsing all around me. There's a war going on."

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Fall out of love. I'll give you ten minutes. It's an order."

Capt. Topovich took his wrist watch off, placed it before him on the table and focused his attention on it.

After a while, Capt. Topovich spoke. "All right. The ten minutes are up."

Drawing a deep breath, as a brave man will when he fills himself with staunchness and fortitude, the captain turned to look at Peepsight. Peepsight looked back. They kept gazing at each other, silently, like immobile statues. One minute passed, two, three.

Then the statue that had two bars on it wilted. Capt. Topovich was back on the deck again.

When he came to, he said: "All right, Peepsight. All right. You'll have to try harder this time."

"Yes, sir."

"It's very silly for a man to fall in love with a woman. I don't wish to speak ill of the ladies, but anyone who has had any experience with them can tell you that they are miserable creatures, vile, foolish, completely unnecessary. Women are the blight of the world, the scourge of humanity. They are treacherous and without any semblance of loyalty. They are like cats, always shining their pussies; and extremely ungrateful. Now, I'll give you ten minutes more. Fall out of love."

Capt. Topovich turned his attention to the wrist watch again. Ten minutes went by. Then he began his staring duel with Peepsight again.

The net result was another bump on the head for the captain.

When the captain came to this time, his face was scarlet. He was mad.

"Damnation, Peepsight!" he cried. "You're going to the brig. And you'll stay there until you've fallen out of love."

I led Peepsight away to the brig, then went back to the Quonset hut. About an hour and a half later, Capt. Topovich said to me: "Go to the brig and if there seems to be any change in Peepsight, bring him back here."

I went. I came back without Peepsight.

"Well?" Capt. Topovich demanded.

"When I got there," I said, "the guards were all sprawled out on the deck."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Capt. Topovich couldn't afford to have the guards of the brig turned into a bunch of sleeping beauties so he had Peepsight and his belongings moved to an

PEEPSIGHT (continued)

empty tent. "He won't cause any trouble there," he said.

Capt. Topovich sat down at his desk and began perusing Marine Corps literature. He went through pamphlet after pamphlet, book after book, devouring every line with a fiery light in his eyes. Then he sighed.

"I've looked and I've looked," he said. "But I can't find any Marine Corps regulations covering a case like Peepsight's. Oh, well. Maybe somehow everything will work out all right."

But the captain's attempt at optimism was short lived. Suddenly he sat bolt upright.

"Oh, my God," he said. "Do you realize what today is? Saturday. Inspection."

"We'd better hurry," he said, leaping into action. "We've got to get to Peepsight's tent before Col. Gibbons begins inspecting it."

We hurried over. We were too late.

There, stretched out on the deck, with dreamily pleasant smiles on their faces, lay Col. Gibbons and his aide, while Peepsight stood at a somber attention before them.

"We've got to do something about it," said Capt. Topovich, back at the Quonset hut. "But what? What?"

Then the captain turned on me:

"By gad, sergeant," he said. "You come from the same town that Peepsight does. Can't you think of anything?"

It was more or less a rhetorical question and I didn't answer.

"Tomorrow evening is the big inspection. The general himself will be here. We can't have him plopping on the deck."

The captain thought for a minute, then said: "Maybe if we hit Peepsight over the head with a hammer—no, I guess maybe not—probably against regulations."

* * * * *

Tomorrow rolled around bright and early. Peepsight remained in his tent most of the day and there were only a few casualties. About five or six unsuspecting souls who wandered in his tent by mistake had to be picked up off the deck. That was all.

Chow time came, then mail call, then came inspection. The men lined up in front of their tents, with shiny faces and shinier M1s.

The general started going down the line. Capt. Topovich was in front of our unit; every now and then he'd take a quick, nervous glance at Peepsight.

I couldn't stand to see the captain suffer anymore. The general was still pretty far down the other end of the line. I took a chance and went up to the captain.

"I don't believe there's anything to worry about," I said. "I think Peepsight's cured."

I stepped back in a hurry. The general was coming closer. Pretty soon he was upon us. He walked in front of each man, looking them up and down. Then he came to Peepsight. He commenced giving him the eye. I held my breath. The captain held his breath. Everybody in our outfit held their breath. It was one big, terrific suction.

The general suddenly seemed about to buckle. I shut my eyes. I opened them again. There was nothing lying on the deck. The general had just stopped to examine a thread or something on Peepsight's shirt.

When it was over Capt. Topovich sent word for me. I sat down opposite him.

"Well, I want to know what happened," he said. "How did Peepsight become cured?"

"He received a letter from Gloria Fuller. It said she was through with him. That she never did like him, that she had just been stringing him along and that she never wanted to see him again."

Capt. Topovich said: "Oh."

Then he said: "How do you know all this?"

I replied: "I wrote the letter."

"Oh," Capt. Topovich said.

"It wasn't hard to do," I said. "I just wrote in a girl's handwriting. And faked a Stateside dateline on the envelope."

"You know," Capt. Topovich said, after something of a pause, "that was smart thinking on your part. I'll see if I can't make you a tech for that. You have the true interest of the Corps at heart."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "However, I must confess I also had a personal reason."

"Really?"

"Yes. You see, I'm sweet on Gloria Fuller, too."

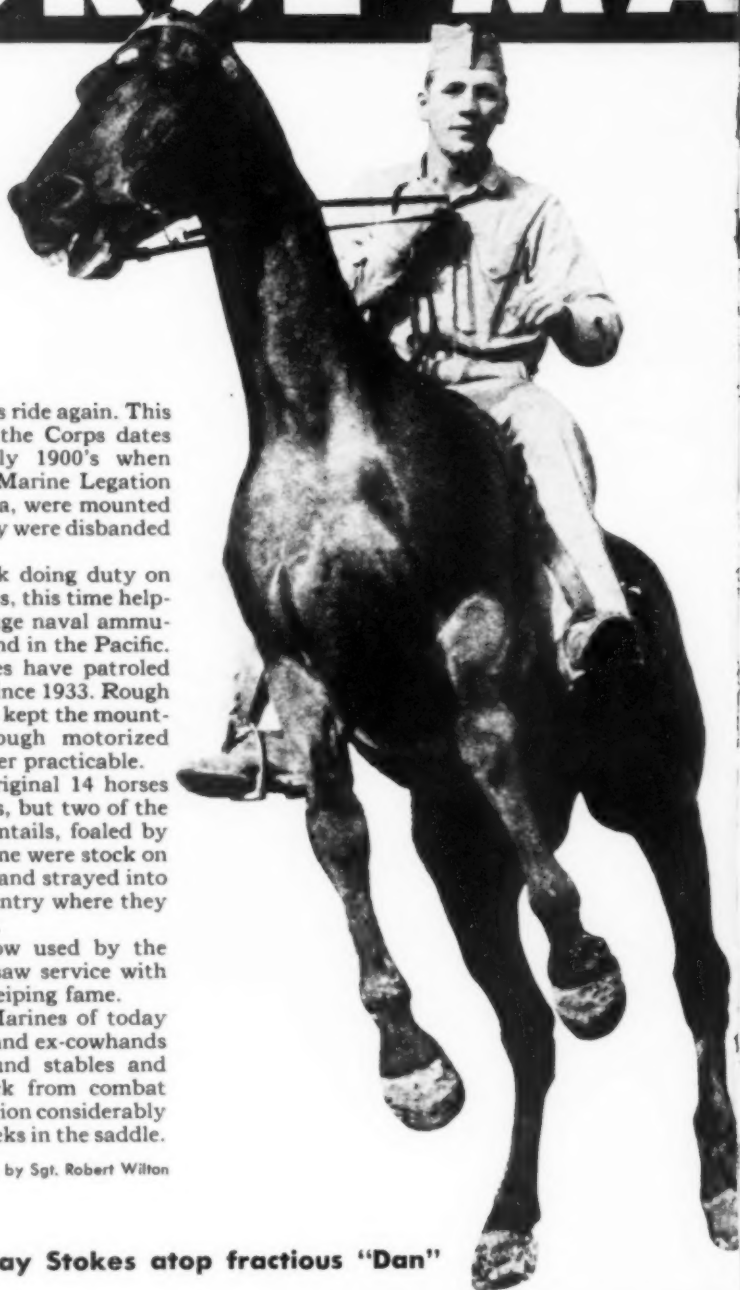
"Oh?"

"I used to buy all my ties from her," I said. Then, with a wink, I added:

"And she's the kind of a girl a fellow'd like to go on buying ties from the rest of his life."

END

HORSE MARINES



THE Horse Marines ride again. This famed branch of the Corps dates back to the early 1900's when seven members of the Marine Legation Guard at Peiping, China, were mounted to serve as couriers. They were disbanded about 1930.

But Marines are back doing duty on horseback again overseas, this time helping guard one of our huge naval ammunition depots on an island in the Pacific.

The Marine Mounties have patrolled the ammunition depot since 1933. Rough mountainous terrain has kept the mounted patrol active although motorized guards are used whenever practicable.

Most of the unit's original 14 horses are former army mounts, but two of the present string are broomtails, foaled by stragglers who at one time were stock on a large territorial ranch and strayed into the rough mountain country where they reverted to a wild state.

Some of the gear now used by the island mounted patrol saw service with the Horse Marines of Peiping fame.

Some of the Horse Marines of today are former rodeo riders and ex-cowhands who feel at home around stables and corrals. Those just back from combat find their physical condition considerably improved after a few weeks in the saddle.

Photos by Sgt. Robert Wilton

PFC Jay Stokes atop fractious "Dan"

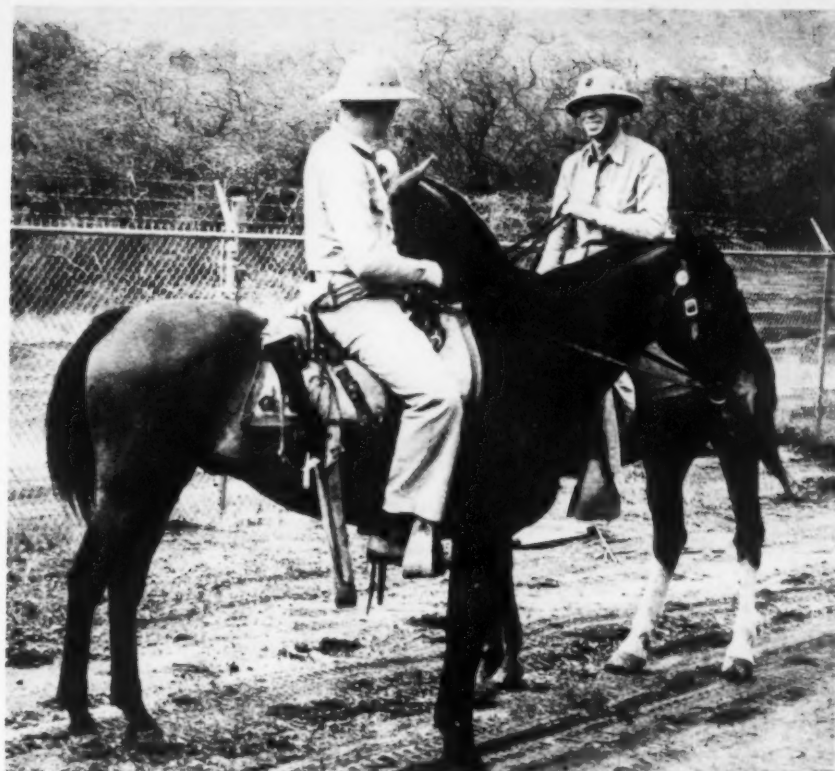


Ambling along at a leisurely pace the Mounties ride their posts

MARINES



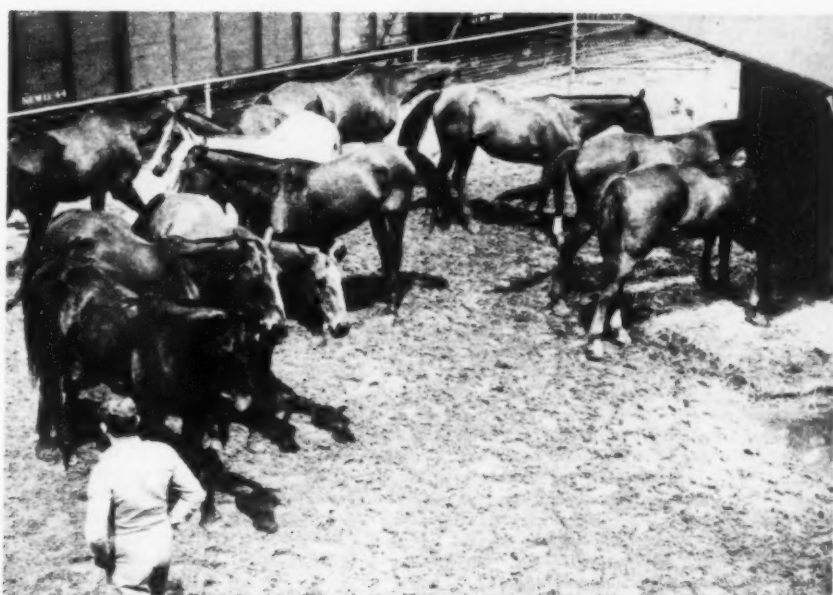
PFC Cecil Box draws his gear for a patrol



"— Post and orders remain the same" and then to chow



PFC J. D. Rock shoes one of the mounts



The Marines select their horses before going out on watch



Corp. E. L. Millenbruck applies a bandage to a leg injury

The Okinawan

by Sgt. Harold Helfer

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

THE Okinawans like Americans. That's good news; even aside from the sociable aspects. While the Okinawa Japanese and the Japanese on the mainland of Japan cannot be expected to re-act to American invasion in exactly the same manner, nevertheless it is considered a definite indication.

For the Okinawa people, living less than 400 miles from Japan proper, had been systematically propagandized against us. We were "hairy savages" who would butcher the children, rape the women and enslave the men. The Okinawans were told that they should take their own lives rather than allow themselves to be taken over by Americans.

Yet evidence of suicides has been noticeably negligible. It is true that some of the natives did hide their kids from us in caves. But in less than a week their children were taking jeep rides and turning into mascots for Marine outfits.

Today the Okinawans are definitely friendly toward us. They show no signs of fear or resentment. Even the young women, at first painfully shy in our presence, promenade without concern.

The American military government came to Okinawa with two diverse theories about the reception Americans were to expect. One came from a captured Jap intelligence officer. He said we would have to kill every Japanese man, woman and child before we could take over any of their territory. The other view came from a Japanese industrialist on Tinian. He said that the average Japanese probably would not show it, but he would accept American invasion without overmuch resentment and that he might even take the opportunity to help overthrow the Japanese warlords.

Up until now, the evidence seemed to be in favor of the officer's theory. On Tinian and Saipan the Japanese did indulge in mass suicides. The executive officer of the military government for the Marine Corps' III 'Phib Corps, Lieutenant Colonel Donald T. Winder, believes that as many as 10,000 may have killed themselves on these two islands.

MOST of the Japanese on Tinian and Saipan were Okinawa Japanese. Why then, was their reaction so different from that of the Okinawans on Okinawa?

The answer, Lieut. Col. Winder believes, is that the Okinawans who left for the Marianas were the poorer, more ignorant people of the island. They believed the Jap propaganda that their lot would be better as colonists and apparently were a highly gullible group. Those who remained on Okinawa seemed to be more substantial, probably were given to more independent thinking. Moreover, there were Okinawans who had been to Hawaii and knew for a fact that Americans didn't butcher children and mistreat women. So the Okinawans on Okinawa were a bit skeptical of the Japanese propaganda. And the Americans, with their innate good will, soon had the Okinawans actually liking them.

The Okinawans appear to be a simple and honest people. They are frugal and hard-working. They have to be to survive. Okinawa is just about the most populated spot on the globe, there being 623 inhabitants to every square mile. In America, there are something like 40 persons per square mile.

The Okinawans are nearly all peasants; a few are fishermen. They were originally of Japanese stock, but through the years have picked up a bit of Chinese, Korean and Malayan in their blood. Okinawa has been under straight Japanese rule since 1879, but the Okinawans are looked down upon as an inferior Japanese people by the Japanese on the mainland. Okinawan males are conscripted for the Japanese army but none is made an officer.

The Okinawans are so busy attending to their rice paddies and their sweet potato fields, grinding their grain and looking after their goats that they don't seem to know the meaning of leisure. Apparently, they haven't had the time to build up anything that resembles an art or culture of their own. Their way of doing things seems to be more Chinese than Japanese. Religion, as we know it, does not seem to exist. They don't appear to have anything in their society corresponding to priests or

He's accepted the invasion of his homeland with none of the hatred that might be expected

ministers. There are no churches. Some families have shrines of their own and the island has a number of huge "burial vaults," labyrinths inside mountains where the remains of their dead, after having been buried in the ground for three years, are reposed in sepi and blue porcelain casks. Having a reverence for their dead seems to be their main religious outlet. On a few cliffs shrines are to be found from which, it is said, some of the people, after meditating at a marble table nearby, have decided to leap to their deaths.

But it is questionable whether this Japanese touch was very popular with the Okinawans. Despite their hard lot in life, they seem more disposed to good humor than sternness. They are decidedly not a warlike people. There is no symptom of any feeling of nationalism.

An Okinawan was asked whether he preferred Japanese or American rule. He replied: "I have so far lived only under Japanese rule. I have not lived under Americans long enough to tell. So I cannot say." That in itself is a simple, honest answer.

But already the Okinawans are beginning to show their appreciation for American considerations. Especially for the medical care we are extending them. The Jap rulers paid little attention to the health of their Okinawa subjects. There were only three doctors to every 10,000 persons. As a consequence of this, and because of the primitive, unsanitary conditions in which they live, disease among them has raged practically unchecked. In some sections, lepers were found walking around at will.

All medical aid possible is being given these people by the Americans. The natives are cooperating heartily with the health program. They are not a stupid people and welcome the attention.

Of course, the invasion has caused a certain amount of hardships. Some of their fields have become lost to them and families have become separated.

The military government is treating the situation as humanely as possible. Orders have been given to spare as many homes and fields as compatible with sanitation and military requirements. The natives are allowed to keep everything from the field they harvest, whereas under Jap rule a good portion of it went to the Jap mainland as taxes. When it is necessary, families receive American chow. Under Jap rule, most Okinawans suffered from malnutrition. The average Okinawan woman probably is under

five feet in height, and the average male not many inches above that. Nearly all of them are skinny and rickety-looking.

The military government has placed all able-bodied Okinawans in labor camps. This has not been done so much because their labor has been needed, but because it was a military necessity to keep a constant eye on the main male stock, to prevent infiltration of Jap soldiers. The Okinawans in camps may be visited by their families. As soon as the military pressure is off, they will be allowed to go back to their families. Oddly enough, the Okinawans have displayed little resentment of this arrangement.

The situation even has produced a note of laughter. It is a good old Okinawan custom to allow the women to do most of the work. Women work in the fields, carry the heavy bundles, bring the water from the well, carry the babies on their backs. The women have received a big kick, and have giggled openly, at the sight of their better halves on work details.

The Okinawans receive every chance to work out their own problems in their own way. At Ishakawa, for instance, a town of 2500 that was increased to 15,000 by refugees, Capt. John B. Cramer of the military government appointed a native "food authority" and allowed the natives to decide on a system of food rationing. He appointed a native "housing authority" to work out the housing situation as nearly as possible to the satisfaction of one and all. There were native "headmen" who went around with bands on their arms describing them as such and had charge of groups of from 40 to 50 persons. The "headmen" carried out their duties with a marked dignity.

AT THE town of Sobe, a group of Okinawans thought that the invasion of the Americans meant that they had become Americans. They went around pointing to themselves and shouting: "Mericans, Mericans." They seemed highly pleased.

What encourages our military government about the over-all military picture is this: The average Jap on the Japanese mainland may be more nationalistically inclined and his standard of living may be higher than the Okinawans', but still his economic lot in life is far from good. He may not feel that it makes too much difference to him that the Americans have come, even as the Okinawans. Especially when he finds, as the Okinawans did, that, contrary to what he has been asked to believe, Americans are not a barbaric people.

As on Okinawa, and in even larger numbers, there are people in Japan proper who have had intimate contact with Americans, some of whom have gone to American schools, and know better. The average Jap may even figure that any change for him is apt to be a change for the better; that our presence will give him an opportunity to overthrow the rulers who have oppressed him economically because of the war even more than he has been accustomed to being oppressed and, in addition, have taken his sons away from him and sent them to battlefields in a losing war.

All of which would have an important military bearing. If we have to invade the Jap mainland to end the war, the reaction of the civilian population toward us would make the difference between a comparatively short campaign and a long one. **END**



Frugal, hard-working the average islander has had little time to do much other than eke out an existence. The women have borne the brunt of the labor both at home and in the fields

NO BEER WILL
BE SOLD TO
OFFICERS or NCO's
UNDER
21 YEARS of AGE



Beer is the big item in the beverage department and often the supply runs out, forcing the fellows to turn to the also popular "coke" drink to slake their thirst. Officers are not encouraged to visit the club, although they naturally are not barred from using the available facilities

Photos by Sgt. Stanley Tretick

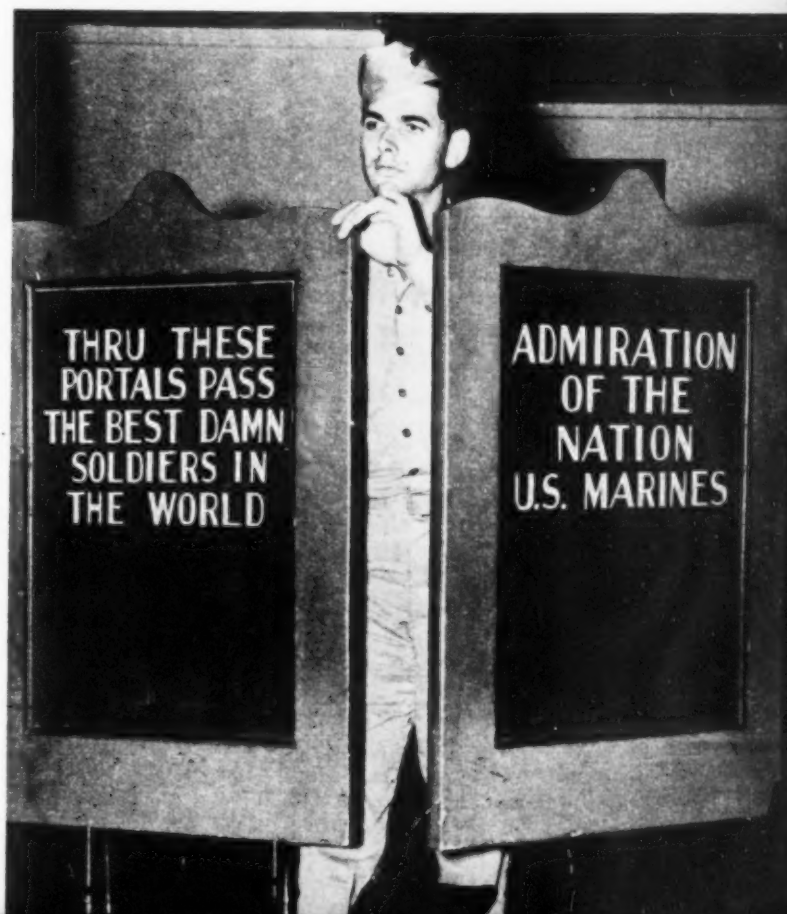
PACIFIC SLOP-CHUTE

WHEREVER you find Marines, you are virtually certain of finding an NCO's Club. Perhaps, the best known of all these clubs scattered throughout the world, is that at Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor. This hang-out is a small but adequate GI spot crammed with conversational corners. Around the central dining room, spaced off on the wall, are the most appropriate signs ever hung on a Marine bulkhead. Some of these are: "Now When I Was in Haiti . . ." — "Now When I Was in Shanghai . . ." and — "Now When I Was in Nicaragua . . ."

Under the signs gather those who have time at any of these places on their record books. And, there are plenty of these "characters" at Pearl Harbor, making it as much as your eardrums' worth to approach this oratorical oasis. Sergeants of the "old" Corps and their followers hold forth at these spots.

Besides being able to meet Marines from all over the globe, another club advantage is the kitchen facilities which allow a man who has missed regular chow to take on his particular nourishment. The oyster stew rates tops and then there is always a steak to be had. In the beverage department beer is the big item. Membership is on a share basis with the price rising as the number of members increases.

TSgt. WALTER C. COCHRANE
USMC Combat Correspondent

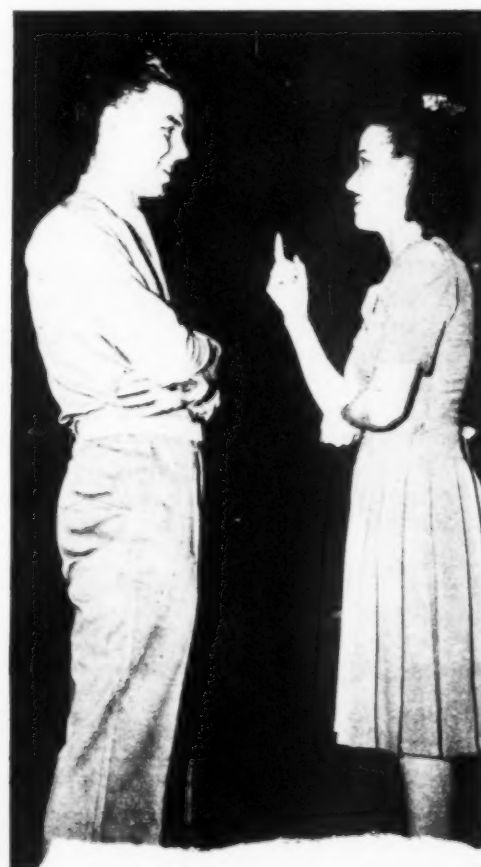




British sailors and Marines do the popular British navy dance known as the "Okey-Pokey" during a lull between campaigns in the Pacific area. Marines picked up the English style of jive from their allied comrades-in-arms when latter visited the club during time their ship was in port.

The old timers more than hold their own in the bull sessions, even in the face of stiff competition from younger and newer men just in off battlewagons and carriers or from front line action.

Sergeants occasionally drift in with their girl friends between post dances for refreshments.





Two sergeants, with time to kill and backstopped by a flock of pin-up beauties, "bat the breeze" over a big bumper of tasty brew

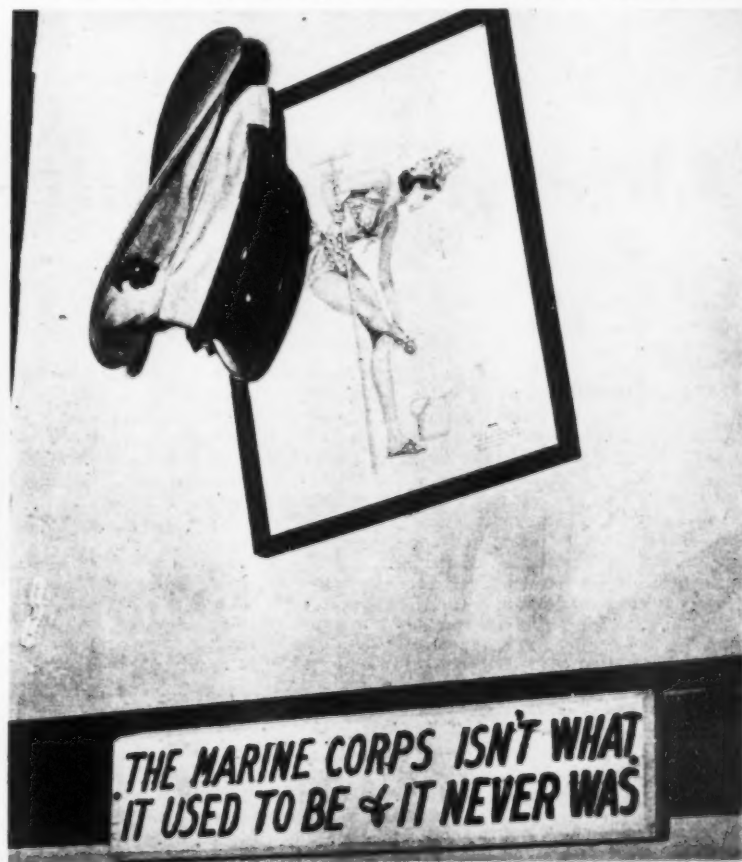


The old familiar "chow down" refrain rings out often. Marines who have missed their regular mess generally can depend on obtaining a plate of steak and eggs

There are NCO Clubs scattered all over the world, but the one at Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, tops them all when it comes to bull sessions between the old salts and newcomers

One of the younger fellows is lucky enough to get himself a "date" on return from battle. They spend the time talking at the soda four in

Never let it be said a Marine couldn't handle a situation—even when it comes to finding a spot to hang a hat. This one took the sign to heart



AT EASE

NEWS OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD



Renee De Marco, the hostess, on the left, dealt the first hand, but something must have gone wrong. Others, moving from the center to right, are, Toni Seven, Nina Foch and Evelyn Ankers

Almost anything can happen in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, which often is referred to as Piddle-Paddle-On-The-Pacific, is noted for many things, including odd people and equally odd goings on. So no one should be surprised at a scene enacted one afternoon in the garden of a large mansion in Beverly Hills.

Five good looking girls sat down and played strip poker, and all of them lost more than they should.

It was a very private affair, and not a soul was present except 15 newspaper cameramen, half a dozen reporters, a few personal friends of the poker players and a couple of gents who wandered in thinking it was another kind of house maybe.

From this you might suspect that the party was a publicity stunt — and you'd be absolutely correct. It was a gag devised by a press agent to publicize the recent National Clothing Collection drive, and the girls.

Most of the ladies you know from the movies. Sitting around the table, fully clothed at the start, were:

Ann Miller, Toni Seven (yup, that's her new name), Evelyn Ankers, Nina Foch and the dancer, Renee De Marco.

At an appointed hour, the ladies filed out of the big home and into the back yard. They all appeared a little nervous, probably being a little shy about playing poker in public like that. But they sat down at the table, and held a whispered conversation. It developed that a couple of them didn't know how to play poker.

Someone suggested they make it draw, sevens wild, and an uncouth onlooker called out: "Did you say drawers, Toni Seven wild?" Miss Seven, whose name used to be June Millard when she had a few dates with Errol Flynn, blushed mightily, it being quite an effort no doubt.

Finally the girls decided to play straight — or as straight faced as they could, what with all the camera bulbs exploding around the place.

Renee De Marco, the hostess — who "borrowed" the press agent's home for the occasion — dealt the first hand. Ann Miller, whose long shapely legs you've seen in many a screen musical, lost the hand — and also her skirt.

"My country 'tis of thee," she hummed, meaning that nothing like this would ever happen if she weren't patriotic and didn't want to help the clothes

campaign along. Everyone agreed Ann certainly was patriotic, and they also noticed, as her skirt dropped off revealing dainty silk panties, that she surely did have long eyelashes.

The sideliners began to argue this point, and the next thing they knew Toni Seven was asking: "Are two two's any good?" Miss De Marco, with a heart flush, matching Ann's complexion at the moment, said she didn't think they were, and Toni stripped off her shirt and sat down again in her brassiere.

These losing hands seemed to follow a definite pattern around the table, for the next loser was Nina Foch. Nina is a tall blonde, a fine actress, daughter of a wealthy family, and just a week or so before had announced publicly that she was through posing for leg art because she didn't think it dignified and had nothing to do with her career as a dramatic actress.

She even said she had parted company with one studio in protest about this leg art business — which was true — and had an agreement with her new studio, Columbia, against the practice.

BUT for the clothing crusade — that was different. She came up with a measly pair of treys, and off came her skirt, disclosing, among other things, that Nina could have no personal embarrassment about leg pictures.

Next loser was Evelyn Ankers, who, like Toni and Nina, is a blonde. Evelyn is tall and extremely well shaped, and her features are perfect. But Evelyn is a smart girl. She knows her strip poker, because she came to the party armed with a three-piece suit, a mink coat, underslip and accoutrements to match. So the other players had to go some to get her stripped, and they failed. All Evelyn lost was her dress and brassiere, which left her with the mink coat and the underskirt (the brassiere she cleverly slipped off without disturbing the slip — or anyone watching).

However, Evelyn's form has been well advertised, and just a short time before she had demonstrated how she used to take dew baths when she was living in Chile. Seems down there they go through a rest treatment that includes a sharp spray shower, massages — and rolling around in the early morning dew without any clothes on. Evelyn, of course, for this later demonstration, didn't go quite that far, but clad in shorts and a brassiere, you got the general idea. Dew baths undoubtedly are fun and very good for one's health, as any fool could plainly tell.

Well, finally, it came Renee De Marco's turn to lose all, or nothing at all. She chose the former, almost, and soon was attired in green, gauze-like panties and a brassiere to match, but she didn't lose her stockings or a tall feminine-shaped top hat. Her hat was a sensation.

Of course all the strip-poking didn't go off at once, but it seemed that as soon as a player lost, she must have bet the limit. And, besides, the sun was going down and you know how chilly it gets in California when the sun goes down.

Toni Seven, it was noted, got so chilly she had to take refuge in a mammoth bath towel, because her panty-scanties and brassiere just weren't very warm, and she hadn't been thoughtful and worn a hat like Renee did.

All this time, naturally, the camera-men were busy doing their part for the clothing collection, and the yard next morning must have yielded a bumper crop of flash bulbs.

Presently the originator of the idea — he was Russell Birdwell, one of the most successful press agents in the country — decided it was getting too chilly and he didn't want any of his girls to catch cold. Also, the photographers were about to run out of film. And, also, he was afraid one of his guests might top his stunt.

The guest had suggested that as a topper to the whole thing, the police ought to be called and the place raided. He said it would be certain to make front page news if the girls landed in the brig. But Birdwell, a smart gent, thought this might be carrying a good thing — or five good things — too far.

The party was quite a success as a benefit for the unclothing drive.

ROBERT H. MYERS

LUCILLE BREMER

Our pin-up choice for this issue is MGM's new star, who rose to fame as a dancer in Manhattan



Reluctant Lady



by Sgt. Harold Helfer

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

PERSONALLY, I can take women or leave 'em alone, although frankly I much prefer the former. As a matter of fact, I have entertained the notion, ever since I was seven or eight, that females make quite an embellishment in a man's social life. But when my CO tells us aboard ship that we should leave the Okinawan women alone I decide it is all right with me.

I mean it, too. I figure what the hell, a man should never let women bother him too much.

However, after we begin our sightseeing tour of Okinawa, which is just about what the Marine invasion of Hirohito's backyard turned out to be, it so happens that it begins to occur to me as a matter of thought to wonder what an Okinawan skirt might look like. So I commence hanging around the well where the natives occasionally show up for water. Not necessarily in anticipation of running into any native wenches, you understand, but there is a tree nearby and you can sit down in the shade and I figure, well, what the hell.

Now it so happens that one night a babe comes to the well carrying a wooden bucket. Now I know the CO said that we shouldn't go tete-a-tete with the Okinawan ladies but, still and all, I figure he wouldn't want me, an American and a Marine, to be ungallant so I commence to help her draw the water.

She is not an altogether bad-looking trick. She is wearing something resembling slacks and they do not fit her badly at all. I only notice these things, as well as the fact that she has a fine crop of black hair and a nicely-turned ankle, in passing, of course.

Well, I come to the conclusion that as long as I have helped her draw the water I might as well carry it home for her, as I would not wish her to think that my gallantry is of the flash-in-the-pan variety. She demurely consents to my help and pretty soon I am walking down one of the streets in Okinawa. Up and down the row of small wooden and stone houses the Okinawans stick their heads out at us in awe because in this country the men folks are the NCOs who sit and loll around and the women folks are the poor PFC peons who do the work. Suddenly I feel a bit self-conscious. I have not felt like this since I carried Mary Lou Watson's school books home back in the fifth grade.

The house she lives in looks like the rest of the Okinawan houses, which is a bit on the primitive side, and it has a sourish smell from the home brew they make out of dry beans and store in big earthen jugs. But her folks are nice enough. They are built small and are somewhat on the dried-up side, but they grin pleasantly at me. They are sitting on the floor and making flour by flailing rice with a pair of heavy blocks of wood.

Now I always have had a soft spot in my heart for old folks because someday I am liable to be old myself, especially if they do not have any more shows like Iwo, and besides I have found out in my experiences that it is not a bad over-all policy to be nice to the parents of a girl. So presently I am sitting on the floor pounding away at the rice for them and, after a while, although there is a chill in the air, I am sweating and the muscles in my arms are beginning to feel as leaden as 155 mm shells.

But the Okinawan old folks are grinning at me so amiably that I haven't the heart to quit until I have smashed the last grain of rice into atoms. Besides, there is the making of a full moon on the horizon and I figure my workout will not have been in vain because I have a notion that no matter what language a girl speaks you can always make her savvy that you want to take her out moon-gazing.

So I begin gesturing out of the window and saying, "Lookie moon, lookie moon," to the babe but my efforts are lost by a sudden commotion. The gal and her folks are running out to the backyard. Their pig is loose and running down the street. They are in full pursuit and, naturally, I join them. Pretty soon I am ahead of them and gaining rapidly on the grunting quarry.

Suddenly the pig slows down. He has come to the edge of one of the community pools in the neighborhood. I make a dive for him. Of course, I had no idea that the porker had educated his hips along the pattern of Red Grange and the next thing I knew I was doing a swan dive into the pool.

I wouldn't have felt so badly if my Okinawan family had stopped with some sympathy but they pay no attention to me whatsoever, high-tailing it down the road after the fleeing four-legged larder. I am shivering and trying to dry myself when they came back, smiling and nodding pleasantly, dragging the pig by a piece of rope.

The babe's face is flushed and she looks prettier than ever and pretty soon the resentment passes. I figure that maybe they figure, and rightly, that I, being a Marine, could take care of myself whereas the porker had never had anything like boot camp and might not know how to handle himself in an emergency.

So I go back to their house with them, deciding to forgive and forget, and I start back on this "Lookie Moon" routine when there comes a knock at the door. Well, it was more of a nudging, really. Our visitors turn out to be four nanny goats. It seems they belong to this family and every night about this time they come into the house to be milked.

The old man starts milking one of them and the old lady another and the girl a third, which leaves one goat hanging around that is going unmilked, so, of course, I go to work on that one. I suppose I don't know much about milking goats, or else this par-

ticular goat prefers to be milked by Okinawans, because I have a heck of a time with him. The final upshot is that half of the stream of the goat's milk chose me as its target area and my dungarees and face became covered with a sticky whiteness. I never liked milk to begin with, much preferring a can of beer or ale for my quenching, and this milk has a sourish taste, indicating that the goats as well as their master have acquired a taste for Okinawan home brew.

After cleansing myself as best I can, I grab the hand of Little Cherry Blossom (or whatever her name is) and start out the door with her but before I can get her out I hear loud exclamations. It is the old man and lady. They are pointing at the ceiling above. There is a big hole where a shell went through and it has commenced to drizzle a bit outside and so a little water is seeping into the house.

Being an old hand at sleeping in foxholes through tornadoes, I would have thought nothing about it but the trickle of water seems to get them all excited and finally the old man gets hold of a crude-looking ladder. He is going up the roof to repair it. I catch Little Cherry Blossom's eyes looking at me with a kind of shining anticipation and before I know it I am climbing up that ladder with a primitive weapon that is supposed to be a hammer, some nails and a pile of lumber.

The rain, of course, begins to beat down more fiercely. I hurry with my carpentering as much as I can but it is slow going, primarily because the hammer's head keeps dropping from the handle and the nails are rusty and keep breaking in two. So before I finally complete the job, which is about an hour and one-half later, I am drenched to the skin. And just when I finished it cleared up.

And by then the moon is high up in the sky, real silvery and inviting, and I do not feel too badly about things. Without any further ceremony, I grab the babe and start out of the house with her again.

"I am very sorry," she says, withdrawing from me with a shy smile. "But I never go out late with boys."

You could have knocked me over with a .22 calibre slingshot.

"You talk English!" I exclaim.

"I talk American," she says. "I learn to talk from American missionary who live here."

"And did I understand you correctly that you do not choose to go out with me?"

"You understand very correctly," she laughs. "It is much too late."

So, wet and shivering, I make my way back to my foxhole. During the trip I am stopped by a sentry.

"Halt," he says. "Give the pass words."

I have to think for a split second and then it comes to me.

"Reluctant Lady," I say.

Without realizing it I had summed up in those two words the galling bitterness that can be mustered only by a man who has plumbed the depths of a profound sorrow in life.

"Pass," he says.

"No," I say, miserably. "I flunked."

END



... the next thing I knew I was doing a swan dive into the pool

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WE THE MARINES

Edited by PFC Bob Davis



Merrily they roll along. Perched atop a speeding tank these Marine infantrymen are rushing to the town of Guga on Okinawa to take over before the Japs get the same idea. The tank is really making knots so it couldn't have been very long before the joint was fairly jumpin' with Marines

Adventures of Dobbin

Marine tanks were meeting little opposition during the early days on Okinawa, that is until they ran up against one unit of unmounted Jap "cavalry."

A 32-ton Sherman tank commanded by GySgt. William R. Ford of **Duquoin, Ill.**, actually was attacked by a frightened horse, according to Sgt. A. D. Hawkins, USMC combat correspondent.

Sgt. Ford tells of the attack on his tank:

"The horse got up on its front legs and tried to kick in the side of our tank with its hoofs. We stopped the tank so the horse wouldn't get hurt. After we let him blast away a while he got tired. Finally he trotted off in a huff."

Ernie Pyle

The late Ernie Pyle, noted war correspondent killed by Jap machine gun fire on a small island just off Okinawa, originally planned to cover the navy in the Pacific, but changed his mind because he felt he had to see the Marines in action.

He landed with Marines, but transferred to an army unit shortly before his death.

The day before the Okinawa landing, Pyle wrote a message to the men aboard the navy transport he was riding. It read:

"In a message like this it is the usual thing for a person to say that he's happy to be aboard. If I said that, I would be a liar for sure.

"Tomorrow as you know, is our day. For some of you, this business tomorrow is new, and you are curious. For some of us, it is old stuff. None of us like it. But we have to do it, and wishing doesn't change it.

"In writing about tomorrow and the days that follow, I'll try to give the folks back home an honest picture of what happens... so that they can understand enough to give you the credit you deserve. I'll do the best I can.

"And so to you on the ship, and you in the boats, and you on the beaches — good luck. And I hope you wish me the same. I'll need it too."

Lost Picture



This picture, obviously of some Marine's mother, was found on Iwo Jima by PFC D. L. Pentangeh.

Pentangeh has forwarded the picture to us in the hope that its publication may locate mother or son.

Pentangeh believes the son's first name is Harley. An inscription on the back reads: "The dearest mother there ever could be."

"Boot" Period Short

The fighting on Iwo Jima made seasoned veterans out of raw "boots," all within a few seconds, according to a yarn forwarded by Sgt. Jack Vincent, USMC combat correspondent.

"We were on the front lines on D plus 15," he says, "huddled in the shelter of a cave which the Japs had been forced to evacuate shortly before. There were three other Marines, including a replacement who had been sent to the front lines only the day before.

Suddenly bursts from a Jap machine gun cut the air overhead. The replacement did not move nor bat an eye. We ducked instinctively.

"What are you," asked the boot — by now a veteran — "a replacement?"

Wishful Thinking

Many sideline quarterbacks in the States have been wishing out loud that American bombs would touch off Jap volcanoes which they hoped would shorten the Pacific war.

This has been classed as "ridiculous wishful thinking" by geologists and authorities on volcanoes. Even if air raids could cause all of Nippon's 30 active volcanoes to erupt simultaneously, the experts point out that the destruction probably would be negligible from a military standpoint.

One of the experts consulted, according to Sgt. Frank Neill, USMC combat correspondent, was G. A. Macdonald, for many years a volcanologist in the Pacific with the geological survey of the Department of Interior. Macdonald said his views were personal and not the official attitude of the Department of Interior.

Macdonald reported that study revealed most volcanoes erupt from the base of their core, pushing the molten lava up through an "upper crust." Possibility of bombs breaking through this crust was discounted by Macdonald who said in many instances the crust was miles thick. Chances of even our heaviest bombs to penetrate these crusts are obvious, he said.

Wedding Bells



SSgt. Robert T. Davis of **Brewer, Me.**, was married recently to the former Sgt. Dorothy Jeanne Crane of **Chicago, Ill.**, in the first all-marine wedding overseas.

The ceremony was held in Hawaii. A reception, complete with wedding cake and all, was held later at the Niumalu Hotel, Waikiki Beach.

The bride was among one of the first contingents of Women Reservists to arrive in Hawaii early this year. Her maid of honor was 1st Lt. Irene M. Holsinger.

Just Like a Jap

It's things like this that can try the patience of any man.

Marines were questioning a Jap captured during the fighting on Iwo Jima, according to a yarn forwarded by Sgt. Keyes Beech, USMC combat correspondent.

The Nip sat silently behind a dead pan while a Marine Japanese language interpreter spouted questions in the Jap lingo.

The interpreter was about to call it all off as a bad job when the Jap broke out in perfect English:

"You don't speak very good Japanese, do you?"

Luck of the Irish

Two navy chaplains who were attached to a Marine unit on Iwo Jima are convinced that the Lord looks after those who do His work.

Lt. Roger Barney of **North Conway, N. H.**, and Lt. (jg) Joseph F. Hammond of **Flushing, N. Y.**, were "digging in" for the night in an abandoned Japanese gun emplacement.

Chaplain Hammond spied a string leading into the ground. Inasmuch as the cord restricted his freedom of movement, he cut it. Then over the opening into which the string disappeared, he placed a makeshift pillow.

For two nights he and Lt. Barney slept in perfect comfort. Then the bomb disposal squad came along.

One of the squad took a look at the mysterious string and let out a loud whoop. In two minutes he had cleared the chaplains out and begun an investigation.

Underneath Chaplain Hammond's pillow the bomb disposal man found a box of explosives, ready to go off at a tug of the string. The Catholic chaplain had been sleeping over one of the biggest booby traps discovered on the island.

The yarn is forwarded by SSgt. David Dempsey, USMC combat correspondent.

Mongoose Wanted

It was aboard an Okinawa-bound transport loaded with members of a Marine air wing.

The medical officer was lecturing a group on some of the first aid problems they might encounter on the island. He spoke at length on the necessity of immediate first aid in the event of a bite by one of the deadly vipers reported on Okinawa. He was reassuring in his tone, but he left a group of silent and obviously impressed Marines when he finished.

The silence soon was broken by one Marine. "To think," he murmured moodily, "I had a chance to buy a mongoose back in Hawaii."



That Old Feelin'

A Marine may puff and swell with pride when he walks down the street decked out in a fancy set of blues, but when the shells are flying or a sniper has him pinned down — that old shrinking feeling is bound to come on.

Corp. Harry E. Sundstrom of **Philadelphia, Pa.**, and PFC Daniel M., Bresler of **Hollywood, Cal.**, have both experienced that old "get under a rock" sensation during their tour of duty in the islands, so they collaborated with Sgt. P. G. Navarro of **Houston, Tex.**, on this cartoon.

Opinion

It's only natural that Marine Captain Sumner Gerard of **New York**, believes Marines to be the greatest fighting men in the world.

Captain Gerard realized a boyhood ambition recently when he resigned a commission in the navy to enter the Marine Corps. Prior to joining the navy he had served as an army private. So you can see it's safe to say that he should be qualified to judge several branches of America's fighting forces.

"If I were to command a Marine unit fighting shoulder to shoulder with troops of our Allies, I would like to have a New Zealand outfit on my right and an Indian Gurkha on my left," he stated.

Captain Gerard gained his high estimation of the fighting abilities of New Zealanders and Gurkhas while serving as a navy lieutenant on the staff of US army forces in the Middle East.

TURN PAGE



WE THE MARINES (continued)

It's a Small World

Pvt. Louis J. Ansalone, 31, of New York was in one of the first waves to land on Iwo Jima. Shells peppered the area shortly after Ansalone hit the beach and he dived into a shell crater. He was joined a few minutes later by another Marine who identified himself as Pvt. Julius J. Rouge, also of New York.

A few minutes conversation revealed that both were ex-members of New York's police department and once had walked adjacent beats in Harlem.

A shell landing nearby broke up their talk.

The story was disclosed in a letter from Ansalone to New York's Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine. The Commissioner checked and found both Marines were recuperating in naval hospitals from wounds received on Iwo.

Milk for the Kid



Many goat herds on Okinawa were left homeless by the terrific bombardment of the island by American planes and warships.

Left to shift for themselves the herds wandered around the island — in many instances making friends with the American landing forces.

In this picture, a friend of waifs, Pharmacists Mate Second class Homer M. Donaldson of Wilson, Okla., feeds an orphaned kid some powdered milk formula. Donaldson is attached to a Marine fighter squadron operating from one of the captured Okinawa airstrips.

Just Cautious

Marines returning from Iwo Jima would have you believe this one is true.

A sergeant on the front lines was sent to find out why Private Willie Murphy, an ex-gangster from Chicago, was firing so slowly. The sergeant investigated and returned to report that after killing a Jap, Pvt. Murphy would pause to carefully wipe his fingerprints off his rifle.

More Signposts

The inevitable signposts which spout up whenever Marines land on a new Pacific island, have already made their appearance on Okinawa, according to Sgt. James Finan, USMC combat correspondent.

A crossroads signpost outside a Marine command post reads, "Berlin — 4182 miles; Tokyo — 401 miles; Chicago — 9008 miles, and New York — 9762 miles."

Some patriot had added: "Oklahoma — 8526 miles." The signpost concludes with the everpresent: "Los Angeles City Limits."

(Editor's Note: The Marines on Okinawa are not so far from home as they think. Actual distance to Chicago from Okinawa is 70 miles; to New York 7510 miles, and to Oklahoma 7000 miles. From Okinawa to Berlin is 5670 miles and to Tokyo 910 miles.)

Night on Iwo



Two Marines snatch an hour's sleep in this sketch drawn by USCG combat artist Norman M. Thomas, chief specialist.

The drawing was made by Chief Thomas on Iwo

Jima when he came upon the two Marines who slept while their buddies stood guard nearby.

The artist reported many of the evacuated casualties were frequently "on the verge of collapse."

One for Ripley

Captain J. G. Lombardi of Woodland, Cal., believes he holds some kind of a world record for narrow escapes from a single bullet.

Captain Lombardi was standing near the front lines on Iwo Jima when a Jap bullet penetrated his shirt under his right armpit, hit the billfold in his right pocket, changed its course and went across to his left pocket, broke his pipe, tore his memorandum book, and left via his left sleeve — all without causing as much as a scratch on his skin.

The captain, according to SSgt. David Dempsey, USMC combat correspondent, is a veteran of the Marshall Islands, Saipan and Tinian battles.

New Jap Trick

An alert Marine sentry who knew there was a right way and a wrong way to carry a baby, was responsible for capturing a Jap soldier attempting to infiltrate through our lines on Okinawa.

Warned to be on the lookout for Jap troops posing as civilians, the sentry became suspicious when he noticed how awkwardly an infant was being carried by its "mother." When he halted the "mother," he discovered that "she" was a Jap soldier trying to slip through the Marine lines.

The Japs have been going to elaborate lengths to masquerade as civilians, but the use of an innocent baby as an aid to the disguise is the newest device, according to the report of SSgt. Ray Fitzpatrick, a USMC combat correspondent.

"Our Boy Is Overseas"



Marine officers at a Pacific base reversed the usual "star in the window" procedure recently when one of their friends "went Stateside" for a 30-day furlough.

After Capt. Robert S. Griffin of Guthrie, Okla., had left, two fellow officers, 1st Lt. Hubert M. Collett

of Pineville, Ky., and Capt. Richard E. Hall of San Francisco, Cal., erected a sign in front of the tent they had all shared.

Beneath the lucky captain's name they hung a star with the inscription, "One of our boys is overseas."

Deep Six

The Jap soldier receives 10 yen (about \$2.36) per month, of which eight yen goes to his family and 1.6 yen is allotted to compulsory savings. The remainder, amounting to about 15 cents in our currency, is given to the Nip for "spending money" . . . Marine veterans of the Pacific came in for a change of scenery recently when they went ashore at Okinawa and found instead of the usual coconut palms and banyan trees — real honest-to-goodness evergreens. . . . The Nips after taking that terrific lacing at Iwo, declare now that they never really wanted the island anyhow. The Tokyo radio reported, (after our victory) "Iwo Jima was an insignificant little volcanic island that means nothing to Japan. . . . A Jap Officer was killed while leading a fanatical "banzai" charge during the fighting in the Philippines. On his wrist was found a watch bearing the inscription "Peace." . . . First thing a squad of Jap-hunting Marines saw in a native house on Okinawa was a picture of Hollywood screen star Claudette Colbert pasted on a wall.

A new technique for cleaning Japs out of caves was demonstrated by a Marine sergeant on a Pacific island. He improvised a lasso from a piece of rope, twirled it into the dark hole and hauled out a prisoner on the first try. . . . Dick Jurgens, former band leader, is now a "master tech" touring the Pacific with an all-Marine band. . . . Some Marines were sporting cut-down shirts on Okinawa only a week after the landing because one enterprising Marine found an abandoned sewing machine, repaired it and hung out his tailor's shingle. . . . Marines tell about the old native on Iwo Jima who saw a helicopter for the first time. He watched the tiny plane in the sky hardly believing what he saw, then remarked, "The Americans are very clever. They even make windmills fly." Maj. Floyd Cecil Maner of Charlotte, N. C., has been named CO of the Marine Barracks at the Naval Air Station, Patuxent River, Md.

Corp. Bill M. Lundigan of Hollywood and motion picture fame, is serving in the Pacific as a combat photographer. Marines from Diego will remember him as a DI there. . . . Rail travel for Marines on furlough was a pretty tough proposition during the San Francisco conference. . . . On a Washington, D. C., bus a woman was heard to remark: "I hope my husband isn't late tonight. I always like to see him home before 1900." Another woman wearing a Marine Corps emblem on her dress, sighed and replied, "How wonderful it must

be to expect your husband home by the hour and not by the year." . . . Irving Berlin famous songwriter, recently entertained Marine flyers in the Philippines. . . . They are making plans for the construction of a new \$32,000 cafeteria at the Marine Corps Air Station at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Mistaking the asphalt parade ground at San Diego messy one-point night landing near the flagpole recently. . . . Pilots and aircrewmembers in the Pacific are singing a new song, "You'll Never Get to Heaven in a C-47." C-47 is the designation of a Douglas transport plane, and the song is grateful tribute to the big Skytrain's safety and cargo-hauling efficiency. . . . SgtMaj. Fred Siegenthaler of Signal Battalion, Camp Lejeune, has gone on the retired list after more than 32 years of service. . . . Lt. Mitchell Paige, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, and his bride of two weeks are having a race for rank. When they married they were even up — he a lieutenant and she as a navy nurse lieutenant (jg). Recently Mrs. Paige was promoted to full lieutenant just 24 hours before her husband became a captain.

Nips Show Preference

Marines cleaning out Jap foxholes on Iwo Jima found many traces of the American influence.

Among the items found in abandoned Nip positions were: One pair of boxing gloves, made in America; one picture of the late Carol Lombard, American movie star; one recording of Benny Goodman and his orchestra of the tune "And the Angels Sing" and several pin-ups of Varga girls — strictly American.

Death-Dealing Rifle

The rifle of Lionel A. Canjo of East Cambridge, Mass., spells death to Japs — if not from the muzzle, then from the butt.

It all happened on Iwo Jima, according to Sgt. Jack C. Smith, USMC combat correspondent.

Canjo was on the line with an assault company when the Nips started tossing hand grenades from a stone blockhouse. Canjo approached the blockhouse cautiously to blow it out with demolitions, but the Japs inside popped out and attacked him. He raised his rifle and started to squeeze one off. It wouldn't fire. That's when he really teed off.

Swinging the rifle by the barrel like a baseball bat, he took several swipes at head level. The enemy was duly decked. Then Canjo went to work with the rifle butt.

Result: Four dead Japs.

Warm Welcome

Fast-advancing Marines made up a surprise "reception committee" for one Jap fighter pilot who landed his Zero on an Okinawa airstrip.

The Nip was returning from a strafing run over some of our ships in the harbor, according to TSgt. Frank Acosta, Jr., USMC combat correspondent. The pilot apparently figured that Yontan Airfield was still in Jap hands, so he set his plane down on the airstrip and taxied down the runway to the operations building.

His "reception committee" consisted of about 50 Marines, part of a mortar platoon set up more than a mile behind the front lines. The Marines couldn't decide just what the Jap was up to when he landed on the far end of the huge runway and began to taxi down toward them.

The Marines watched and waited — holding their fire as the Zero rolled up in front of the building. When



the plane finally stopped, every man in the outfit opened up with machine guns and rifles.

The surprised Jap jumped out of his plane and, running like a scared rabbit, crossed the runway in front of the Marines. He was firing his pistol wildly as he managed to get about 30 yards before going down, full of bullets.

"He couldn't have picked a worse place to stop," said Corp. Johnny Tadzick of Long Island, N. Y. "Our lines had passed far beyond the airfield and we were the only outfit for half a mile around the runway."

The Zero was found to be in excellent condition with the exception of a few bullet holes. The spare gas tank was empty and the main tank had several holes in it.

A pen and ink sketch of the incident was made by Sgt. John R. McDermott, USMC combat artist.

TURN PAGE

HASHMARK



WE THE MARINES (continued) Nurses on Okinawa



A Stateside feminine touch was added to Okinawa just one week after the initial landing when navy nurses arrived on the Yontan airstrip.

The nurses were brought in on a hospital transport plane.

Shown in this picture is Lt. (jg) Madge Overstreet of Tallahassee, Fla., sporting something new in an Easter bonnet. It's a native straw hat. She's the second American nurse to land on the island after the invasion.

Duffy Is Dead



GySgt James Jolly Plum Duffy, mascot of San Diego Marines, is dead.

The English bulldog, a familiar figure to many West Coast Marines both here and overseas, died in his sleep from injuries received when he was run over by a truck.

Services were held on the Base grounds. Duffy became the Marine mascot in 1939 when he was two years old.

Pacific Quartet



When there's no USO show at a certain Marine replacement center "somewhere in the Pacific" the entertainment has to come from the "troops."

Always ready to fill in are "The Three Andrews Sisters," probably so named because there are four of them; they aren't sisters and none bear the name of Andrews.

Shown in the back row from left to right are: PFC Jack E. Murphy of St. Maries, Idaho; Pvt. George E. Hardin of New Orleans, La., and Pvt. Harry F. Price Jr., of Los Angeles, Cal. Kneeling is Pvt. Thomas Tuttle of Atlanta, Ill.

Songwriter



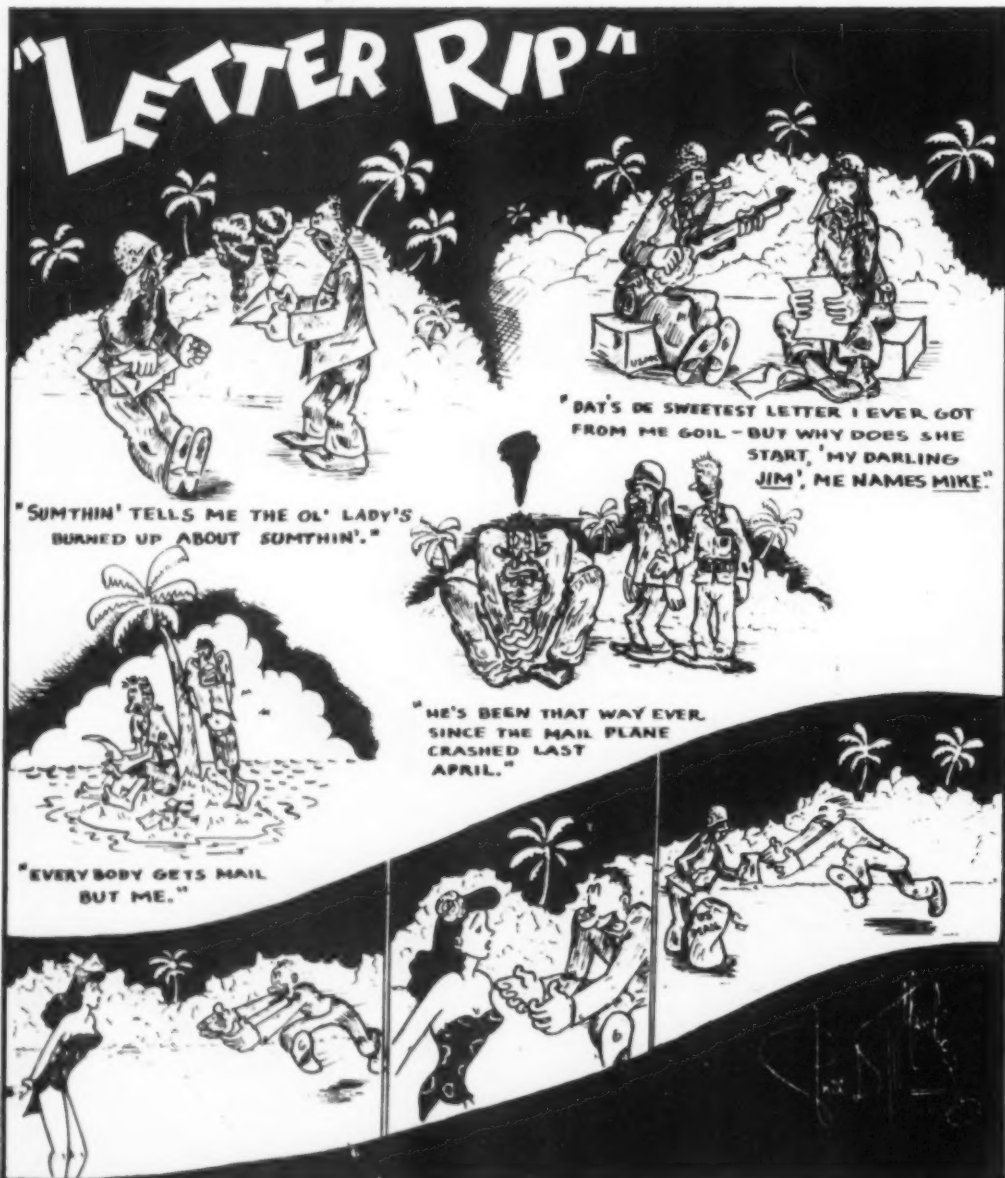
Veteran of 30 months in the Pacific, Sgt. Alfred Carbuto is now back in the States and enjoying the popularity of a successful songwriter.

His song, "Get Your Gear On, We're Moving Out Again," has been sung by none other than Lawrence Tibbett on the "Hit Parade."

Carbuto, now stationed at Quantico, Va., wrote the tune in his foxhole at Cape Gloucester and his outfit at that time, the Fifth Marines, adopted the song as their own official marching tune.

Although he was a musician with a special attachment for the guitar, Carbuto did not take up song writing until he got overseas. He joined the Corps a month after Pearl Harbor and took part in the invasion of Guadalcanal as well as three later campaigns with the Fifth Regiment.

END



first things first



TODAY—our first job is turning out army clothes for Uncle Sam... thousands each week. Into these garments goes every ounce of care, skill and craftsmanship that we possess.

TOMORROW—when war needs allow, our first job will be converting all this care, skill and craftsmanship into the manufacture of Style-Mart suits—the suits with famous "neck zone" tailoring.

SO—right now you returning service men have to look around a bit before you find a Style-Mart suit... but remember it's well worth the effort.

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Clothes

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HAVE YOU GOT IT?

Mama's Bathtub Goes To Sea

IT WAS 1600 on the afternoon of February 20. The blast from a Japanese rocket just had echoed off Mount Suribachi, mortar shells were tearing up the beach nearby, and the crew of "Mama's Bathtub" decided they'd better get the hell off Iwo Jima.

Mama's Bathtub, you understand, was a 28,000 pound-Marine amphibian tractor, and on this load she was carrying, besides her crew of three, six badly wounded stretcher cases, to be delivered without delay to a hospital ship off shore.

Crew chief PFC Alex J. Hebert, Jr., of Larose, La., nosed Mama's Bathtub into the surf, pointed her toward the brilliant hospital ship, and opened her up. For two days now, the alligator and her crew — besides Hebert, that included PFC William F. Seward of San Jose, Cal., radioman, and Corp. Bruno Laurenti of North Plymouth, Mass., maintenance man — had plowed back and forth between the mother LST and the beach, with troops, ammunition, water, food and miscellaneous supplies on the trip ashore, and casualties bound for hospital ships on the way out.

On this particular trip the alligator's engine skipped, once, twice, ran smoothly for a time, then sputtered again, like a jeep running out of gas. The six wounded were in a bad way, and even an hour's delay might have meant death for some. Laurenti checked the gas, found the tank half full. Possibly the engine had absorbed a piece of shrapnel, for Bill Seward had nicks up and down his arm and on his cheek from flying fragments.

The engine skipped no more, and by dusk Mama's BT made the mercy ship and handed the six wounded to waiting corpsmen. The mother LST was nearby, but it was dark when the Bathtub made her side. Too dark, in fact, to secure the tractor and get aboard, so the alligator was ordered to return to the beach.

Ten minutes later, in the rough sea half-way between the LST and the bloody shore, a mighty wave struck the amphibian tractor broadside, jarring the three Marines mercilessly. The engine coughed, sputtered, died.

Hebert turned her over time and again, but the engine wouldn't pull. They were about a mile off shore, and if the tides worked at Iwo as they had at Guam, Mama's Bathtub would drift to the beach within the hour. Soon it was evident the Bathtub was drifting, but in circles. Three, five, eight miles out to sea, in broad arcs they floated. About 10 o'clock a Higgins boat passed. The castaways hailed them, and the boat tossed a line and began towing them shoreward.

For the next half-hour, the crew rested easier, safety in sight. But without warning, the tow rope broke. The fellows in the Higgins agreed to go ashore and fetch help, but they never came back.

Pretty soon the alligator was drifting out to sea in earnest, and its three passengers prayed silently, each in his own faith. Mount Suribachi disappeared in the moonlight, and the waves took the form of mountains. The little alligator, a comparatively unseaworthy craft, pitched and tossed, and all three Marines got that unseaworthy feeling themselves.

Before midnight the thermometer dropped below freezing, and just to make things more miserable, it began to rain. Their pea jackets didn't begin to keep out the cold, and they were too sea-sick to eat any K rations.

Not the least of their worries was the knowledge they were in enemy-infested waters. Suddenly out of the mist, a ship approached. Who was to tell whether it was friendly or Japanese? It turned out to be an American LSM, but despite frantic yelling, flashing of lights, waving of signal flags, and some hot and earnest praying, the vessel passed without a glance at the hapless trio.

All through the night Bruno Laurenti, the maintenance arm of the crew, discreetly turned over the engine just enough to idle the bilge pumps and empty the pontoons. All hands knew if the tractor drew too much water in those pontoons, Mama's Bathtub would sink like water in a bathtub with the plug pulled out.

When dawn broke on the morning of February 21, a volcano pierced the horizon, but it was not Suribachi. Its sight provided small comfort, for any inhabited island in these parts surely would be inhabited by GIs of the Imperial Japanese Army.

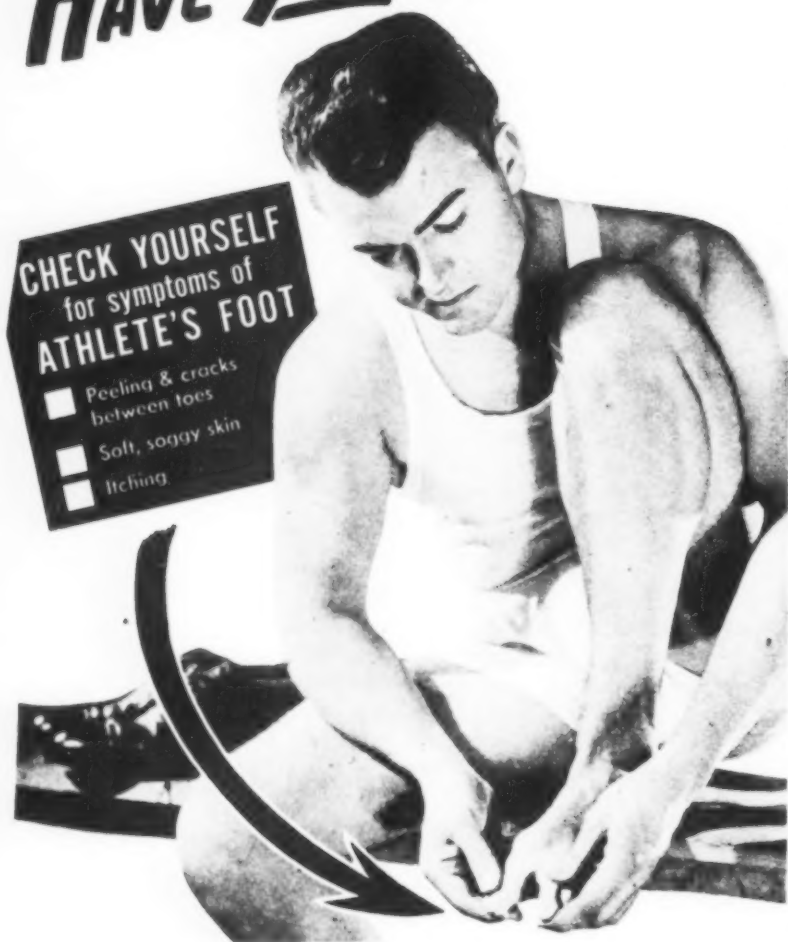
Along about 0700 Alex Hebert sighted a destroyer, and the frantic signalling which failed on the LSM was begun again. This time the petition worked, and the destroyer tossed Mama's Bathtub a cable and pulled her in.

Taken aboard, the three Marines immediately were divested of their wet clothes and examined by the ship's doctor, who pronounced them fit. A swig of brandy and a hearty meal were the only medicines needed, and the trio was ready to return to their ship at Iwo.

CORP. ODOM FANNING

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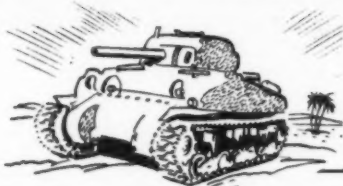
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Get QUINSANA at your Marine P. X.!

Retired, Undeclared



THE tank was scrapped, they said. But they were wrong. Liz, the battered, snub-nosed General Sherman wasn't scrapped. She was retired, undefeated.

Liz was hit before she made the beach, but Liz was the kind of tank that's hard to stop.

On D Day she was the second Sherman in a column of five grinding across a coral shelf reef toward Peleliu through water almost turret deep.

The Japs in hill positions ashore "walked" their mortar barrage on the column from front to rear. The lead tank staggered under a direct hit. Oily black smoke almost obscured the column.

Then Liz got it on the nose — a mortar shell smack dab on the muzzle of her turret gun.

The hole in the gun muzzle was no longer round. It was shaped like an egg. It made Liz fighting mad.

Liz was madder even than she had been months before at Arawe, New Britain, so she didn't need any prodding by Sgt. Stanley E. Piotrowski of Dearborn, Mich., to lunge forward and make the beach.

Later Liz was proud of the way her crew took care of her nose and got her back into the fight.

Five hours of sawing, 22 hack-saw blades and a blow with a sledge hammer took ten inches off her gun barrel and she returned to battle in time to knock out the biggest pillbox on Peleliu's airport and destroy a Jap tank in the enemy counter-attack across the airfield late in the afternoon.

Beside Sgt. (Pete) Piotrowski, the tank commander, there was Sgt. Theodore L. Belgarde of White Fish, Mont., the driver; Corp. Anthony (Pat) Flaherty of St. Paul, Minn., the gunner; Corp. Evan M. Knott of Chelsea, Mich., assistant gunner, and Corp. Anthony J. Vranich of Buffalo, N. Y., ammunition loader.

They had driven Liz to a ditch on the perimeter of the beach-head and parked her there. It was a hot spot to work in, but Liz could take it and the sweating Marines would jump in the ditch whenever the Japs threw heavy stuff their way.

The crewmen were in and out of the ditch more than quite a few times and many sniper bullets pinged off Liz's thick skin as they sawed on the gun barrel.

Sgt. Piotrowski was afraid they wouldn't make it. He was mad, too. When he wasn't sawing, he was yelling "hurry up! hurry up!" He thought he and Liz were going to miss all the action.

It was 0900 when they started. Soon after other Marine tankmen came over to help.

There was PlSgt. Bernard N. Rosoff of Brooklyn, N. Y., who took charge of the working party; Sgt. Cecil E. Argo of Wewoka, Okla., driver of another tank, and Corp. Luther D. Mulanaz of Corcoran, Cal., loader of still another Sherman.

All took turns sawing. Rosoff was hit in the arm by mortar shrapnel even though he jumped in the ditch when that close one landed. He kept on working and didn't think much about the sore arm. Seven days later the arm was swollen and discolored and he was evacuated to a hospital ship off shore.

By noon the day was hotter than the well known hinges and all the available water was rust-colored and tasted like the oil can from which it was poured.

They sawed on Liz until 1400 that hot day, spending blade after blade, and when there was only a half-inch of steel holding it, broke the end of the barrel off with a swing of the sledge.

Snub-nosed Liz was ready then to avenge her humiliation. When Piotrowski opened the throttle she rolled up to within a few yards of the reinforced concrete pillbox filled with Japs and let herself go.

She knocked the emplacement out with 45 rounds of shells fired from her saw-off gun and cut down the Japs who tried to escape with her 30 caliber machine guns.

Liz felt better and dropped back to the edge of the airstrip, a lady-in-waiting. She didn't have to wait long.

At 1630 the Jap tanks came out. Liz selected one and went in and made the kill.

Liz's number was 13, but it's plain to see that it wasn't up. She spent 35 days on Peleliu.

When she got back to her home base Liz was scrapped, or, as Sgt. Piotrowski put it, "retired, undefeated."

BY SGT. WALTER WOOD
USMC Combat Correspondent



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by
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PARKER QUINK *The only ink containing SOLV-X*

Voyage of the SAILING BOMB



NOBODY wants to be on an ammunition ship. Yet there are always men on it. Somebody has to be. It is as simple as all that.

The one we are on is going from one end of Okinawa to another. Sometimes the men call the ship a "sailing bomb." If anything ever hits it, the whole thing will go up at once, like a giant firecracker.

The men are working hard to get the ship away. The ammunition is going to a battle front and is badly needed. Marines have been loading the ship all morning, carrying square wooden boxes and metal cylinders full of high-powered death. The sun is hot and they are stripped to their waists, and hard, sweating bodies and grizzled faces make them look a little like pirates.

As happens every now and then, things have got somewhat fouled up. The anchor line has somehow become snarled. It will have to be unsnarled before the ship can get going; a little detail. The war is made up of little details. A couple of swabbies have taken off their clothes and are diving into the water to disentangle the line. The outcome of a battle, at least a phase of it, may depend on the efforts of those two tiny naked bodies way down there below.

The line is freed at last, and the ship is on its way. It is a quiet afternoon. The China Sea is placid, the sun warm. The Marines are soon sprawling themselves all over the boxes and cylinders of ammunition. Marines will sprawl anywhere. You will see. When they hit Tokyo, they will be sprawling all over Fujiyama.

The sea has turned into a sort of channel, with rugged, gnarled cliffs and mountains on both sides. Every now and then we can see a puff of smoke going up somewhere among the crags and peaks; artillery.

That is not so good. That is even bad. Artillery fire coming our way could very well mean no White Christmas; ever. The Japs are not too bad with their cannons. They probably know that our ammo is running short out there and that an attempt will be made to bring more in. They may very well be on the lookout for us. You can draw the Japs as squinty-eyed and as buck-toothed as you please, but they are not dumb. Japs know plenty.

But you have to eat anyway. When one Marine starts breaking out his chow, everyone else follows suit. It is as if the stomachs of all Marines are synchronized. Pretty soon the empty waxed K ration boxes are everywhere. K rations are pretty bad. Maybe the big doctors that figured the thing out made them nutritious all right, but they're still punk eating. Hardly anybody eats the crackers. Sometimes the 10 vanilla caramels are all anyone will eat. The crackers taste like chalk, and bad chalk at that.

THE swabbies, on the other hand, have good hot chow. There isn't much resentment about that, though. The ammo ship is a small one and carries only enough chow for its crew. And, besides, if you hang around the mess door long enough and look sad enough a swabbie is liable to give you a big spoonful of beans or a slice of spam. One Marine gave a swabbie \$5 in Japanese occupation currency for a peanut butter sandwich.

Now church services are being held in the aft part of the ship. About half attend, half don't. Some Marines clean their rifles as they listen to the services. It is good to have God on your side, but a clean-firing rifle doesn't hurt.

Well, it's started; an air raid. The Japs always start something this time of the evening.

The gun crew dash like mad for their guns. One or two hurt their shins going up the ladders so fast. Not on troopships or even battleships do gun crews move as quickly as they do on ammo ships. They have got to keep the planes away. They know

that even if the Jap bombs miss, if they come close enough, the concussion will smash the ship to smithereens.

The men, their eyes searching the clouds, stand quietly and motionless by their guns, like silhouettes. They do not look like the sleek men you see in navy posters. Their clothes are nondescript, their faces grimy. They look like garage mechanics. But in their very quietness there is confidence.

Now, if you look hard enough, you can discern a faint waving movement along the far horizon, as faint but as certain as a man's eyelash moving. It's a plane all right — Jap.

The Marines move as close to the rails as they can get. One reason is so they can see the show better. And then everybody figures if you get close to the rail maybe you could somehow be hurled into the water and avoid the dire consequences of explosion. Although, of course, practically no one ever survives when an ammo ship gets hit.

The heavens become full of ack-ack. Dark gray blurb's streak the horizon. The beautiful twilight scene has been ruined. It is as if some ill-tempered ogre had smeared the canvas of a masterpiece.

Down in one hold a phonograph is playing a boogie record. Hi-de-hi, ho-de-ho. Cab Calloway. Well, if you have to go you might as well go out hi-de-hi-ing.

From another hold comes the beautiful smell of baking bread. Air raid or no air raid, with death near or far, the stomach has to be looked out for. There are some things that are nice under any circumstances. The smell of baking bread is one.

The Jap plane is getting closer. The Marines keep straining, trying to see everything.

One Marine calls out in jest: "Stay away, plane, stay away. My wife wants me back."

Another pulls out some seashells.

"Geez, they're pretty," he says. "I'd sure like to bring them home."

ONE Marine just sits on a stack of cylinders reading. No matter what the situation, some Marine always is reading.

Everyone sees it at once. A burst of flame in the sky. The Jap plane has been hit. Everyone cheers, and relaxes a little.

The danger is not past, however. The air alert continues. There are still Jap planes about.

But it is now dark enough for smoke screen strategy and the ship erupts a gunmetal haze which sends it into oblivion. The smoke blends with the sky and the gray of the ship and you can't see anyone or anything. It is like being in limbo, but a blessed limbo, sanctuary made out of blindness.

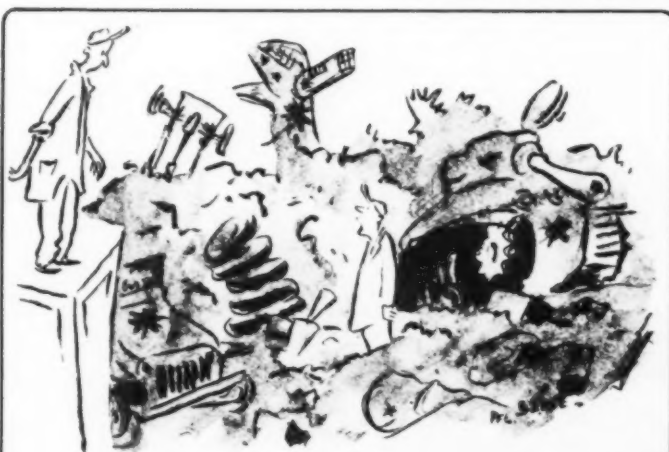
The smoke lifts and it is early night. Our own planes now can be seen floating about, in fours, each group shaped like a diamond, a plane in front, two flanking it behind, and a plane bringing up the rear. How beautiful they look. They look even more beautiful than Dorothy Lamour or Betty Grable.

A thin slice of moon, silvery and fairy-like, lights up the China Sea in a half-tone. The sea is bathed in a subdued splendor. You think of back home; of your girl.

The reverie is interrupted by a buzz of sounds. The sky is now alight with bright, star-like ack-ack; spangles dancing crazily in the sky. The Japs are after us again.

We are almost at our destination. Sand beaches stretch out ahead. Amtracs are coming toward us. In a few minutes we will be ashore. It will be wonderful to be on land again, off of the "sailing bomb." Even if the land is Okinawa, 10,000 miles in nowhere. Nowhere is better than an ammo ship.

SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



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AIR AVIATION OPPORTUNITIES

Bulletin

NUMBER 9

Fixed Base Operation— Meaning and Opportunities

(PART 1)

AIRPORT REVENUE

Airport revenue sources based upon a survey by the American Municipal Airport Association are valued as follows: Hangar and storage, 25%; gas and oil, 25%; other rentals (offices, etc.), 19%; field fees, 19%; concessions, 8%; commissions and miscellaneous income, 4%.

Rentals include hangar, ground, office, factory and lockers. *Concessions* mean gas and oil, restaurants, repair shops, accessory sales, hotel shops and facilities. *Field fees* include landings, lights, commercial operation, charter services, airlines, schools, military, etc. These three items comprise the main classifications of all airport revenue.

(Note: This is the first of three Bulletins on the subject of fixed base operation and its postwar potential for members of the air forces.)



Sales department, showing the variety of parts and equipment in which fixed base operators can deal. (Courtesy—Pacific Airmotive.)

DEPENDABLE INCOME

Of interest to the prospective fixed base operator is the fact that aircraft comes under rigid Civil Aeronautics Administration rules regarding maintenance. That is, the 100 hour check is required by law for all planes—which means that operators are assured of a definite market. This market may be figured in advance with reasonable accuracy by investigating the number of permanent and transient planes which use the proposed site.

demand for their mechanical and technical knowledge and radio-men to condition and install transmitters and receivers; bombardiers and navigators might combine their knowledge of instruments and aviation in general with sales or managerial ability. The teaching of navigation, etc., could then be either a side or a main line.

Pilots will find opportunities to act as dealers for light planes with flight instruction adding income to that received from any servicing activities they may enter.

EXTENT

Extent or scope of such operation may range from serving the aviation activities of a progressive city to serving the largest operations in cities with important airline terminals.

Duties of the fixed base operator are varied. He may sell fuels and lubricants, service and overhaul engines, supply spark plugs, tires, propellers, flight instruments, goggles, flying suits, etc. The ground crewmen will be in

The ninth in a series of bulletins designed to acquaint ground and flight personnel of the Army, Navy and Marine Air Corps with new developments in the field of commercial aviation. Union Oil Company does not believe the war is won, but we do think many members of the air forces are wondering what they will do when peace comes. We believe they will be interested to know of any opportunities which exist for them. Inquiries are welcome, and we will be glad to furnish information to interested personnel. Address—Aviation Dept., Union Oil Company, Room 700C, 617 W. Seventh Street, Los Angeles 14, California.

AVIATION DEPARTMENT

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

76

Miracle on Okinawa

THE miracle of this airfield can be attributed to a mere handful of men. It is one of the first fields seized from the Japanese on Okinawa. It was pockmarked with shell holes and littered with wreckage from destroyed Jap planes.

A Corsair group commanded by Marine Colonel Ward E. Dickey of DeBois, Pa., began arriving before the first week was out. Not many days after the invasion of Japan's island doorstep, the field went into operation. It has been operational ever since. That is the miracle.

The miracle men are the control tower operators who worked in mud and dust, often 30 hours at a stretch, who dodged snipers, and dwelt in foxholes through strafings, bombings and shellings.

Because they stayed on the job, Marine fighter pilots were credited with 35½ enemy planes in six days.

Japanese artillery shelled the field by day. Jap planes came morning and evening, strafing runways and the tower. At night, Jap bombers headed for the revetments and the control tower the Marines had just taken from them.

Then the rains came, two days after the field went into operation under Major William A. Simpson of Annapolis, Md.

When it rains on Okinawa, everything slows down. The red clay topsoil turns into a gummy, adhesive mixture that pulls at your shoes, sucks you down to your knees and throws you off balance. It's a steady, rather pleasant-sounding rain that might mean green grass and flowers back home. But out here it's just clay and mud and goo.

Of the planes that tried to take off through the mud and soft coral some got in the air, but some bogged down. Crash trucks sloughed through to pull them off to one side, the crew working around the clock to keep the runway clear. Corporal Frank A. Brooks of Lackawanna, N. Y., was one of many who didn't sleep for two days.

"We just lived on the truck, except when the shells came close," he said, through a face creased with caked mud. Brooks didn't mention the time he hauled ammunition away from a burning plane.

The third night the field was in operation the Japanese paid a full visit. They came with everything they had.

First the artillery south of Kadena, near Naha, began shelling. They bracketed the control tower. The first shell landed several hundred yards away, but later rounds were only 30 yards distant. A piece of steel bounced through the top of the tower, tearing a jagged hole one and one-half feet long.

Then, for some reason, the shelling stopped.

Fighter planes followed as though on order, strafing the tower and runway from heights as low as 150 feet. They dodged ack-ack coming and going, but not all escaped.

At night, and until the next morning, bombers continued the visit. Seven times they came over. They hit all around the tower, but never scored a direct hit. One bomb landed on top of a tent in a pilot's bivouac area.

During all this, the control tower was run from a foxhole in the hillside just below. Second Lieutenant Robert W. Meyer of Grand Island, Neb.; Sergeant Paul Chenault of Frankfort, Ky.; Corporal Robert C. McCay of Shaker Heights, Ohio, and Major Simpson, who spent the night there, have grown very fond of that foxhole since then.

"We were strafed eight times that night alone," Meyer said. "Do you wonder why we like it?"

Two nights later Jap fighter planes tried a different trick. At dusk, as the Corsairs returned to the field after a routine patrol mission, three Japs followed the Marines into the flight circle. They strafed the control tower area this time from less than 200 feet. There was no time for the crew to reach the foxhole but, fortunately, the pilots were not the best shots in the world.

In the tower were Second Lieutenant Cornelius L. Cabot of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; Corporal John Yurga of Cleveland, Ohio, and PFC William M. Rowland of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Before daybreak the next morning artillery again began lobbing shells into the area from the south. Chenault left the tower for a few minutes to guide planes of the morning's first flight down the runway by flashlight. A shell landed only 75 yards away and sent another fragment through the tower roof, on the spot he had just vacated.

"I hope that was the only piece of steel with my name on it," he said. "That was close enough."

A Seabee, Chief Electrician Paul J. Sollenberg of Orrville, Ohio, had the one-man job of keeping the field's landing lights in operation.

The lights always have been ready when the planes came in. "That's all the recommendation he needs," Major Simpson said. "He couldn't have done his job better."

SGT. DON BRAMAN
USMC Combat Correspondent



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SAMAR

Today and Yesterday



IT IS hard to believe, looking at the Samar of today from the air or from the ground, that 44 years ago Marines died in that jungle in an epic of bravery which gave rise to the traditional Marine toast:

"Stand, Gentlemen, he served on Samar."

It was the toast to the heroes of Samar; Marines who underwent such hardships that later, whenever one entered a room where there was a gathering of Marines, the first one to recognize him as a survivor of Samar called the others to their feet.

When the Marines—all in aviation units—returned to Samar early this year, few of them knew the story behind the tradition. Few knew that when the bulldozers shoved the jungle aside for runways, roads and camps, it was levelling jungle where Marines had died from hunger.

The Marine Corsairs today scream over the island, going farther in one minute than the Marines of 1901 went in one day.

Today's Marines are part of an unfinished legend—the story of the Leathernecks in this war. The story of the Marines at Samar is a finished story, only a very few survive.

This, then, is their story:

A Marine battalion, commanded by Major L. W. T. Waller, was sent to Samar as part of reinforcements ordered when an army infantry company was massacred at breakfast by unfriendly natives.

Their work at Samar was divided into two parts—to destroy the insurrectionists' strongholds, generally regarded as impregnable, and later to march across the island from Basey to Balangiga. The second job, strangely enough, was far the tougher.

The stronghold stormed by the Marines was at Sohoton, atop cliffs which rose sheer 200 feet from the river and were honey-combed with caves. Years of work went into the defenses, but the Marines stormed the cliffs and destroyed the positions. Later, natives said that the Marines were the first white troops to penetrate to these positions. The natives considered them too tough to be taken.

The next task undertaken by the Marines on Samar was merely a reconnaissance, looking for a trail across the island for a telegraph line. They neither expected nor met organized enemy resistance, but the obstacles of nature proved far more deadly. The effort, one Marine historian wrote, resulted in a disaster never to be forgotten in the annals of the Marine Corps.

The Marines started from Basey and when they reached



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Lanang. Waller chose several officers, 50 Marines, a few soldiers and 33 native carriers to strike across the island with him. They began December 28, 1901, going up the Lanang river in boats.

They abandoned the boats the second day because of the rapids and the soldiers took the boats back to Lanang. The third day the Marines followed a trail which led back and forth across the swollen river, sometimes describing almost a complete circle.

By the end of the fourth day, the men knew they were in for trouble. Constantly wet, they had marched 12 miles up the trail, but were only a few actual miles toward their goal — the Sohoton cliffs.

The next day rations were cut, and the following day were halved.

New Year Day, 1902, was no day of joy for the Marines. They had started across the rugged mountains. Their clothing was in rags, their feet swollen and bleeding, the trail lost. No food was to be found.

Major Waller chose Lieutenant Frank Halford and the 13 Marines in best condition to push on with him in an effort to get through and bring aid for the others. The second group under Captain D. D. Porter was to follow slowly. By this time the men were eating one meal a day.

Waller's group ran into luck, a clearing where bananas, coconuts, and other foods were growing. Soon they made the Sohoton cliffs.

But the other, weaker group was in worse straits. Captain Porter tried to follow Waller's trail and then attempted to construct a raft to float his jungle-beaten Marines down the river. They couldn't find wood which would even float.



He, too, finally was forced to choose the Marines in better shape and set out, this time back toward Lanang. One officer, Lieutenant A. S. Williams, remained with the weaker group. Captain Porter's return to Lanang was heartbreaking. William's eventual trek back to safety was even more so.

Williams slowly followed Porter's trail, leaving men behind one by one to die beside the trail. One man went insane. The native carriers mutinied. Ten Marines died in the jungle before the relief group finally met them.

Long after the world forgot the hell these men lived through, the Marine Corps remembered with the famous words:

"Stand Gentlemen, he served on Samar."

Today, Samar is an American bulwark in the Pacific.

Standing in the island's capitol of Guiuan, one's attention is drawn to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, a Spanish monastery said to have been built three centuries ago. The first impression of the edifice reminds one of a kindly, old shaggy dog. Ivy creeps up and over the buttresses, nixed for the old muzzle loads which looked out on the city years ago.

There are no natives who recall the first landing of Marines on Samar. But, who knows, some of those brave men may have stood in this church and prayed before they undertook a mission which took many of them to their death.

SGT. WALTER F. MACKIE
USMC Combat Correspondent



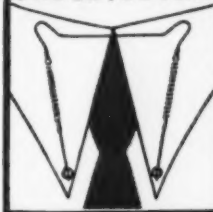
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First Marine Burial in Japan



THE first United States Marine to be buried on the Japanese mainland was Private Robert Williams, who died aboard the *USS Mississippi* on 6 March, 1854, and was buried at Yokohama on 9 March. The account of this incident is found in the official report of Commodore M. C. Perry's expedition to Japan and in the Log Book of the *USS Mississippi*.

Commodore Perry, then engaged in negotiating a treaty with the Japanese officials, was concerned over the possibility of them refusing the right of burial. "I had apprehended much difficulty upon this point," wrote Perry, "and had in my own mind determined if the Japanese persisted in forbidding the interment within either of their numerous burial places to have effected the object let what might occur, upon the small island, called in our charts 'Webster Island,' and lying convenient to the 'American Anchorage.'" Perry was convinced that once the body was in the ground, the Japanese would not disturb it.

A conference with the Japanese officials was scheduled for 8 March and the very first item for consideration was the request of Perry for permission to bury the dead Marine. After considerable discussion and with great reluctance the Japanese finally consented "to allow the burial to take place at Yokohama, at a place adjoining one of their temples, and in view of the squadron." The funeral was scheduled to be held on Thursday, 9 March, 1854, at 1700.

An entry in the Log Book of the *Mississippi* for 9 March reads:

At 2:45 called all hands to bury the dead — read the funeral Services over the body of Robert Williams (Private Marine) and sent the body ashore for interment with an escort under the command of Captain Slack.

The Chaplain aboard the *Mississippi* was George Jones, an Episcopalian, whose services in the navy extended from 1833 to his retirement in 1862. He was the author of one of the volumes of Perry's official report and a member of the first faculty at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was one of the greatest of the naval chaplains.

Chaplain Jones was aware of the old antipathy of the Japanese against Christianity. Back in 1636, the Japanese government had had difficulties with Catholic missionaries and native Christians. An Imperial edict was issued in June, 1636, from which the following extract is taken: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the king of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

Being somewhat apprehensive as to what might happen to him when conducting a Christian burial service ashore, Chaplain Jones went to Commodore Perry for directions. Perry assured him that since permission had been granted by the Japanese authorities, there would be no trouble.

After the service aboard ship, the funeral party went ashore for the burial. The account of the funeral reads as follows:

The flags of every vessel in the squadron were hoisted at half mast as the boats pushed off. The body was borne to a very picturesque spot at the foot of a hill, at a short distance from the village of Yoku-hama. The chaplain, Mr. Jones, was robed in his clerical gown, and on landing



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was received in the most courteous manner by some of the Japanese authorities, who showed none of their supposed repugnance to the Christian religion and its ministers. Crowds of the people had also gathered, and looked on with great curiosity, but with decorous respect, as the funeral procession moved slowly along to the sound of the muffled drum. The road lay through the village, and its inhabitants came out from their houses and open shops to behold the novel scene. The place chosen for the burial was near a Japanese place of interment, with stone idols and sculptured headstones, and as the procession came up a Buddhist priest, in robes of richly embroidered silk, was observed already on the ground.

For the first time in more than 200 years, the Japanese government was permitting a Christian service to be held on Japanese soil. Moreover, this was the first known Protestant service ever to be conducted in Japan by an ordained clergyman. After Chaplain Jones had read the committal service of the Protestant Episcopal church the Buddhist priest took over and supplemented the service of the naval chaplain by that of his own faith. The account of the unique double ceremony is as follows:



Mr. Jones read the service of the Protestant Episcopal church, and, while he was officiating, the Buddhist priest sat near by on a mat, with an altar before him, on which was a collection of scraps of paper, some rice, a gong, a vessel containing sake, and some burning incense. The service having been read, the body lowered, and the earth thrown in, the party retired from the grave. The Buddhist priest then commenced the peculiar ceremonies of his religion, beating his gong, telling his rosary of glass and wooden beads, muttering his prayers, and keeping alive the burning incense. He was still going through his strange formulary when the Americans moved away. . . . A neat enclosure of bamboo was subsequently put up about the American grave by the authorities, and a small hut erected near, for a Japanese guard to watch the grave for a time, according to their custom.

Before Perry left Japan, three more funerals were held, twice at Hakodadi and once at Simoda, but the record does not indicate whether those who died were Marines or sailors. When Japan was opened to foreigners, an American cemetery was established at Yokohama on the top of a hill overlooking the harbor. It may be that the location of the cemetery was chosen because of the burial there of Private Robert Williams, United States Marine.

COMDR. CLIFFORD M. DRURY
Chaplain's Corps, USNR



"All this show needs, Manny, is a little more sex"

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Radio In Every Foxhole

"CAN DO" BOURGALT



MEN, do you still struggle along with the old-fashioned type of foxhole — the type without music, funny cracks and Raymond Gram Swing? Do you lie awake listening to the patter of rain on your shelter-half? Are you lonely, tired, bored? Are you that kind of a dope? Then, Jack, this message is for you.

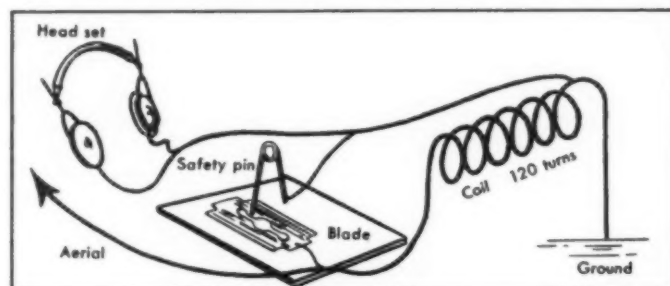
How would you like to listen to the Bob Hope or Jack Benny show while waiting for the Shambos to get the grenades ready? Or maybe you'll take Dinah Shore instead? Or Bing or Frankie? Or even the New York Philharmonic — there's no law against it. You can have all of this and more. How come? Because one of these fine tropical days there'll be a radio in every foxhole.

As you may have guessed, there's a Seabee mixed up in this. Also a Marine. Here's the scoop!

Seabee Edward E. Bourgault, ship's cook third class, of Newton Center, Mass., likes to listen to the radio. When his outfit arrived in the Marianas they brought lots of bulldozers and tractors with them, but no radios. In fact, radios were as scarce as dry Martinis at the enlisted men's mess. Nor was there any available material with which to build a radio set. But that didn't stop "Can Do" Bourgault.

He remembered that a double-edged razor blade would give rectifying action for signal detection without the aid of crystals or tubes. He began experimenting — and that's how the foxhole radio was born. It consists solely of a safety pin, a coil of wire, a wood base and a used razor blade.

When Marine Sergeant Phil Edwards of Philadelphia, a radio



announcer for an armed forces station on the Pacific Ocean Network saw Bourgault's improvised radio and clearly heard programs on standard wave lengths, as well as pilot jabber from nearby airfields, he exclaimed, "This is IT!"

Edwards, who conducts "Bivouac Banter," a popular daily program of chit-chat about troops in the area, told his audience about the foxhole radio. Letters began pouring in requesting a diagram showing how to make such a set. Edwards conferred with Seabee Bourgault, who drew the diagram of his invention. The diagram and instructions were mimeographed, thousands of copies made and these were distributed free as a courtesy of "Bivouac Banter."

Now radios, which a few months ago were as scarce as hodgepotters at a debutante's ball, are as plentiful as coconuts in the Marianas. You, too, can have one — and you don't even have to clip a coupon and mail it.

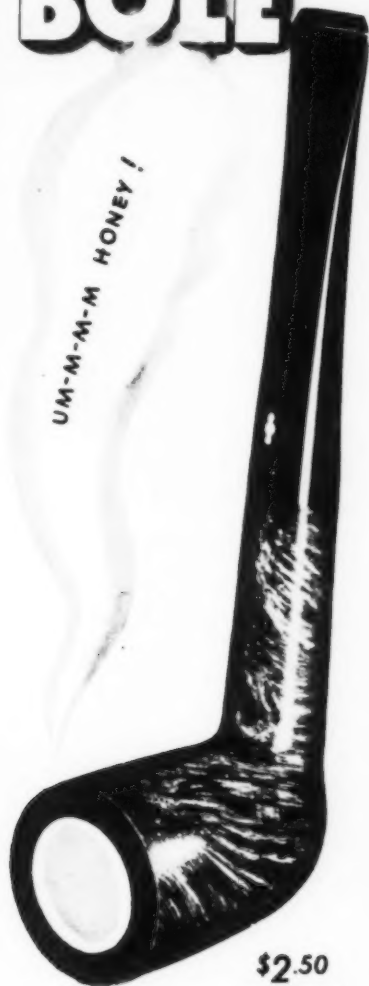
Here are directions for making a foxhole radio: Simply tack an old used razor blade, preferably the "blue" type, to a wooden base and tape a wire from one side of it to one side of a coil of wire. The coil's other side should then be grounded and a lead attached to one side of the headphones. Then tape another wire from the safety pin to the other side of the headphones. The safety pin should be tacked to the board so the point can be moved across the unground part of the blade. This is how you select your stations.

You are now able to listen to your favorite program while fighting or sweating out the war — and there's no danger of the Nips listening, too, even though they may be only a few feet away from you. Sharp, what?

SGT. STANLEY FINK

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OKINAWA PETE



OKINAWA PETE is only a rabbit, to be sure, but he is quite a remarkable one, at that. No other rabbit in the world has ears quite like his. One stands up and the other lies down flat.

To begin at the beginning, the Japs one night decided to have a little fun with the Marines at Okinawa, so some of them came over in planes and some of them infiltrated through the woods on foot and they began shooting up the place. Well, bombs were falling everywhere, creating quite a disturbance, and the Marines began diving for their foxholes. One of those seeking sanctuary deep in the bosom of terra firma was Corporal Eddie Tuchscherer. As he jumped for his foxhole, he noticed something streaking past him.

"Is that you, Bill?" inquired Eddie as he crawled behind the sandbags. Eddie has a friend named Bill who would have made Paave Nurmi look like the stationary cigar store Indian statue when it comes to gaining a foxhole's entrance.

It wasn't Bill at all. It was a rabbit; a very white rabbit, with pink eyes that looked like they might have once been lively but were now definitely lacking luster.

Eddie noticed that the rabbit had a hole through one of his ears. A Jap bullet had nicked him. He saw that the rabbit was not too well. So, after the raid was over, Eddie foraged around and found some carrots which he presented to the rabbit. The rabbit sniffed, then nibbled.

Every day Eddie would forage around and find some carrots and every day the rabbit would sniff and then nibble and pretty soon the rabbit was in top physical form. His pink eyes now had plenty of luster. But he didn't leave. He hung around the Marines in the area.

Now even if Okinawa Pete, for that is what the fellows called him, had been an ordinary rabbit and didn't have a bullet hole through an ear and consequently have one that stood up and one that laid down he would have created quite a lot of talk. Because there was naturally something significant about him. The invasion, you'll remember, came off Easter day. And rabbits and Easter go together like field troops and C rations.

So the word began to spread around that Okinawa Pete was a sort of charmed character. And when an air raid came around everybody felt a lot better if he could see Okinawa Pete in the vicinity. In fact, on some occasions Marines have been suspected of wandering through ack-ack fire and shrapnel, just for one look at Okinawa Pete before they made for shelter. Everyone felt that nothing could happen to him so long as Okinawa Pete was around. And, sure enough, it is a well-known fact that nothing ever did happen to people, no matter how bad the raid, when the rabbit was nearby.

The stories that have sprung up around Okinawa Pete are as numerous as Marines on a souvenir hunt.

One is that Okinawa Pete's good ear comes to a stiff salute every time he passes General Roy S. Geiger's tent. Corp. Tuchscherer is the orderly of the III 'Phib Corps' commanding officer, you know.

Then there are those who will swear for a fact that they once saw Okinawa Pete chasing a Jap across a rice paddy and that the Jap was screaming at the top of his voice.

Another strange thing, according to Eddie, and something that bears out the Easter angle, is that Sunday always finds the rabbit around the chaplain's chapel.

You also will hear, sooner or later, that Okinawa Pete was once seen riding on the back of a habu (Okinawan for cobra), but, of course, you really do not have to believe this if you do not wish to.

Anyway, Okinawa Pete is highly thought of by one and all and there are even some who say that he should be awarded the Purple Heart. After all, they say, he was shot through the ear and even if he is a rabbit, and a remarkable one at that, still it must not have felt too good to him. And, besides, they maintain, it is little enough reward for one who must go back to civilian life with one ear up and one ear down.

SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

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Melanesian Hospitality

MELANESIAN natives, in an extremely rare display of hospitality, recently tossed a party for a couple of Marine sergeants, treating them to an evening at a sort of jungle night club and to breakfast — in bed — the morning after.

The Marines, both former Raiders with 24 months' service in the Pacific, are Frank E. Pinkston, 22, of Clinton, Mo., and John Yetsko, 24, of McKeesport, Pa.

The Melanesians, once committed as hosts, went all out. Their dancing and music, strongly influenced by Hollywood musicals, was strictly in the groove. The breakfast called up memories of home and mother. It consisted of fresh fried eggs, hot biscuits with butter and jam, topped off by steaming hot coffee.

Buddies of the two sergeants, hearing about the natives' uncharacteristic hospitality, are tremendously impressed — especially by the fresh fried eggs in bed.

They point out that 1 — it is unheard of for anybody in the whole Marine Corps, the Army, the Navy or the Coast Guard to have breakfast in bed, and 2 — local Melanesians don't go in for entertaining servicemen.

"Exactly," says Pinkston on these occasions, "exactly what I would have said — three weeks ago."

When Pinkston and Yetsko reached the village they expected the usual chilly reception given servicemen — the women scurrying from view, the men watchful and pointedly suspicious.

They had nothing to trade, not even an extra package of cigarettes. They went there planning to have a quick look around and then leave, bedding down for the night in the jungle nearby.

"Two other servicemen were in the village when we arrived,"



"Must be the spearhead troops"

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says Pinkston. "The natives weren't having any part of them. They wouldn't even let them take snapshots. They became discouraged and went away."

Undaunted, Pinkston and Yetsko began talking to one of the villagers. He turned out later to be the head man.

"I'm afraid we were hypocrites," Pinkston admits. "We told him those other guys were crude ruffians obviously out for no good. We told him how brashly insulting we thought those nasty men were to assume they could snap pictures without regard for the natives' feelings."

The native, who couldn't have understood much of this, nodded his head solemnly. Then he smiled at the Marines — benevolently.

"That was it," says Yetsko. "We were in. I don't get it myself, but after that we were in solid."

Other villagers, as if in response to some secret and silent signal, gathered around the sergeants. They were all smiling. Pinkston and Yetsko were invited to stay the night.

Chickens were killed and fried in butter for dinner. With the chicken, the natives served yams and peas, pineapple, bananas and coffee.

"Oh, brother!" said Pinkston, "I guess you know, we stuffed ourselves."

Yetsko added: "We sat around for a while after dinner, just like at home, smoking and talking. Then came the floor-show."

"The set-up resembled some of those Stateside night-spots, the ones with South Sea atmosphere," continued Pinkston, "only this was the real thing. Yah, the palm trees weren't growing out of tubs, and there wasn't anything phony about the jungle around us either."

"The entertainment surprised us though. Mostly jitterbug, a funny brand of their own, and jive. 'See-um and hear-um in movies,' the head man told me.

"They got their music out of guitars and harmonicas. They could really play them. Anything you wanted. I remember their swinging out with 'Pistol Packing Mama,' 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo' and 'Wabash Cannonball.'"

About 2200, the musicians quit. Cheese and crackers were brought out and coffee was made.

"A going to bed snack, so help me," said Pinkston.

The natives then ensconced them for the night in the best beds in the village. They were equipped with springs, mattresses, dazzling white sheets, pillow casings and handsome US Navy blankets. Also, they were covered with GI mosquito nettings. All testified to the Melanesians' ability as shrewd traders.

In the morning, Pinkston and Yetsko were just blinking the last vestiges of sleep from their eyes when villagers walked into their thatched hut bearing platters of fresh eggs.

It is at this point, usually, with a Marine in the act of forking a bite of succulent egg into his mouth, that some chowderhead blows a bugle and blasts another lovely dream to blazes.

But with Melanesians in diligent attendance — running in with fresh biscuits mostly — Pinkston and Yetsko enjoyed every bite.

"It was a Stateside breakfast," said Yetsko, "the best breakfast we've had since we shoved off two years ago."

Later in the morning, when the two sergeants reluctantly departed, natives tagged along for some distance down the jungle trail. Their parting words urged Pinkston and Yetsko to return.

They have. The magic is still on them.

SGT. ED MEAGHER
USMC Combat Correspondent



"I wish we had some sort of a rotation plan"

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**Making Aviation History
on Okinawa**



THE seven "plane-a-minute" Marine pilots who shot down 24 3/4 Jap planes in 25 minutes over Okinawa made the highest recorded score for a single Marine squadron in one aerial battle, a check with aviation reports has shown.

The battle was reported briefly in field dispatches. There were no Marine losses. Two Corsairs were damaged slightly, only one by an enemy shell. In addition to the 24 3/4 certain kills, the seven pilots, many of them new to combat, made other aviation history that day.

It was the first time that three Marine flyers went from scratch, (no planes) to aces, (five planes or more) in one battle.

One pilot made the highest individual score for a Marine in one battle since April 7, 1943. His six sure kills were only one below the all-time Marine record.

Two other pilots, getting five planes apiece, equalled a single action score last recorded January 14, 1944. One pilot got two certain kills and damaged one other Jap plane in 10 seconds.

Sergeant Don Braman, a Marine Corps combat correspondent, reported that General A. A. Vandegrift, Corps Commandant, at Okinawa on an inspection trip, personally congratulated the three new Marine aces: Major Jefferson D. Dorrah of Hood River, Ore., six planes; Major George C. Axtell, Jr., of Laguna, Cal., five planes; and First Lieutenant Jeremiah J. O'Keefe of Biloxi, Miss., five planes.

The single battle record for an individual Marine pilot is now held by Captain James E. Swett who knocked down seven Jap planes in 15 minutes on April 7, 1943. Swett received the Medal of Honor for his air record. It took Dorrah 15 minutes also to get his six. And he had two probables besides.

The highest single score after Swett's record was the five planes credited to First Lieutenant Robert M. Hanson on January 14, 1944. Hanson later was killed in action. He also received the Medal of Honor.

In addition to knocking down five, Axtell damaged three and "nicked" eight planes.

First Lieutenant Normand T. Theriault of Woonsocket, R. I., and Milford, Mass., was credited officially with 2 1/4 planes downed and one damaged. He turned in the fastest shooting of the big day, getting his bag in 10 seconds.

First Lieutenant Edward L. Abner of Washington, D. C., another of the record-making group of seven fliers, got two Jap planes and damaged a third in 30 seconds.

First Lieutenant William L. Hood of Benton Harbor, Mich., got 3 1/2 sure and damaged two Jap aircraft.

And First Lieutenant Charles S. Allen of Fort Worth, Tex., got one certain and one probable.

Theriault's "1/4" plane and Hood's "1/2" plane were shared with pilots who failed to report their share in the "kills." **END**



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Dog Tales



WAR, as much as anything else, is a series of personal adventures and misadventures. Out in the South Pacific, it is true of the Marine combat dogs as well as the men. Here are some of the more memorable stories of leatherneck dogs:

A dog by the name of Donnay, one of the few mongrel combat dogs, and his handler, Corporal Gerald Easson, were on a patrol mission on Peleliu. Suddenly, a shell landed nearby. The concussion knocked out the corporal. The dog, although sorely wounded by shrapnel, stood guard over him. The dog stood there bleeding but his barking saved his fallen master from being run over by tanks speeding to the front.

When four hours later a stretcher detail came along, the dog still insisted on guarding his master and had to be carried back on the stretcher along with the corporal.

★ ★ ★

ON BOUGAINVILLE, a dog named Rollo, in the vanguard of a patrol, suddenly alerted. The men hit the deck. Nothing happened. Rollo and his handler, PFC Russel T. Frederick, moved ahead to investigate.

Enemy fire roared. PFC Frederick went down. He had stumbled in front of the muzzles of a Jap pill box.

Some of the men saw that the dog had not been hurt and tried to call him to safety. The dog wouldn't come. He laid down by Frederick.

The Jap guns continued to blaze away.
Dog and man died together.

★ ★ ★

ON GUAM there was a dog, Willie, who was credited personally with accounting for a Jap. He detected the enemy in a cave and went in. A lone Jap inside became so terrified that he committed hari-kari.

Willie's most heroic performance came a little later. A patrol of Marines were walking along a trail when Willie sensed something. He didn't wait. He leaped into the bushes.

A nest of three Jap machine guns was there. The dog leaped into their midst and the Japs shot away at him. This distraction enabled the Marines to duck for proper cover.

So it turned out that the Japs, who were all set to annihilate the Marine patrol to the man, were routed. Most of them were killed. Their machine guns were left behind.

The Marines didn't lose a single man. Willie died from his wounds two days later. There was evidence that he had kept on fighting after he had been wounded.

★ ★ ★

A DOG named Blitz did one of the standout jobs on Peleliu. He was credited with ferreting out numerous Jap positions. He was on the go day and night, almost without cessation, for a week.

That may have been the reason his health broke down. Overwork.

But, anyway, he was ailing to such an extent that he had to be relieved from combat duty. His handler was to be assigned to another dog.

But the handler was so fond of Blitz that he couldn't put his heart into working with another dog. He asked to be transferred to another outfit.

His captain, who knows the ways of men and their dogs, consented to the transfer.

★ ★ ★

ONE dog had to be taught English. He was Boy, a Jap dog, who came over to the American lines on Peleliu.

He was an excellent animal, and the Japs had trained him well. He would make a good combat dog for the Marines. There was only one hitch: He couldn't understand a command in English; only in Japanese.

So the Marines had to teach the English language to him.

SGT. HAROLD NELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

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Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press from April 13, 1945, through May 13, 1945.

SAFE

NEW YORK

CURRY, Arthur M. Jr., Sgt.
HUTCHINGS, William G., Pvt.

SAFE FROM POW

COLORADO

BISSINGER, Frederick M., 1st Sgt.

OHIO

COLEDANCHISE, Mercurio, Corp.

TEXAS

GLEESON, Pless, PFC

DEAD FROM POW

ILLINOIS

PAVLAKOS, James G., Corp.

WASHINGTON

HIMELRICK, John Robert, PFC
STEWART, Leon R., SSgt.

DEAD FROM MISSING

CALIFORNIA

ENGEBRETSON, R. B., 1st Lt.
LASKOSKY, Ted L., Corp.
WALKER, William H., PFC

ILLINOIS

CENTANNI, Daniel, PFC

NEW JERSEY

PLATH, Robert H., PFC

OHIO

CUSTER, Clyde R., PFC

PENNSYLVANIA

FOLEY, James E., PFC

TEXAS

STEWART, Charles V., PFC

WASHINGTON

CRAWFORD, David, PFC

WISCONSIN

MARTIN, Richard L., PFC

DEAD

ALABAMA

ADAMS, George O., Corp.
BALTHROOP, Samuel C., 1st Lt.
BARNES, Charles A., III, Pvt.
BARNETTE, John S., Pvt.
BREWTON, David L., Pvt.
BRIGMAN, George D., Pvt.
BYERS, Floyd A., Jr., PFC
CARITHERS, Marvin L. B., Corp.
CHADBOURNE, Alfred M., Sgt.
CHAMBLISS, James A., Sgt.
DEVAUGHN, James G., Pvt.
DICKINSON, Roy, PFC
DONAHOO, Robert W., Pvt.
DOSS, Harry A., Jr., PFC
DRIVER, Oscar L., Jr., Pvt.
DUKE, William E., Corp.
DYKES, James T., Jr., PFC
EDWARDS, Andrew J., PFC
ESTILL, Dewey V., PFC
FANCHER, Charles L., PFC
FORD, Dwight H., PFC
GEORGE, Marvin E., PFC
HADEN, Andrew W., Pvt.
HALL, Dawson H., Ack
HARRIS, Elmer, PFC
HOWELL, Lenza P., SSgt.
LUNSFORD, Ernest A., Jr., Corp.
MCDONALD, Harvis O., PFC
MCLROY, Albert N., Jr., Corp.
MARTIN, Andrew M., Jr., PFC
MILLER, Effert T., PFC
MOON, Richard H., Pvt.
MORGAN, Robert G., Pvt.
NEALY, Jack A., Pvt.
PATRICK, William L., PFC
POPE, James R., Pvt.
RENFROE, Euel, Corp.
REUTER, Herman W., Jr., PFC
RODGERS, Frank H., PFC
RUSSELL, Albert E., Corp.
SCOTT, Edwin L., PFC
SKELTON, John A., Ack
SMITH, John D., Pvt.
SMITH, Ora L., PFC
SNELL, Neal C., PFC
THOMPSON, James H., PFC
TURBERVILLE, Walter, Sgt.
WILCOX, Houston A., PFC
WRIGHT, David W., 2nd Lt.
WRIGHT, Donnie C., PFC
ZOPFI, Tobias W., Jr., PFC

ARIZONA

BAILEY, Harry F., Sgt.
GOTSCHALK, Sidney M., Corp.
GREENE, Donald L., Pvt.
IVERSON, George C., Corp.
LOWELL, Hervey W., 2nd Lt.
LUCIO, Gregorio, Pvt.
MADRID, Antonio Martinez, PFC

ARKANSAS

BASS, Lundy G., PFC
BIRMINGHAM, Billy J., Pvt.
BRAY, Clinton L., Pvt.
BURNS, James A., Sgt.
CATRON, Gilbert R., Corp.
CHAPMAN, Kennon L., PFC
CLARK, Hoses R., Jr., PFC
CUPP, John L., Corp.
DAVIS, Albert K., Pvt.
FARRAR, Darius G., Jr., Pvt.
FIELD, Jack R., Pvt.
GARDNER, Homer E., Pvt.
HALFORD, Earl T., PFC
HARRINGTON, C. E., Jr., 2nd Lt.
HAYNES, Johnny B., PFC
JONES, Orland D., Sgt.
MCGEE, John A., PFC
MCMILLEN, Jesse W., Pvt.
SHACKELFORD, Richard H., Pvt.
SHAW, Robert H., Pvt.
SMITH, William E., PFC
SMITH, John B., Jr., Ack
STEDMAN, Willis G., PFC
STURDIVANT, Graham M., PFC
TERWILLIGER, Ervin, Pvt.
UTLEY, Owen O., Corp.
WOODSON, John C., Pvt.

CALIFORNIA

AGEE, Clyde E., Sgt.
ALATORE, Fernando C., PFC
ALBAUGH, Dennis S., PFC
ALLEN, Elmer J., Pvt.
ANDERSON, John H., Corp.
APPLING, Leroy C., Jr., Corp.
ARNOLD, Kent, 1st Lt.
AWBREY, Harlan T., PFC
AXELROD, Seymour, Pvt.
AZEVEDO, Joseph W., PFC
BARGER, Frederick R., PFC
BARRA, Calvin C., Pvt.
BECK, John L., PFC
BLACK, Samuel O., Corp.
BODAM, Ray W., PFC
BONNER, Bruce T., 2nd Lt.
BORGES, Joseph F., PFC
BOSWORTH, Lee S., Pvt.
BOWERS, Donald R., Pvt.
BRAWNER, William E., Pvt.
BROCKMAN, Perry L., Pvt.
BROWER, Roy W., Pvt.
BROWN, Louis, Pvt.
BROWN, Russell O., PFC
BROWN, Wilbern G., Pvt.
BURNS, Jack F., Sgt.
BURROUGHS, Willard C., Corp.
BUTLER, James A., PFC
CARDIN, John C., Jr., Sgt.
CARMONA, Philip E., Pvt.
CARNINE, Herman L., PFC
CASSARA, L. H., Pvt.
CHAPPELL, Donald G., PFC
CHEERIE, Robert T., Jr., PFC
CHRISTENSEN, Raymond L., PFC
CISNEROS, Rodolfo, PFC
CLARKE, James E., Pvt.
COLEY, Clarence A., PFC
COOK, Jack E., Pvt.
CORK, Arnold R., Sgt.
COSBY, Thomas H., Jr., PFC
COURTRIGHT, Eugene M., PFC
COWART, Wesley D., PFC
COWETTE, Kenneth G., PFC
COWHERD, Reginald L., Corp.
CROUT, Charles A., SSgt.
CURRAN, Jerry O., Pvt.
DANDRO, Harold G., Pvt.
DARR, Reginald J., PFC
DASHER, Frank L., Pvt.
DAVIDSON, William F., PFC
DAVISON, Herbert A., PFC
DEEVERS, Jack, Corp.
DENNIS, Laverne L., Pvt.
DONOWHO, John C., PFC
DORRIS, Clifford J., PFC
DOUGHTY, Francis E., Capt.
EHRISMAN, Richard D., 2nd Lt.
ELLIOTT, Orval A., Pvt.
ESPARZA, Alfonso N., PFC
EUSEY, Charles J., Capt.
EVANS, Carl C., Corp.
FEES, William G., Pvt.
FENLEY, James W., Corp.
FIGGEN, Lawrence James, PFC
FINNIE, Charles F., Capt.
FITZGERALD, John A., Pvt.
FLETCHER, Jerome B., PFC
FORT, Roy L., Pvt.
FORTNER, Warren G., Corp.
FOSMO, Edwin O., Pvt.
FREEMAN, Howard D., PFC
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FROST, Daniel M., Corp.
FRY, Don H., PFC
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KOONBAREFF, William V., PFC
KRAUS, Walbert H., Corp.

LAMPORT, Harry B., PFC
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LUTE, Wallace H., Pvt.
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MANDENAKER, Harlan, PFC
MARTINEZ, John A., Pvt.
MARVIN, Emay V., Jr., Corp.
MERIC, Alcide L., SSgt.
MILLER, Robert S., Pvt.
MILLIKEN, Elmer C., Corp.
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MORGAN, Wilkes, Corp.
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STARK, Wesley J., PFC
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TENISON, Johnie B., PFC
THOSTENSON, Thorborn M., Sgt.
TODD, George K., 2nd Lt.
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TURNER, James J., 2nd Lt.
VALENZUELA, Valentine, PFC
VIETS, William G., PFC
VISENTIN, Eugene A., Sgt.
VOELKEL, Jack A., PFC
WALKER, Samuel C., PFC
WARNER, John E., PFC
WATERS, Thomas H., Sgt.
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LENZI, Joseph W., PFC
LISS, Walter B., PFC
McADOO, Raymond A., Corp.
McGLEW, John R., Corp.
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MOSCOE, John A., PFC
MURRONE, Vincenzo, Pvt.
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PALUMBO, Frank W., PFC
PENNINGTON, Donald L., PFC
PHANEUF, David G., PFC
PHILIPS, Stewart J., PFC
PORCO, August, Pvt.

FORGER, Frederick W., PFC
ROTUNNO, Robert A., PFC
SENICK, Frank, PFC
STANKOWICH, Walter, GySgt.
SOUZA, Frank Jr., PFC
WATCKE, Karl N., Pvt.
WHITE, William T., PFC
WILKINSON, Richard J., Jr., Pvt.
WINSBUR, David P., Corp.
WINZLER, John E., 1st Lt.

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LUMPKIN, Ollie B., Ack
MacINNES, David, 1st Lt.
MIDDLEBROOKS, William J., Corp.
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PURVIS, John G., Sr., Pvt.
RANDOLPH, Oakley B., Pvt.
RIVERS, William M., Corp.
ROWE, Fred R., PFC
SELLON, James K., PFC
SMITH, Roy V., Sgt.
STEWART, Cyril J., Pvt.
TUBB, David W., Corp.

GEORGIA

ACHORD, William M., Sr., Pvt.
BLUE, John A., PFC
BREWTON, Winfield W., PFC
BROWN, Cloyd M., PFC
CANTRELL, G. A., PFC
COILE, Morris S., Pvt.
COLOQUITT, John T., Jr., Pvt.
CRAWFORD, Olin E., Jr., Pvt.
DAY, Freddie P., Pvt.
EASON, John T., Pvt.
EATON, Emmett O. L., Pvt.
EDWARDS, Lloyd E., Pvt.
EILAND, George M., PFC
GARNER, Matthew, Pvt.
GARY, John L., Jr., Pvt.
HANGOCK, Lawrence, Corp.
HARPER, Clarence, TSgt.
HAYES, Earnest C., PFC
IVESTER, Roy L., Ack
JEFFARES, Robert E., PFC
KELLY, Hugh R., PFC
KILGORE, James L., Pvt.
KIRKLAND, Arthur F., Pvt.
McCRANEY, Walter D., SSgt.
McTIER, Hammond H., PFC
MARTIN, Edward D., Pvt.
MASON, Roy B., TSgt.
MULLIS, John O., Pvt.
PECK, Joseph L., PFC
PELFREY, Charles T., Pvt.
PORTER, Oliver W., Jr., PFC
POWELL, Athus K., Pvt.
RAY, James A., PFC
REAGIN, Roy O., Jr., Corp.
RILEY, Charles L., Jr., PFC
ROBERTS, James C., SSgt.
ROBSON, Wiley C., Pvt.
STEELE, Harris W., Pvt.
WALDEN, Llewellyn, Sgt.
WELCH, George T., Pvt.
WHEELER, Jack D., Sgt.
WOOD, Simon, Jr., PFC

IDAHO

BRAINARD, William R., Pvt.
CHANDLER, Jack O., PFC
HARRINGTON, Robert J., PFC
HENDERSON, Eugene, 2nd Lt.
HOLLADAY, John D., Pvt.
HOOPES, Donald W., PFC
HOWLAND, Elmer C., PFC
LALLATIN, Robert K., PFC
LANNAN, James T., PFC
MARTIN, Thomas A., Pvt.
MORGAN, Arlo V., PFC
MURPHY, Daniel B., Sgt.
PARKINSON, Leonard V., Pvt.
REDMOND, George P., Pvt.
THOMAS, Loren E., Sgt.

ILLINOIS

ANDERSON, Maxwell L., Sgt.
ANDERSON, Willis W., Corp.
ASBELL, Vern L., Corp.
ASHCRAFT, Earl R., Pvt.
BAJOVICH, John R., Pvt.
BARTON, Floyd F., PFC
BENNETT, Jewell E., Corp.
BITTING, Howard L., PFC
BLAKEMAN, Herschel, PFC
BLAYLOCK, Grant E., Pvt.
BRADSHAW, James W., PFC
BRINKMAN, Charles J., PFC
BROWN, William A., Jr., PFC
BRUBAKER, Warren W., PFC
BUCKLEY, Thomas J., PFC
BUNYEA, Willard B., Sgt.
BURGNER, Robert D., Corp.
BURNS, Robert B., Pvt.
BUZIU, Chester E., Sgt.
BRYANT, James, FldCk

CALLAHAN, Robert J., PFC
CHAPMAN, Robert L., Corp.
CLAMPITT, Omer W., PFC
COOPER, John C., 2nd Lt.
CORBY, Harold E., Ack
COYNE, Patrick J., Jr., PFC
CRAWFORD, Rogers L., Corp.
CRONKHITE, Francis H., PFC
DELMUS, Vaughn E., Corp.
DEMANGE, Ewing A., 2nd Lt.
DEVINE, John R., Corp.
DOWLING, Eugene E., GySgt.
DUCHEK, Robert, Corp.
EGGERS, Owen D., Corp.
FLORES, Jonas J., Pvt.
FOSTER, Robert J., Corp.
FRENCH, Edgar L., PFC
GAMBREL, Joseph T., Pvt.
GEORGE, Kenneth H., PFC
GIBSON, William R., PFC
GILBERT, Clarence J., Corp.
GISINGER, Wilmer D., PFC
GIZA, Leo J., PFC
GLEASON, Roy W., Corp.
GRAHAM, Louis R., PFC
HAAS, Joseph A., PFC
HALL, Robert C., PFC
HALL, Thomas W., 1st Lt.
HAVERLAND, Nicholas J., Pvt.
HAYS, Richard A., PFC
HENNUM, Christ N., Ack
HINTZ, Raymond M., PFC
HOULT, George M., PFC
HUNTLEY, Harold J., Corp.
IRWIN, Harold L., PFC
JAMISON, Robert A., PFC
JOHNSON, Donald L., Corp.
KAHLES, Rudolph, Pvt.
KASOS, George F., Pvt.
KING, John H., SSgt.
KOUSKIE, Judson F., Pvt.
KRAUCUNAS, Charles C., Pvt.
KRUMMEL, Phillip J., PFC
KRYWICKY, Edward S., Corp.
KULIK, Alois J., Pvt.
KUREK, Walter, Pvt.
KURZAWSKI, Melvin F., PFC
LASZEWSKI, Raymond S., Corp.
LEACH, Edmund L., 2nd Lt.
LESNAIK, John W., Sgt.
LIMPER, Fred W., Pvt.
LOBAN, Andrew, PFC
LOMORO, Dominic W., Pvt.
LOVELL, Egbert O., PFC
LOWERY, Robert W., Pvt.
LUDWIG, Philip B., Jr., Sgt.
McCARVER, William S., PFC
McFARLAND, James P., PFC
McKELVIE, Floyd C., Pvt.
McLEOD, James T., Corp.
MARION, Clarence N., Corp.
MARSA, Samuel J., Pvt.
MARTYS, Alexander R., PFC
MATTHEWS, Arthur E., Jr., FldCk
MATUSZAK, Joseph J., Jr., Pvt.
MEHOK, Gase J., Sgt.
MIDTHUN, Gustave E., Corp.
MILLER, Charles W., PFC
MISH, Walter E., Corp.
MULLIN, Harry, PFC
MURPHY, Ralph E., Pvt.
MURPHY, Richard H., 1st Sgt.
MURTAUGH, Thomas J., PFC
NUNEMAKER, Rae K., Sgt.
O'HAYER, Walter L., PFC
OKSENDAL, Alfred Roland, Sgt.
OYLER, Harold R., Jr., PFC
PATOCK, Norbert J., Pvt.
PATTEN, Charles A., PFC
PAVLINEC, Robert B., Sgt.
PENROD, Floyd J., Pvt.
PIPPIN, Walter J., Corp.
POMARO, Joseph D., PFC
PRUSKI, Dennis W., Corp.
PUTNAM, Robert J., PFC
RADZIK, Frank W., Corp.
RAKITAK, Peter P., Sgt.
REHG, Eugene W., PFC
RIDENOUR, Kenneth W., PFC
RITZENTHALER, James P., Pvt.
ROEPKE, William G., Sgt.
ROGERS, James L., PFC
ROGERS, Paul Wilton, PFC
ROLLA, Edward M., PFC
ROSS, Lynn W., PFC
ROMZUS, Chester V., Pvt.
SAJAT, Frank R., PFC
SAVAGE, William W., Pvt.
SCHAUS, Robert H., Corp.
SHROBA, Robert W., PFC
SCHROEDER, Alfred C., PFC
SCHROEDER, Frederick G., Corp.
SESTITO, Joseph R., Pvt.
SHULTZ, Leroy L., Corp.
SIDERS, Kenneth M., PFC
SIEGER, Robert E., PFC
SILVER, John H., Corp.
SISORSKI, Edwin E., TSgt.
SCHLOTTMAN, Collier J., Corp.
SKULTETTY, Joseph L., Corp.
SNUFFIN, Marion F., PFC
SOSNOWSKI, Walter S., PFC
SPEICH, Elmer R., PFC
SPILLNER, Justus C., Sr., Pvt.
STEBBINS, Harry A., PFC
STEPHENSON, Joseph C., Sgt.
STEWART, Tracy, PFC
STOTZ, James A., PFC
TANKERSLEY, Oral L., Pvt.
TERRY, Henry L., Corp.
TETRAULT, John D., PFC
THOMPSON, Minor W., PFC
TOLLEFSEN, Harold B., PFC
TURNER, John M., Jr., Corp.
ULRICH, Herbert W., Pvt.
UROUHART, Gordon J., PFC
VOLTMER, Elmer Fred, Sgt.
VOLZ, Charles Jr., Sgt.
WASLEY, Richard, 2nd Lt.
WATERS, Max A., Sgt.
WEAR, Edward S., Corp.
WEITEN, Emil J., Sgt.
WEMKEN, Alvin P., PFC
WIEDENBECK, Harry J., Jr., PFC
WITT, Ralph G., Pvt.
WOLFSON, Leonard C., Pvt.

INDIANA

ALWARD, Kenneth E., Pvt.
ALWINE, Howard J., Corp.
ARDEEL, George J., Pvt.
ATKINSON, Beryl, Pvt.

BISHOP, Ernest W., PFC
BLOUNT, Lowell W., Pvt.
BRASHEAR, Edward L., PFC
BROWN, William E., Pvt.
CAMPBELL, Ernest E., Pvt.
CHRISTENA, Robert S., P
CLINE, William E., Pvt.
COLE, Leslie R., PFC
COMSTOCK, James A., Plt.
CONNER, Robert D., Pvt.
DARNELL, James M., Pvt.
DEVOLDER, Julius C., Pvt.
DUFFITT, Charles A., Jr., Corp.
FARMING, James E., PFC
FITCH, Tinsley J., Gysgt.
GRAHAM, George E., PFC
GROSS, Malcolm, PFC
HARRIS, Thomas M., Corp.
HENNEKE, Charles J., Sgt.
HIMELICK, Paul B., Pvt.
HUMBLE, Robert C., Sgt.
HUNKLER, Fred J., 2nd Lt.
KAIL, William E., PFC
KETTER, Jack A., PFC
KIDWELL, James H., PFC
KINTZLE, Arthur R., Jr., PFC
LANDIS, Robert E., PFC
LINGLE, Roberts E., Pvt.
LONG, John K., Jr., Corp.
MADEN, Thomas R., PFC
MANSARD, Ernest Jr., Corp.
MARLOW, Wayne Sheldon, Corp.
METZGER, Joseph F., Jr., PFC
MILLER, Gilbert L., PFC
MILLER, Samuel T., Pvt.
MOSES, Henry H., Pvt.
MURRAY, Michael F., Jr., Plt.
NICOLOFF, William, Pvt.
NIEBDAISKI, Leonard M., PFC
NICKWICK, Irvin Frank, PFC
O'BRIEN, George T., PFC
PELSON, Francis E., Corp.
PLUM, Bernard E., PFC
POWERS, James B., PFC
PROSCH, Louis G., Jr., PFC
REED, Raymond E., Pvt.
RICE, Kenneth L., PFC
RILEY, Lloyd Edward, Corp.
ROBLING, James E., Corp.
SALTER, Jack M., SSGT
SCHULZ, Raymond C., Pvt.
SCHNITTKER, Frederick, Corp.
SHELLABARGER, Duane L., PFC
SLATER, Paul M., PFC
STUPER, Mike, PFC
STUTE, Harvey V., Pvt.
THOMAS, Sammie E., PFC
TRACY, Edward G., Pvt.
VAUGHN, Paul L., Pvt.
WHITED, James E., Pvt.
YEISER, George D., PFC

IOWA

BEEDE, Owen R., 2nd Lt.
BRYSON, Robert D., Pvt.
COYNE, John J., Corp.
DEPUTY, Charles D., PFC
DOOLITTLE, Arthur R., Pvt.
FEDDERSEN, Ross L., Pvt.
FELTON, Norman R., PFC
GERLACH, Wilfred J., MTSGT.
HUTCHCROFT, Lester E., 2nd Lt.
JACOBSEN, Donald A., Pvt.
LOCKERY, Orville G., PFC
LONGMEYER, Frank H., Jr., PFC
MC CRACKEN, James N., Corp.
MCDONALD, Ben S., PFC
MADSON, Duane H., Corp.
MONTGOMERY, Robert J., Pvt.
NELSON, Boyd B., PFC
OLSON, Wallace B., Pvt.
PARKER, Paul E., Pvt.
PERZELL, Joseph, Corp.
PESHKIN, Alvin L., PFC
PINEGAR, Edward H., PFC
PRATHER, Donald E., Pvt.
PULKRABEK, David K., Pvt.
RENZO, Tony F., Corp.
RENZOS, Ellsworth O., PFC
RIELLY, Robert W., PFC
SCHUELEZKY, Robert E., 2nd Lt.
SEEGERS, Vernon R., PFC
SHAFER, Harold L., Pvt.
SLAYMAKER, Harry H., Jr., Pvt.
THORNTON, Lawrence E., Pvt.
TWITO, Ronald T., 2nd Lt.
VAN BEEST, William H., 1st Lt.
WALKER, Oliver P., PFC
WIDDEN, Leroy, Sgt.
WIESE, Louis A., Pvt.
WINTER, Meredith D., PFC
WOLD, Leslie W., Pvt.
WOODS, Duane L., Pvt.

KANSAS

ABBOTT, Robert A., PFC
ADAMS, Charles Glen, PFC
BARBER, Denzil O., Corp.
BARNGROVER, James B., Corp.
BORN, Peter A., Pvt.
BOYDSTON, Russell V., PFC
COLE, Victor L., Corp.
CROSS, Bernard C., Pvt.
DALE, Johnny A., Pvt.
DANFORD, Cleo S., Jr., Corp.
DAUGHERTY, Ray N., PFC
GRABER, Peter G., PFC
GRAUERHOLZ, Merton D., 2nd Lt.
GRISWOLD, James A., PFC
HATHAWAY, Wayne C., Corp.
HUTCHIN, Isaac N., Plt.
JACOBS, Emmitt F., Corp.
JUMBECK, John F., Jr., Corp.
KESLER, Leland W., Jr., Corp.
LAMB, John D., Pvt.
LAWSON, Leroy, PFC
MCMILLAN, Arnel J., Corp.
PLATT, James E., Jr., PFC
SCHMIDT, Joseph F., PFC
TERRY, Vernon L., F., Pvt.
WALKER, Sim R., Gysgt.
WALLACE, Sam Jr., PFC
WARD, Dale F., Pvt.

KENTUCKY

BENGEY, Charles D., Corp.
BRYANT, Thomas C., Sgt.
CAMPBELL, James S., PFC
CASEY, Monroe, PFC
COLLINS, August, PFC
CONLEY, Wade M., Corp.
COUCH, Manuel, PFC

DENNEDY, Hugh J., PFC
DUVALL, Dolphus, PFC
EVANS, Robert L., Jr., Pvt.
FELDS, Charlie, PFC
FORD, Joseph A., PFC
FRAZIER, Hoyl W., Pvt.
GEISER, Walter F., Pvt.
GIFFORD, James W., Corp.
GUTHRIE, Ollie Jr., PFC
HURST, Ewell C., PFC
INGRAM, Joseph A., PFC
LIPSCOMB, Lyall, Corp.
LITTLEPAGE, Wilkey D., Pvt.
LOVIE, Thomas E., 1st Lt.
McCOUN, Glenn H., Pvt.
McNEES, Sidney C., PFC
MALLORY, Robert R., Corp.
MARTIN, Edward, Corp.
MASON, John C., PFC
MONTGOMERY, Claude E., PFC
MORGAN, Wallace E., Jr., Pvt.
MYERS, James, Pvt.
NILE, Leroy K., PFC
PURVIS, Raymond K., Pvt.
RAY, Elmer T., Corp.
SHEPHERD, Woodrow W., Sgt.
SOUTHWOOD, Ramon F., PFC
SPARKMAN, Marion Jr., Pvt.
SPARKS, Elton O., PFC
SPRINGER, Lewis D., PFC
STRONG, Carl M., Pvt.
WATSON, Rollo B., PFC
TOLLIVER, Garrett B., PFC
TURNER, Garner T., Corp.
WARD, Russell, Pvt.
WITT, John S., PFC

LOUISIANA

ARDOIN, Aristile Jr., Corp.
BONIN, Jerome F., PFC
BREWSTER, George B., Plt.
BRUNO, Benjamin Jr., PFC
CHACHERE, Frank U., Pvt.
CHAISSON, Roy P., Pvt.
EUBANKS, Joe E., Corp.
FABRE, Joseph Jr., Pvt.
LINDSLEY, Byron M., Pvt.
LOUVIERE, C. J., Jr., 2nd Lt.
LYND, Claud A., PFC
McGREGOR, Robert R., Pvt.
McMULLEN, Jack D., Corp.
MILLER, Paul W., PFC
MONTE, Ralph J., Pvt.
MORRIS, Eugene L., Corp.
NOLAND, Earl C., Corp.
PAIRQUE, Joseph M., PFC
PATTON, Oliver, PFC
PHILPOT, Haskell L., PFC
POLITO, Joseph, PFC
POURCIAU, Joseph S., Jr., PFC
RANDO, Salvador M., PFC
SCHMIDT, Robert V., PFC
THETFORD, Walter R., PFC
THORNHILL, James E., Jr., Corp.
VALENTI, Vincent Jr., PFC
WADDELL, Robert C., Sgt.
WALLACE, Robert C., PFC

MAINE

BARTASH, Albin P., Pvt.
BLANCHETTE, Joseph L. A., Corp.
BOURASSA, Samuel H., Pvt.
CARON, Joseph L. W., PFC
CLARK, Wentworth A., PFC
COGSWELL, Charles H., Pvt.
CONSTANTINE, Charles, Pvt.
CURRIER, Thomas J., Jr., PFC
CUSHMAN, Paul J., PFC
DAVIS, William V., Pvt.
DUBOIS, William J., Jr., Pvt.
FREEMAN, Ellsworth A., Pvt.
GAGNON, Amos, Sgt.
GEISHAUSER, Anthony J., Gysgt.
HENNESSEY, William M., PFC
KIDDER, Elden B., PFC
LABBE, Charles E., PFC
LOMBARD, Howard L., Jr., PFC
MCDONALD, John L., PFC
McNEAL, Donald B., Gysgt.
MARSHALL, Philip E., PFC
PORTADY, Laurence R., Corp.
PROULX, Eugene J., Plt.
SOUVE, Laurence L., Sgt.
STOODLEY, James A., Pvt.
STUBBS, Clayton R., Sgt.
TRAFTON, Lawrence L., 1st Lt.
WILKINSON, Robert E., PFC
WILLIAMS, Irving R., Corp.

MARYLAND

BACHMAN, Carl O., Capt.
BACHTEL, Bernard K., Pvt.
BEARDSLEY, Richard L., Pvt.
BURDETTE, Robert J., Corp.
CAPLES, Carroll L., PFC
CENCO, Rosario, Pvt.
COPELAND, Charles L., Pvt.
COTTER, Richard F., Corp.
DAMICO, Joseph A., Pvt.
FLETCHER, Marion F., Pvt.
GATES, Richard A., Pvt.
GODFREY, Roy N., Sgt.
HUBER, Paul O., Pvt.
JONES, Melbourne B., SSGT.
LANE, John M., PFC
LEWIS, Earl R., Pvt.
MACARTY, Edward T. Sr., PFC
MATTINGLY, Joseph A., PFC
MOODY, John T., Jr., PFC
NORMAN, Alexander J., Sr., Pvt.
NORWITZ, Nelson N., Pvt.
PAUL, William E., PFC
PEDDICORD, Edwin D., Corp.
PHILLIPS, John E., PFC
PORTER, John K., Pvt.
ROBERTSON, Samuel T., Jr., 1st Lt.
ROSIER, Curvin H., PFC
SCHLEUPNER, Henry F., Pvt.
SELL, Richard C., Sgt.
SULLIVAN, Joseph F., PFC
TAYLOR, Daniel, Pvt.
TODARO, John G., Pvt.
TRIMBLE, James, Pvt.
WALLACE, Harold A., PFC
WENCK, Paul, PFC
WHELOCK, Douglas F., PFC

MASSACHUSETTS

ABRAMS, Leon J., Corp.
ARSENALUT, Raymond A., Corp.
BEUTNER, John, PFC

BLACKBURN, Sion A., Sgt.
BOLDUC, Lionel V., Corp.
BREWER, Charles L., PFC
BUSBY, Donald R., Corp.
CAMP, James L., PFC
CHINIAN, Sarkis F., PFC
CLARK, Robert E., Pvt.
CLEMENTS, Ronald, PFC
COLLINS, Robert D., Pvt.
CONLON, Joseph F., Pvt.
CONTRADO, Joseph L., PFC
COONEY, Arthur A., Sgt.
CORSETTI, Angelo G., PFC
DAVIES, Ralph F., PFC
DAVIS, Wesley H., Jr., Pvt.
DUFF, John M., Jr., Pvt.
DUFFY, James P., Corp.
Dwyer, James D., Sgt.
ESPINOLA, Edward, Corp.
FLYNN, John J., PFC
GEBEAU, Marshall G., PFC
GENDRON, Albert A., Jr., PFC
GORDEN, James F., PFC
GOMES, Joseph B., Jr., Sgt.
GRAY, Harry E., Pvt.
GRAY, Kenneth R., Sgt.
GROCCIA, Louis J., PFC
GRUSHEY, George E., PFC
HAMILTON, Raymond R., Pvt.
HANSEN, Henry O., Sgt.
HUDSON, Burr E., Jr., Corp.
JULIAN, Joseph R., Plt.
KOSKI, John R., Jr., Pvt.
KYLE, Keith F. G., Jr., Corp.
LAMOTTE, Arthur D., PFC
LANE, James J., Corp.
LANGONE, Thomas H., Corp.
LAWRENCE, Gordon H., Corp.
LEVINE, Norman, PFC
McKAY, Robert J., PFC
MACALAY, Paul K., PFC
MacPHERSON, Albert, PFC
MAHAR, Kenneth R., PFC
MARCEAU, Albert J., PFC
MARKHAM, James P., PFC
MARTIN, Alfred H., Sgt.
MASTROPIERI, John V., PFC
MIERZWA, Bruno J., PFC
MILLER, Richard J., PFC
MITCHELL, George R., Corp.
MONTVILLE, Francis J., PFC
MOZUCK, Edward S., Corp.
MURPHY, Edward J., Pvt.
MURRAY, William S. H., Pvt.
O'BRIEN, Stewart H., Corp.
OJERHOLM, Eric W., Jr., PFC
PETERSON, F. W., Jr., Corp.
PIETRUSIEWICZ, Michael J., PFC
SAJ, Raymond W., PFC
SARGENT, Raymond E., Sgt.
SHAFFER, Robert W., PFC
SHORETTE, Harold J., PFC
SIDELINGER, Walter S., ACK
SILVA, Armand, PFC
SILVA, William A., ACK
STABLES, Edward F., Corp.
STOUT, Arthur L., 2nd Lt.
STOYLE, Carleton S., PFC
SULLIVAN, John D., Pvt.
SULLIVAN, Robert A., Pvt.
SWEET, John H., PFC
TEEL, Charles W., Jr., PFC
THAYER, David B., Capt.
TYRKAS, Emmanuel R., PFC
VIBERT, Douglas A., Jr., Plt.
WENDLE, Wendell L., PFC
VIOLA, Frank A., PFC
VOORHEES, Edwin H., Jr., PFC
WALSH, John, PFC
WALSH, William G., Gysgt.
WENTWORTH, Robert A., Gysgt.
WHIPPLE, Roger C., Pvt.

MICHIGAN

ASLIN, William T., PFC
BAILEY, James F., PFC
BAIRD, Alexander, PFC
BALL, Charles W., PFC
BARON, George, PFC
BARTOS, Joe R., PFC
BLACKWELL, Carlos W., PFC
BODROSKI, Zivo, PFC
BOND, Charles L., PFC
BOWER, Milner B., Pvt.
BRENNAN, John F., PFC
BROWN, Nathan W., PFC
BROWN, Richard C., PFC
BUTLER, Leo F., Pvt.
CARLICK, Stanley L., PFC
CARRIVEAU, Orville E., PFC
CARTER, Arthur W., Corp.
CLEARY, Joseph R., Corp.
COURSER, Gaylord R., Pvt.
CZERWINSKI, Julius J., PFC
DAVIS, Jack, Sgt.
DINE, Bernard J., Pvt.
DISENROTH, John H., Pvt.
DZENIS, Edward S., PFC
EZBICK, Anthony, PFC
FALZONE, Joseph, Pvt.
FROLICH, Wilfred K., PFC
GARDEL, John H., PFC
GINSBURG, Daniel, 2nd Lt.
GREANYA, John A., Pvt.
GREENE, James W., PFC
GUNN, Robert E., PFC
HACAMISTER, A. B., Corp.
HANCOCK, Charles A., PFC
HANES, George C., PFC
HARJU, Hubert E., PFC
HARPER, Marvin W., Jr., Pvt.
HARTWELL, Eugene G., Pvt.
HENGEL, Ralph J., Pvt.
HERMANSEN, Francis J., Corp.
HILL, Richard B., PFC
HINE, Frederick J., Pvt.
HIRT, Bill L., PFC
HOFFMAN, Jack, Pvt.
HOLLIS, Donald J., PFC
HOPPE, Carl P., PFC
JOHNSON, William F., PFC
JOSEFIAK, Walter, PFC
KLAUTKE, Frederick J., Pvt.
KLOUTH, Jerry F., Pvt.
KOSTEK, Joseph, Pvt.
LAKER, Mitchell C., Corp.
LENIK, Matthew F., PFC
LOSSIN, Arnold E., PFC
LYNCH, Maxwell L., Corp.
McALLISTER, James L., PFC
MAJESKE, Roland C., PFC
MARKEY, Patrick J., PFC

MILLER, Floyd Jr., Corp.
MILLS, Marsh E., Jr., PFC
MUELLER, Elmer L., Pvt.
NAVARRO, Sixto, PFC
NEVINS, Howard L., Pvt.
NOLAN, Amber G., SSGT
OAKES, Ralph D., Pvt.
OMNES, Lawrence E., PFC
PAPENHEIM, Henry D., PFC
PARKER, Paul J., Corp.
PIETROWSKI, William B., Corp.
POPPEN, Jack J., PFC
POWERS, William P., PFC
PRAK, Doctor, PFC
PRIESTER, Robert C., Pvt.
REID, Daniel M., Pvt.
RHEAD, Douglas E., Pvt.
RIFFLE, Roger A., Corp.
ROBBINS, Clayton, Corp.
ROGERS, Bert S., PFC
ROZEK, Leo J., PFC
RUGGIERELLO, John S., Corp.
SALOM, Delmar F., PFC
SALKOWSKI, Richard D., PFC
SCHLATTER, Augustine C., Corp.
SCHLATTER, Stanley E., 1st Lt.
SILVERWOOD, Asa J., PFC
SIMLER, Clement L., Pvt.
SKIKIEWICZ, Daniel P., PFC
SKOCZ, Robert E., Pvt.
SMITH, Leonard J., PFC
STANKE, Theodore E., Jr., PFC
STOLL, Edward F., Corp.
STURMACK, Donald K., Pvt.
SZCZEPANSKI, Stephen S., Gysgt.
SZOT, Walter, PFC
SZWABOWSKI, Joseph A., Jr., Corp.
TIMMONS, Paul L., PFC
TOPHAM, William H., PFC
TAPKES, Donald G., Pvt.
TREPPA, William G., PFC
TROMBLEY, Joseph D., Corp.
TUCKER, Edward J., PFC
TULLOS, Richard J., Corp.
VERTZ, William J., PFC
WALMSLEY, James A., Pvt.
WARDOWSKI, Leonard A., Pvt.
WILBOURN, Beauford, Pvt.
WILSON, Arthur L., PFC
WYBORN, Frank D., PFC
YOUNG, Sanford N., PFC

MINNESOTA

AHRENS, Daniel M., PFC
AMLOT, Lloyd J., PFC
AMUNDSON, Donald R., PFC
ANDERSON, Arvid E., PFC
BECKSTROM, Warren A., PFC
BERKEMEYER, Irving C., PFC
BUNDY, Raymond J., PFC
CADY, Wallace J., PFC
CALLAHAN, John B., PFC
CHEELEY, Robert D., Corp.
CONWAY, John M., Sgt.
DALDORF, Thomas E., PFC
DANIELSON, John W., Sgt.
DICKMAN, Manville A., PFC
DISCHINGER, Paul J., Pvt.
EAGLE, Wesley, Pvt.
EDGAR, Charles R., Corp.
FELTMANN, Raymond H., Pvt.
FOLSOM, John G., Corp.
GOLDBLATT, Daniel A., Pvt.
GRENNER, Robert E., Pvt.
HAGSTROM, James E., Corp.
HAWKINS, William B., 2nd Lt.
HOMINER, Louis B., Jr., PFC
HOMA, Michael, Pvt.
HORGAN, Gilman J., Jr., PFC
IVERSON, Byron A., PFC
IVERSON, Willard, Sgt.
JOHNSON, Robert W., 2nd Lt.
KRUEGER, Jule J., Corp.
KUMMER, Lloyd A., Pvt.
LABELLE, James D., PFC
McCHESNEY, Wayne R., Pvt.
McNULTY, William J., PFC
MATTIA, Miles R., Corp.
MILLER, Wendell F., PFC
OPHEIM, Robert E., Pvt.
ORLUSKE, Clarence M., Pvt.
OSTROM, Jack W., PFC
PLACZEK, Donald J., Pvt.
ROBERTS, John D., Sgt.
SEDELL, Nimrod W., 2nd Lt.
SHORTER, Harvey R., Sgt.
SEOV, Harold W., PFC
SLANGA, Stanley R., Corp.
SLEEPER, Leroy M., PFC
STAPLES, Lawrence D., Pvt.
STARR, Jack R., Sgt.
THOMPSON, Kenneth R., 2nd Lt.
TOUSLEY, Robert M., 2nd Lt.
WACZAK, Edward S., PFC
WITTMER, Donald P., Plt.

MISSISSIPPI

ALEXANDER, Toy, Corp.
ARMSTRONG, Thomas W., Sgt.
BATES, Francis M., Corp.
BOWERS, Robert E., PFC
CLARK, Earnest A., 2nd Lt.
COOK, John B., PFC
DOUGHERTY, Robert H., PFC
GOZA, Norman E., Plt.
HARRIS, James W., Pvt.
HAYMAN, Rue L., PFC
HENSARLING, Lemar F., Pvt.
HICKS, John A., Corp.
HINTON, Clinton F., PFC
HOWARD, Zack C., Pvt.
JOHNSON, Howell T., Plt.
LOCKLEY, Dan H., Sgt(Maj).
McMILLAN, James U., Corp.
MANN, James T., Corp.
MASSEY, Archie O., V. PFC
MATTHEWS, George R., PFC
MEDLIN, John C., PFC
MURPHREE, Jesse E., Sgt.
PARKER, James R., Pvt.
REED, Louis D., PFC
ROGERS, Robert H., Jr., Sgt.
SANFORD, Hilburn, PFC
SHIRLEY, Harold C., Plt(Maj).
SIDES, Perrilon E., Pvt.
SMITH, James O., Pvt.
SMITH, Lloyd B., Corp.
STUART, Charles W., PFC
SYKES, Clovis L., PFC
SYKES, James M., Corp.
TURFITT, Edward D., Pvt.
WELBORN, Hilbert, Pvt.

MISSOURI

BARTON, Ralph E., PFC
BEARD, Roy T., Sgt.
BENDER, Loren K., Pvt.
CAPSHAW, Donald M., PFC
CLARK, Robert J., Corp.
CLARKSON, John M., P
DAVIDSON, James O., P
DECKER, Wilfred N., P
DEGRAFFENREID, Ralp
DOOLEY, Oliver L., Jr., C
DRIVER, Adam W., PFC
DRUMMOND, James E., P
DUNCAN, William A., P
EKKHARDT, Alvin M., P
ESTHER, Leland L., PFC
FITT, Raymond L., Pvt.
GANNINGER, Edward Jr.
HANEPHIN, Simon W., P
HERICK, Rudolph G., Co
HERSCHBERGER, Steve, H
HOWENSTEIN, Vincent E.
JOHNS, Lowell J., PFC
KELLISON, Cecil E., Pvt.
KING, Joe A., Sgt.
KOHLER, Edwin W., Jr., PFS
KRACAW, Frederick C., P
KUEHNLEIN, Edward J., FSS
KUZINSKE, Edward L., PFC
LEHMAN, Terrill C., Pvt.
LEWIS, Carl C., Jr., Pvt.
LIMPET, Joseph L., Corp
MCDANIEL, William A., P
McKINNON, Irvin L., PFC
MAYBERRY, Alvin H., P
MERCHANT, Frank V., Sgt.
MORLEN, Calvin B., Sgt.
MURPHY, Dean G., 2nd Lt.
MURPHY, John A., PFC
NELSON, Joseph C., PFC
NICHOLAS, Kenneth A., PFC
OSIA, James R., Pvt.
PARISI, Joseph F., Jr., Corp.
PAULSON, James A., PFC
PHILLIPS, George, Pvt.
PINKEPANK, Raymond L., P
PRATHER, Allen W., Pvt.
PRISSLER, Robert J., Corp.
PURVIANCE, Haydn L., PFC
REBEL, George M., Sgt.
ROACH, Maurice T., PFC
ROSELER, Arthur T., PFC
ROWANE, John P., Corp.
RUESING, Joseph Jr., Corp.
SARTORI, Theodore J., PFC
SCHROER, Francis L., PFC
SEDERWAT, Charles R., PFC
SIMS, J. Q., Pvt.
SLAWSON, John A., PFC
SPARKS, Willard G., PFC
SMITH, Eugene W., Sgt.
SOBBA, Clarence F., Corp.
SWEARENGIN, Justin F., Corp.
WALTON, William S., PFC
WEST, Leon E., PFC
WILSON, Arthur L., PFC
WOODS, William W., Sgt.

MONTANA

BEAVER, Mason P., PFC
BROCKEL, Henry, Sgt.
CLANCY, Ivan V., Sgt.
EGHOLM, Donald H., PFC
EMILY, Gilbert H., PFC
HERCHOWSKI, Daniel J., Pvt.
HUDELSO, Milton L., Pvt.
NOBLE, Raymond E., PFC
RUHL, Donald J., PFC
SCHULTZ, Richard S., PFC
SCHULTZ, Kenneth W., Pvt.
WATERS, Vernon J. H., Corp.
WELCH, Raymond C., PFC
WITHERUP, Harley J., PFC

NEBRASKA

ADAMS, Donald E., PFC
BUCKINGHAM, Paul L., Pvt.
BROWN, Marion E., Jr., PFC
CLARY, James D., PFC
CORRIGAN, Francis P., Corp.
DOEDEN, Richard J., Pvt.
DOWD, Francis M., Corp.
FENTON, William J., Jr., PFC
FISHER, Glen A., Pvt.
FISHER, Lewis J., Sr., Pvt.
GIESLER, Richard J., Pvt.
HENRY, James W., Sgt.
HORTON, Richard W., Corp.
JONES, John C., Pvt.
KRENZER, Leonard, 2nd Lt.
MENTZER, Robert T., Corp.
MILLER, Lowell G., PFC
MILLER, Robert W., Pvt.
MORRIS, Harley A., Sgt.
MUELLER, Donald E., 2nd Lt.
SORAHAN, Samuel J., Pvt.
SORENSEN, Conrad G., PFC
SOWERS, Charlie C., Pvt.
SWINNEY, Warren S., Corp.
TAUTE, Andy E., PFC
WATMORE, Gene W., Pvt.
WELCHERT, Linus J., PFC

NEVADA

DONALDSON, James T., Corp.
GANDOLFO, Frank, PFC
McCLURE, Charles W., PFC
McCOMBS, James T., Corp.
SCHMIDT, Albert O., TSgt.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CHASE, Joseph P., Jr., PFC
DELISLE, Roger J., Sgt.
COBB, Theodore, Pvt.
HAYDEN, Willard H., Pvt.
LAFRENIERE, Raymond S., PFC
HORNOR, John W., 1st Sgt.
McCOSH, Bertran L., PFC
MAGOON, Calvin G., PFC
MERRILL, Hubert E., PFC
PIKIELNEZ, John, Sgt.
ROBERTS, Richard L., Sgt.
ROULX, Leo J., PFC
VANZILE, Edward B., Jr., PFC

NEW JERSEY

ABBOTT, Arthur T., Jr., PFC
ALESSANDRINI, Armond C.
BARREWCINZ, PFC

TIES (cont.)

Adwin L., Pvt.
Francis J., PFC
Gerald, PFC
George, Corp.
N. Edward, PFC
enley J., PFC
Andrew H., PFC
CO, J. Jr., 1st Lt.
INBERGER, W. E., PFC
Howard J., PFC
E. Howard J., Corp.
N. Richard J., PFC
Charles R., PFC
William C., Corp.
NO, Michael S., PFC
ORIO, S. F., Pvt.
ohn E., Corp.
Harvey A., Pvt.
Lewis I., PFC
CK, Edward T., PFC
William L., Sgt.
H. Bernard H., PFC
Paul, Sgt.
RG, Solomon A., Corp.
IN, Martin, Pvt.
ury T., PFC
Everett B., PFC
yrua T. Jr., 2nd Lt.
Kenneth F., Pvt.
Franklin V., PFC
IAK, William, PFC
AN, Howard B., Sgt.
VIN, William T., PFC
ES, William J., Corp.
MARCIK, Andrew W. R., GySgt.
ANE, Charles P., Pvt.
LEN, Walter R., Corp.
CHICK, Edward J., Corp.
MURNO, Carmen J., Corp.
WICK, Martin, Corp.
Albert R., Corp.
REEVEY, James E., Sgt.
NING, William A. Jr., PFC
RICK, Robert J., PFC
VANERTON, Francis R., Corp.
OLETTI, Patsy J., PFC
NNOR, James J., PFC
RUCCO, Amelio L., 2nd Lt.
CYK, Waldemar F., PFC
OVOST, Louis A., PFC
PEK, Edmund, PFC
TCHFORD, Thomas J., PFC
LLERI, John F., PFC
OSS, Charles M., Pvt.
AMLER, John F., PFC
ALADIN, Clifford A., PFC
APO, Dominick, PFC
APRONA, Joseph, Corp.
ARDONE, Dominick D., PFC
FALLS, Clifford E., 2nd Lt.
RICCHIO, Frank R., Pvt.
nSETERS, Neal, Pvt.
VARENCZAK, Louis F., PFC
WELCH, Frank J., Jr., PFC
WEST, Harold, Pvt.
WHITCOMB, Claude B. Jr., Corp.
WHITNEY, A. D. III, PFC

NEW MEXICO

EAKENS, William A., Corp.
GARCIA, Joe F., Pvt.
GONZALES, Alexander G., PISgt.
HARDCASTLE, Willis L., Sgt.
ILL, Clyde H., 1st Lt.
NG, Elwood, PFC
PEZ, Louis J., Corp.
LILICH, Stephen, Corp.
MIRABAL, Jose R., Pvt.
MORGAN, Sam, PFC
RODRIGUEZ, Samuel C., Pvt.
SERNA, Manuel, PFC
SHERMAN, Lawrence R., Pvt.
WHTAKER, Walter Ray, Pvt.

NEW YORK

ABEL, Jacob W., PFC
ACKERT, Grant W., PFC
ALDRICH, Donald W., Pvt.
BAHRING, Raymond W., Corp.
BAKER, John C., 2nd Lt.
BARBOSA, Emil, PFC
BARLOW, George L., Sgt.
BETT, Edward L., Pvt.
BIGGIE, Richard A., PFC
BIGGS, Robert K., Pvt.
BINGHAM, Francis A., Pvt.
BLANCH, Mack J., Corp.
BROWN, Howard L., Corp.
BROWN, Merwin W., Corp.
BUTSKI, Stephen, Pvt.
CAMPBELL, Gordon P., Pvt.
CAMPBELL, John W., PFC
CAPO, Joseph F., Pvt.
CARO, John, Pvt.
CASEY, John A., Corp.
CASKO, Charles E., Pvt.
CEDERBORG, James W., Pvt.
CHITKA, Michael, Corp.
CLARK, Richard J., PFC
COLE, George J., Pvt.
COLLINS, William, Pvt.
COLOMBO, Eugene J., Corp.
CORRELL, Howard D., PFC
COSENZA, Frank A., Pvt.
COHEN, George, Sgt.
CUNNINGHAM, A. W., Corp.
CUNNINGHAM, Vincent E., Corp.
DePAOLA, Nicholas J., Corp.
DePRIMO, Louis A., PFC
DeSPIRITO, William M., Ack
DICKINSON, Clifford J., PFC
DIGIACOMO, Richard C., Corp.
DOLCE, Frank B., Pvt.
DORSCHUCK, William R., PFC
DUGAN, James J., Jr., PFC
EANNACONE, Nazareth J., Corp.
ECKER, Kenneth C., PFC
EHRLER, Walter F., Jr., Pvt.
EKEROOTH, Warren H., Pvt.
ESPOSITO, Lebone, Corp.
FARNEY, Galvin C., PFC
FERDICO, Frank B., Pvt.
FLOYSTAD, Alvin, PFC
FLYNN, Robert, Sgt.
FLYNN, William J., PFC
FRANKS, Frederick H., Sgt.
FURDYNA, Michael A., PFC

GEHRSTITZ, Howard M., PFC
GENOVESI, F. A. Jr., PFC
GERALD, Mary, Corp.
GIAQUINTO, John E., Pvt.
GLOWACKI, Peter, Corp.
GRAF, John R., Jr., PFC
GREEN, Ralph Delia, Corp.
GREENE, Harold O., Corp.
GREENE, Robert E., Pvt.
GULINO, Jack R., Pvt.
HANAVAN, John J., Corp.
HAYDUKE, August H., Corp.
HEPPERLE, Robert A., Pvt.
HODES, Robert F., Corp.
HOFFMAN, Milton, Corp.
HOLLENBECK, James M., PFC
JONES, Richard N., PFC
KELLET, John P., Corp.
KELLY, Thomas J., PFC
KENNEDY, Edward F. Jr., PFC
KIRK, Robert J., Pvt.
KNAPP, William C., PFC
KOREMAN, Arthur S., PFC
KOTYRA, Joseph, Corp.
KRATCHMAN, William R., Corp.
KRZY, Joseph A., Ack
KUEHNEL, Herbert R., Pvt.
LAINE, Ralph E., Pvt.
LARKIN, James L., Sgt.
LEAK, Arthur T., Corp.
LENSKI, Stanislaus W., PFC
LENDE, Frank H. Jr., PFC
LEVASSEUR, Albert E., Pvt.
LOCKSTANOFF, David, Pvt.
LOEW, Philip, PFC
LOPEZ, Charles J., PFC
LYNCH, Michael J., Corp.
McCARTHY, Robert J., Sgt.
McCRUDDEN, Francis K., 2nd Lt.
McDERMOTT, William J., PFC
McGAUGHEY, Albert J., Pvt.
McGLADE, Donald P., PFC
McGUIRE, Francis A., PFC
McHUGH, Russell R., PFC
McNAMARA, Howard F., Sgt.
McNAMARA, James F., Corp.
McNAMEE, Patrick J., Pvt.
McTAGGART, Hugh T., PFC
MAGNER, Martin J., PFC
MAHONEY, William J., PFC
MAMMOSE, Lawrence W., PFC
MANCUSO, Lawrence J., FldCk
MANKOWSKI, Eugene J., PFC
MARINO, Henry J., Corp.
MARTIN, David W., 1st Lt.
MARTINEK, Stanley E., PFC
MARTINEZ, Ralph Jr., Pvt.
MASKER, Richard E., PFC
MASTROIANNI, Louis E., PFC
MEDINA, Louis, PFC
MERRALL, Edward C., PFC
MESHEFSKY, John J., Pvt.
MIDDLEDITCH, John W., PFC
MIKOLAJCZYK, Steve P., PFC
MILIN, Joseph F., Pvt.
MILLER, John J., Corp.
MINOIA, William J., Pvt.
MISIASZEK, Stephen A., Corp.
MOSCOVITZ, Seymour, Corp.
MOSHIER, Robert Jr., PFC
MOUSSO, Douglas J., PFC
MROWINSKI, Richard J., PFC
MURAWSKI, Henry J., PFC
MURPHY, John I., PFC
MURRAY, James J., Pvt.
NECZA, John, PISgt.
NEVILLE, Gerald R., PFC
NEVINS, John R., Pvt.
NICOMETTE, Jules E., Pvt.
NILSEN, Owen D., Corp.
NORTH, William B., PFC
NUGENT, Edward J., PFC
OHLERT, John T., Corp.
O'KEEFE, Michael E., Corp.
ORSINO, James J., PFC
PENDZICH, Frank J., Sgt.
PILECKAS, Allen, Corp.
PINEMAN, Robert W., Corp.
PLOTNICK, Eli, Corp.
POSPISIL, Frank, Corp.
PRESLAK, John, Pvt.
PYLE, Donald G., Sgt.
QUACKENBUSH, William E., PFC
QUINN, John J., Corp.
RADVANYI, Ernest F., PFC
RAINES, Guy M. Jr., 2nd Lt.
RAZZA, Frank F., Pvt.
REED, William J., Sgt.
REITER, Edward J., Pvt.
REYNOLDS, Clayton J., PFC
REYNOLDS, Everett J., Sr., PFC
RODRIGUEZ, Arthur J., PFC
ROSENTHAL, Kenneth C., PFC
ROTH, Carl P., Pvt.
RUDY, Michael, Sgt.
ST. PIERRE, Robert J., Pvt.
SALGO, Oscar, Capt.
SANPIETRO, Patrick, PFC
SAYLES, George, AC1 F., Pvt.
SCANNELL, Harold W., Corp.
SCARAMELLINO, Anthony J., Pvt.
SCHOEN, Richard F., Pvt.
SCHRINER, Clarence B., PFC
SCORSON, Peter R., Corp.
SEILS, Milton A., PFC
SELF, Lewis F., PFC
SHEA, Timothy J., PFC
SHERIDAN, William C., Pvt.
SHIELDS, Thomas E., PFC
SHIESLEY, Robert Clare, Pvt.
SILVESTRI, Joseph F., Pvt.
SKELLEN, Ernest B., Jr., Pvt.
SLEZAK, Raymond T., Corp.
SLOAN, Wesley C., PFC
SLOVINSKY, Walter, Sgt.
SMITH, Howard G., Pvt.
SMITH, Walter F., PFC
SNIDER, Frank C., PFC
SORCINELLI, Aldo L., Pvt.
SPAS, Fedor, Pvt.
SPONABLE, Frederick W. Jr., PFC
STEIMER, Oscar F., PFC
STOWELL, Bruce K., Pvt.
SUEIRO, Jose G., Corp.
TAORMINA, Dominick N., PFC
TERREAU, Edward M., Pvt.
TEW, Gerard J., Corp.
TIEDE, Gerald L., PFC
TROMBLEY, Leonard, Corp.
TRUDNOWSKI, Benjamin P., Pvt.
UEBERALL, Harold J., Sgt.
VECEIRA, Stephen, PFC
VICTORY, Charles J., Ack

WAFFNER, Fred L., Pvt.
WALSH, Stanley A. Jr., PFC
WALSH, William W., PFC
WALZER, Irwin L., PFC
WARNER, Robert H., Corp.
WEBSTER, Roger D., Pvt.
WHITE, Edward I. Jr., Corp.
WIDEL, Edward A., Corp.
WISER, Millard H., PFC
WOODWARD, Keith A., Corp.
WOZINSKI, Henry E., Pvt.
YUDIN, Paul F., Sgt.
YULIANO, Thomas P., PFC
YUREK, Chester, PFC
ZURBRICK, Richard G., Pvt.

NORTH CAROLINA

BENNETT, Charles E., Sgt.
BRIGGS, George D., Pvt.
BRIGMAN, Genoa A., Pvt.
CALLOWAY, Bruce J., PFC
CHECK, Robert V., Jr., PFC
CUNYARD, Jewel J., PFC
DULA, William J., Pvt.
EDWARDS, James H., TSgt.
ELIUM, John H., Pvt.
FAIRCLOTH, Marvin L., Pvt.
FRAZIER, Paul J., Corp.
FREEMAN, James W., Corp.
GERINGER, Robert V., PFC
GRANTHAM, Jasper M. Jr., PFC
GREENE, Alonzo C., Pvt.
HAMMETT, Benjamin L., PFC
HANCOCK, Thomas R. Jr., PFC
HAWKINS, Joseph C., Corp.
HENLEY, Benjamin O., Sgt.
HERRING, Tolar W., PFC
HILL, Joseph W., Corp.
HOWARD, James S., Sgt.
HYATT, Rowland, Pvt.
JONES, Melbourne B., SSgt.
KNOTT, Eugene W., 2nd Lt.
LEE, Luther B., PFC
LEWTER, William E., PFC
McCLARY, William R., Corp.
McDANIEL, Theo F., PFC
McLEAN, Carl R., Pvt.
McNEILL, George L. Jr., Corp.
MAYER, Irvin B., Corp.
MELKONIAN, Frank, PISgt.
MOORE, Doane R., Sgt.
PARKER, Charlie T., PFC
PARRISH, Dixon M., PFC
PATE, Stephen W., PFC
PEARSON, Alvin W., PFC
RHODES, Nelson J., Pvt.
RHYNE, Jake W. Jr., PFC
RILEY, Elbert B., Pvt.
ROBINSON, Tommie C., PFC
ROUSE, John T., PFC
SCHWARTZ, Carl J., Pvt.
SMITH, Ted H., Ack
SMOAK, Albert E., PFC
STAHLER, Harold G., Corp.
STUTTS, Madison W., Corp.
TAYLOR, Benjamin F., PFC
TAYLOR, Robert E., PFC
THOMAS, Bennie J., PFC
THOMPSON, John C. Jr., Sgt.
WATSON, Gordon G., Pvt.
WHITE, Wallace H., Sgt.
WILLARD, Walter L., PFC
YORK, John E., Pvt.

NORTH DAKOTA

CHRISTENSEN, Carroll G., PFC
DEFORGES, Louis J., Jr., PFC
DUNPHY, Richard S., Sgt.
MEYERS, Harry A., Pvt.
MORGAN, Paul D., Sgt.
NELSON, Quintus B., Major
RUNESTAD, Henry, PFC
SMITH, Wallace R., Corp.
TATAREK, James J., Pvt.

OHIO

ACKERMAN, John E., PFC
ADAMSKI, Norbert J., Corp.
ALLEN, Darrel W., SSgt.
AMBRO, Andrew Richard, Sgt.
ARCURI, Gaitano R., PFC
BANDSUH, Edward R., PFC
BARKER, Robert P., Corp.
BARRETT, Charlie Jr., Pvt.
BARTKIEWICZ, Stanley F., Sgt.
BASTA, Matthew T., PFC
BEADNELL, Thomas G., PFC
BENNETT, Joseph E., PFC
BIGLER, Lawrence P., PFC
BOGARD, John D., PFC
BRADT, John H., Pvt.
BRENGARTNER, Donald J., Pvt.
BRESKO, Thomas M., PFC
BRYAN, William B., Pvt.
BRYANT, Abner O., PFC
BUSH, Raymond R., Pvt.
BUTLER, Clell, PFC
CARSON, John Edgar, Pvt.
CENTORBI, Angelo J., Pvt.
CHAMBERS, Earl T., Pvt.
CLOUD, Charles R., PFC
COFFEY, Cornelius W., PISgt.
COOK, Carl R., Pvt.
CROSBY, Michael J., PFC
CRITES, Robert B., Pvt.
DALE, Ralph V., Pvt.
DEBORD, Karl E., Sgt.
DIONNE, Maurice F., PFC
DIPMAN, Orland A., Pvt.
DONALD, Galen S., PFC
DURBIN, Richard R., PFC
DYCE, Lubert Jr., Pvt.
ERHART, Kenneth N., Pvt.
ERLER, William C. Jr., PFC
ESENWINE, Arthur P., Sgt.
EVANS, Jack D., PFC
FERGUSON, John W., Pvt.
FISHER, Byron E., 1st Lt.
FLOOD, James B. Sr., PFC
FOSTER, John E., PFC
FRANCIS, Daniel P., PFC
GARLOCK, Paul R., PFC
GATTON, James W., PFC
GERSON, Norman G., PFC
GLACKIN, Kenneth E., Corp.
GOLDSCHMIDT, Wilbur L., Sgt.
GRABER, Frank P., PFC
GRAETER, Herman R., Pvt.
GRAF, William F., Sgt.
GRIMM, George E., Corp.
HAYOWY, Harold, Corp.
HARTMAN, Jacob P., Pvt.
HAUCK, Charles H., Pvt.
HENDRICKS, Donald E., 1st Lt.
HOLLON, Nathan B., Corp.
HOPPER, Roy L., Corp.
HOSKINS, Virgil, Pvt.
HUBER, George W., Sgt.
HUMERICKHOUSE, Max, Pvt.
HUNKLER, Paul, Pvt.
ISON, Claude, Pvt.
JANASHAK, Edward, PFC
JEKUTIS, Peter P., Sgt.
JODRY, Garnet E., Pvt.
KAERCHER, Edward A., PFC
KAHLE, Richard E., Pvt.
KARR, George J., Corp.
KEEMER, Amos L., Ack
KINCAID, Donald, Corp.
KINNAIRD, Milburn R., Corp.
KLABAK, Edward, PFC
KLOFFENSTINE, Roy F., Capt.
KRONE, Edward J., Jr., PFC
LAMAR, William T., Pvt.
LAWRENCE, Harold C., PFC
LEVET, Charles F., Corp.
LIMING, Robert D., PFC
LINDSEY, Jean M., 2nd Lt.
LOGAN, Owen K., PFC
LOUTZENHISER, W. P., Corp.
LOWE, George H. Jr., Corp.
LOWREY, John C., PFC
LUCK, David H. C., Pvt.
LUSE, John R., Pvt.
McCORMACK, William A., Pvt.
McCUSKEY, Robert M., PFC
McKAY, James W., PFC
McMANUS, Charles R., Corp.
MALARKEY, James E., PFC
MALEK, Lloyd, PFC
MAMBOURG, Raymond H., SSgt.
MARINI, Salvatore, Corp.
MARTIN, Harry L., 1st Lt.
MAYES, Charles Jr., Pvt.
MEYER, Charles E., Pvt.
MOORE, John W., PFC
MORGAN, Robert E., Pvt.
MYERS, Jay A., Pvt.
NEFF, Elmer A., Sgt.
OWENS, Paul J., PFC
PALMER, Jack N., Pvt.
PALMER, Roland E., PFC
PASELEY, Raymond E., PFC
PAULLINS, William R., PFC
POHLMAN, James C., PFC
PRATT, Howard R., PFC
RARDIN, Glen P., Corp.
RASHID, Edward R., Corp.
RIESE, Francis A., PFC
RILEY, Forrest W., PFC
RYDGIG, Donald L., PFC
SAKALY, Emerick S., Pvt.
SANTILLO, Dominic, PISgt.
SCHULTZ, Andrew F., Pvt.
SCHUMACHER, Ambrose L., Pvt.
SHAFFER, Jack W., PFC
SHEDD, Albert H., PFC
SHELT, Larry G., PFC
SHORT, Wilbur W., PFC
SLACK, James H. Jr., Corp.
SMALLEY, Carvil H., Sgt.
SMITH, Derrall R., PFC
SMITH, Leroy L., PFC
SOBIERAJSKI, Leonard, Corp.
SPRING, Richard L., PFC
SPRING, Frederick M., PFC
STANSBERY, Paul H., Corp.
STERNER, John J., PFC
STOCKSTILL, L. L. Jr., Corp.
SWAUGER, William M., PFC
SWENTON, Stanley A., PFC
SZATMARY, George, PFC
TALLARICO, Salvatore J., PFC
TAYLOR, Arthur W., Pvt.
TERRY, Morris L., PISgt.
THOMAS, Ralph S., PFC
TOBIN, William F., Pvt.
THROCKMORTON, W. A., Corp.
TOCK, Frank H., Corp.
VAN DUZER, Charles V. Jr., PFC
VLAD, Raymond, Pvt.
VOSEN, Jacob W., Corp.
WAKEFIELD, Vernon F., PFC
WARD, Charles L., PFC
WILLIAMS, Nelson D., Corp.
WILLIAMS, Robert S., Pvt.
WILLIS, Elijah B., PFC
WODARSKI, Daniel A., PFC
WOERTH, George L., PFC
WRIGHT, Charles E., Corp.

OKLAHOMA

AUSTELLE, Max E., Sgt.
BOYLES, L. J., PFC
DAVIDSON, Donald D., Pvt.
DERRING, Joyce R., Sgt.
ROSS, Alexander B., Jr., Pvt.
ERICKSON, Dewey A., 1st Lt.
FUZZELL, Claude Walter, Pvt.
GRIFFITH, Earl W., Sgt.
HOGE, Marlin S. Jr., Corp.
IDLEMAN, Woodrow W., PFC
KELMME, Howard, PFC
KITCHENS, Jesse P. Jr., 1st Lt.
LEITNER, George W., Pvt.
LINCEUM, M. T. Jr., Corp.
LINVILLE, Henry D., Sgt.
McCREARY, Kenneth G., 2nd Lt.
MYERS, James C. L., Pvt.
NELSON, Robert L., PFC
OWEN, Paul C., PFC
POTTER, Charles L., Pvt.
POWELL, James H., Pvt.
REEDER, Alvin, Pvt.
SELBY, Darrel L., PFC
SELF, Rufus L., Pvt.
SITTON, James M., PFC
THOMPSON, Thomas W., PFC
TRURAN, Fritz G., Sgt.
WALKER, Samuel C., PFC
WARD, Donald F., Corp.
WARFIELD, Perry E., Pvt.
WHITELEY, Fred, PFC
WILLIAMS, Dewey E., PFC
WILLIAMS, Robert C., Corp.
YARBROUGH, Otis, Pvt.

OREGON

ALVEY, Norman E., Pvt.
BRANDON, Howard S. Jr., PFC
BUSH, E. E., PFC

DOUGHERD, John J., Pvt.
EDWARDS, Clyde O., PFC
FRANKOVICH, Joseph F., Corp.
GATES, Keith L., PFC
HOOVER, LeRoy J., Pvt.
HOSSNER, Ronald W., Pvt.
HOWARD, Floyd W. Jr., PFC
JAMESON, Chester T., PFC
LOGAN, Leonard C., PFC
MORFITT, Calvin C., Pvt.
NATENBERG, Robert A., Corp.
RHODES, Milton M., PFC
RICKY, Keith S., Pvt.
SCHMALTZ, Herbert J., Sgt.
SMITH, William E., PFC
THOMPSON, David J., 1st Lt.
WANN, Daniel M., Sgt.

PENNSYLVANIA

ADVENT, Stephen E., Corp.
ARNOLD, Andrew W., PFC
BACHIAK, Aurel A., 1st Lt.
BADON, Walter, Corp.
BAGINSKI, Edward S., Pvt.
BARON, George, PFC
BENJOIS, John S., Pvt.
BENGEL, Joseph R., Corp.
BENTZ, Morton J., PFC
BERDINE, Hiram L., Pvt.
BERNARD, Harry R., Pvt.
BIGLER, Merlin E., PFC
BIRTCIL, Mervin P., Corp.
BLAESS, Russell, Corp.
BLYE, Eugene T., Corp.
BROWN, Louis E., PFC
BULEZZA, William, Pvt.
BURKHART, John K. Jr., PFC
BURNS, Harold W., Sgt.
CAROTHERS, George E., Pvt.
CARPENTER, Ofel, PISgt.
CERESKO, Edward F., PFC
CHAPMAN, Allen F., PFC
CHUDIK, Nicholas, Pvt.
CONSOLLO, Charles T., PFC
COOK, John J., Pvt.
CRAVEN, James P., Pvt.
DANOWSKI, Charles C., Pvt.
DARRAH, William Jr., PFC
DEFRANCO, Frank J., PFC
DEL GRECO, George W., Corp.
DEWALT, David S., Sgt.
DEWEY, Raymond F., PFC
DIEHL, Luther H., Sgt.
DIFILIPPO, Andrew N., Corp.
DIXON, William L., Sgt.
DODDS, Thad N., 1st Lt.
DODSON, Paul H., Pvt.
DOFFIN, Jack, PFC
DOUGHERTY, Frank E., Sgt.
DOUTRE, Henry R., PFC
DRINKER, Sandwith, 1st Lt.
DRIZIN, Herman, 2nd Lt.
EDINGER, Paul J., Corp.
EFTERMAN, Stanley, Pvt.
ENNIS, Frank J., Jr., PFC
EVANS, Robert, Corp.
FALZONE, Charles W., PFC
FELKER, Lloyd C., Pvt.
FETCKO, Joseph T., Corp.
FLACK, William J., PFC
FLEMING, Joseph B., Corp.
FORNWALT, Mervin B. Jr., Pvt.
FREEMAN, William S., PFC
GARMAN, John P., Corp.
GAUGHAN, Bernard A., Corp.
GAUL, William A., Corp.
GECK, William, Pvt.
GETZ, William, PFC
GOODWIN, Warren, GySgt.
GRIFFITH, David H., 2nd Lt.
GLADKOWSKI, Eugene T. A., Corp.
GRAHAM, John T., Corp.
GUSSETT, Lewis E., PFC
HAGAN, Richard A., Chk
HAIGHT, George W., PFC
HAIRHOGGER, Robert C., PFC
HARLE, George S., Pvt.
HARRIS, Fred, MTSgt.
HENSLEY, Clarence J., PFC
HEWINS, Jack, PFC
HIPPLE, Joseph J., Pvt.
HOLMES, Stanley M., 1st Lt.
HORAN, Edward J., Sgt.
HORAN, John M., PFC
HOUSER, Andrew W., PFC
HOY, Edward, PFC
HUGHES, Curtin H., PFC
IMUS, Frank G., Corp.
IOANNA, John G., PFC
JEFFREY, Elmer L., PFC
JOHNSON, Frank D., PFC
KARDOS, Charles S., Corp.
KENNY, Robert E., Sgt.
KING, George W., Pvt.
KLINE, Gerald A., Corp.
KNABH, William L., PFC
KOBACH, Joseph Jr., Corp.
KOHUT, William E., Pvt.
KOKOSKA, Walter J., Sgt.
KUBILUS, Edward W., Pvt.
KUBILO, John Jr., PFC
LESHER, Kenneth L., Corp.
LIBERATO, Nicholas J., Pvt.
LIVINGSTON, Robert S., PFC
LIX, Michael J., PFC
LOCHRIE, Charles T., Pvt.
LOFTUS, William F., PFC
LONGO, Norbert R., PISgt.
McALLISTER, Paul R., Corp.
McARTHUR, Louis A., PFC
McCLOSKEY, Joseph R., PFC
MAHAFFEY, W. L., PFC
MALEK, Chester, PFC
MARLEY, Norton J., Corp.
MARTIN, John R., PFC
MARTINKUS, Joseph E., PFC
MAYER, William A., PFC
MELLON, James P., PFC
MELLON, Paul A., PISgt.
MESSINA, Joseph J., PFC
MICHEL, Howard C., Pvt.
MIKOLAC, Edward, Corp.
MILLER, Emerson E., Jr., PFC
MILLER, Robert F., PFC
MILLER, Robert K., Pvt.
MOHNEY, Guy, PFC
MONTECALVO, Louis J., Pvt.
MOONEY, John R., Corp.
MOORE, Edward N., Jr., PFC
MORISAK, Thomas F., PFC
MOSS, Chester T., PFC
MULLER, John H. Jr., Corp.
NICHOLSON, S. T. III, 2nd Lt.

OMLOR, William F., Corp.
O'NEILL, Harry M., 1st Lt.
O'NEILL, Thomas E., Corp.
ORNER, Gilbert L., PFC
OSBORN, Stanley E., 1st Lt.
OUTT, Benjamin W., Pvt.
PERRY, Russell D., PFC
POLONCHAK, Theodore, Pvt.
POPERNACK, George P., Corp.
QUEENEY, Martin J., Sgt.
QUIRIN, Eugene S., PFC
RAINEY, Clyde C., Corp.
RAMSEY, Carl, Sgt.
RAY, Stanley G., PFC
REIHL, Elmer C., Corp.
RICARD, Frederick J., PFC
RICCI, Peter P., Corp.
ROBERTS, Robert Jr., PFC
ROHRER, William H., PFC
ROSOSKY, Robert Charles, Pvt.
ROZNER, James H., Corp.
ROLAND, Arthur M., Pvt.
RUFFING, Lawrence H. Jr., PFC
RUMPILLA, George W. Jr., Corp.
RUSHER, Richard R., PFC
RYAN, Emmett J., PFC
SANDERS, William J., Corp.
SANGINITI, Leon A., PFC
SCATTONE, Anthony J. B., PFC
SCHELL, Charles W., PFC
SCHEMPF, William F., PFC
SCHWEITZER, Frank J., PFC
SEAMAN, John H., PFC
SEIMON, George E. Jr., PFC
SEVOK, Mike, PFC
SHEAFFER, Ralph D. Jr., PFC
SHIELDS, Elmer, PFC
SOKOLOWSKI, Frank F. Jr., PFC
SPANGLER, William J., PFC
STALLINGS, Robert L., PFC
STEWART, John, Pvt.
STODDARD, Lawrence D., Pvt.
STOLT, Robert G., PFC
STRANK, Michael, Sgt.
STUMPF, William F., Pvt.
SZIRMAI, Tibor T., PFC
TERRENOIRE, Prosper Jr., Pvt.
THELLMAN, Steve W., Corp.
THOMAS, Fred E., Sgt.
THROPP, Charles L., Corp.
TOMASZEWSKI, Raymond, PFC
TRANSEUE, Richard A., PFC
VAGLIA, Herman, Sgt.
VISCIERELLI, Dario, 2nd Lt.
VOELKER, Charles F., Corp.
WAGMAN, Albert J., Pvt.
WAGNER, Joseph, PFC
WALL, Robert J., PFC
WALTERS, Willard E., Pvt.
WANAGAITIS, B. R. Jr., Corp.
WARNER, Francis D., Corp.
WHALEN, Joseph J., Gysgt.
WHITEHEAD, Nicholas E., PFC
WILLIAMS, George W. Jr., Sgt.
WILLIAMS, Stanley K. Jr., PFC
WINEMILLER, Walter E., PISgt.
WRIGHT, Ernest H. Jr., Pvt.

RHODE ISLAND

BEAUDRY, Robert O., Pvt.
COFFEY, Donald, PFC
DIXON, John Jr., PFC
FALLON, Francis R., PFC
JACQUES, Richard E., PFC
LETOURNEAU, Leo J., PFC
PENTA, Joseph L., PFC
SHOLES, Harry E., Pvt.
STEPHENSON, Warren L., Sgt.
TRACY, Beverly L., Jr., PFC
USHER, William H., Corp.
WHIPPLE, Richard W., PFC

SOUTH CAROLINA

ASHBURN, Fred L., PFC
BAKER, Ernest R., Pvt.
BALTZEGAR, Jack B., PFC
BARNHILL, George P., Pvt.
BOAZMAN, Earl R., PFC
BOYKIN, Harold Ray, Corp.
BREEDEN, Joseph C., Pvt.
BROWN, Shuford, Pvt.
CARTER, William H., PFC
CHEEK, Joseph E., PFC
EADY, David C. Jr., Corp.
ELVINGTON, James G. Sr., Pvt.
FANT, Robert J., PFC
GEDDINGS, Lory, Sgt.
HICKMAN, Ernest H., Pvt.
HOLLAND, Henry B., Pvt.
JOHNSON, Henry C., Sgt.
LEIGH, Arthur B., Pvt.
MITCHELL, Foster D., PFC
NELSON, Jack, Pvt.
POUND, Henry T., Pvt.
RAMSEY, William R., Pvt.
REEVES, Ora L., Pvt.
REVELL, Marion B., 1st Lt.
ROBERTS, Thomas J., Pvt.
SHEALEY, Jacob P., Pvt.
SKINNER, William E., Pvt.
STEPHENS, Edward K. Jr., Pvt.
STRICKLER, John C., Pvt.
SUITE, Carl M., PFC
WALKER, Amos L., Pvt.
WILSON, Haynie M., Pvt.
WOODELL, Therman H., Pvt.

SOUTH DAKOTA

ARMSTRONG, Donald, PFC
CRAZY THUNDER, C. P., PFC
DRIER, Eugene R., Corp.
HLADIK, Ernest L., Pvt.
LORENZEN, Merle E., Pvt.
MALLOY, Max W., Pvt.
MORTENSON, Wayne C., PFC

TENNESSEE

ANDERSON, Ben E., Pvt.
BEELER, Phillip L., Pvt.
BLEDSOE, Erial W., PFC
BRIGHT, Jess W., PFC
CANNON, Ralph E., PFC
CARDEN, Maurice H. Jr., PFC
CARVER, Lloyd E., PFC
CLARK, Andy W., Pvt.
CLAYTON, Harry L., Pvt.
DICKENSON, Henry N., Corp.
EVERETT, Byrd W., Pvt.
FARRIS, George B., Pvt.
FLOWERS, Karl T., PFC
GLASGOW, Charles W., Corp.

HAAGA, Michael R., Corp.
HELTON, Eugene S. Sr., Pvt.
HERRON, Edward W., Pvt.
JOBIE, Zedrick T. Jr., Corp.
LANCIE, Howard C., PFC
LAW, John W., Pvt.
LEHMAN, Kenneth J., Pvt.
MACASLIN, Harve R., Corp.
McDANIEL, Clyde E., PFC
McMILLAN, James E., PFC
MANNING, Robert L., 2nd Lt.
MOYERS, James L., Corp.
O'DANIEL, Leon E., PFC
PHILPOT, Robert P., PFC
POWERS, Minor R., Pvt.
RAY, Charles C., PFC
RAY, Willard F. Jr., Corp.
RICH, Bethel A. D., Corp.
ROCHELL, Bruce O., PFC
RUSHING, Virgil L. Jr., Corp.
RUSSELL, Fred O., PFC
SCOTT, Herman D., Pvt.
SMITH, William E., Pvt.
SNAPP, Warren, Corp.
WALSH, James P., 2nd Lt.
WAMPLER, George B., Corp.
WOODARD, Theron H., Pvt.

TEXAS

AKINS, Leonard W., Corp.
ALARCON, Miguel O., Pvt.
ANDERWALD, Gilbert W., Pvt.
BALMOS, Frank W., PFC
BARHAM, Harwood D., PFC
BAULCH, Levi C., Corp.
BAZAN, Jesus, PFC
BERRY, Stanley R., Pvt.
BERRYMAN, Paul A., Sgt.
BLACK, Harlan H., Corp.
BOLAND, Bill T., Corp.
BRIN, Maurice R. Jr., Pvt.
BROUSSARD, Thomas D., PFC
BURGES, James W., PFC
BUSHNELL, Wright M. Jr., PFC
CAMPBELL, Roy, FldCk
CHAPMAN, William E., Pvt.
CLARK, Paul H., Corp.
CLARK, Robert H., PFC
COLE, Chester L., PFC
COOPER, Dwan A., PFC
CORZINE, Lonnie J., Pvt.
COWAN, Aubrey B., PFC
DAVIDSON, Donald W. Sr., Pvt.
DAVILA, Eduardo, PFC
DEGRACE, Joe M., Pvt.
DEHOYOS, Manuel M., PFC
EDDY, Ernest, Pvt.
EDWARDS, Ernest W., Pvt.
FELIX, Armando H., Pvt.
FORD, Troy, Pvt.
FOWLER, James R., Pvt.
GARCIA, Daniel R. Sr., Pvt.
GORDON, V. C., PFC
GOTHARD, John H., Corp.
GRANT, John R., PFC
GRIMM, Howard G., PFC
GROUNDS, Wilson B., PFC
HAFNER, Albert J. Jr., 1st Lt.
HALE, Charles N., PFC
HAMER, Billy B., Pvt.
HARALSON, Orville W., Sgt.
HARRIS, Alexander C. III, PFC
HASKETT, William H. Jr., Pvt.
HEARD, William J., 1st Lt.
HEINRICH, Herman J., Pvt.
HINCKLEY, Richard G., Pvt.
HOLLINGSWORTH, James M., Sgt.
HOOD, Thomas M., Pvt.
HOOKS, Charles D., Pvt.
HOLLAND, Henry C., Pvt.
HORNE, William F., Corp.
HUDSON, Murray A., Pvt.
JONES, Joe T., Pvt.
JORDAN, Billie J., Pvt.
KELTON, C. J., PFC
KIMMEY, Kenneth B., Gysgt.
KUZEL, Edwin E., PFC
LAMBERT, Cecil F., Pvt.
LAMBERT, John W., Corp.
LAUGHLIN, Fred J., PFC
LEHMAN, Gilbert M., Corp.
LEWIS, Lawrence C., PFC
LITTLEFIELD, Elgin P., Pvt.
LOOKINGBILL, George H., Corp.
LOPEZ, Israel, Pvt.
LUMMUS, Jack, 1st Lt.
McCULLEY, Howard L., PFC
MAY, Willis C., PFC
MELTON, Ollie J., Corp.
MIDDLETON, Herman C., PFC
MILLER, Robert T., PFC
MILLS, Lonnie E., Pvt.
MOODY, James R., Pvt.
DEVILS, Melvin, Corp.
NEWMAN, Leonard D., PFC
NOLTE, Eugene III, PFC
ORITZ, Robert M., PFC
OSBORN, Thomas R., PFC
PEDDY, Clyde E., Pvt.
PIERCE, William T. Jr., Sgt.
PRICE, John M., Pvt.
RAMIREZ, Raul, Corp.
RANDLETT, Frank R., Pvt.
REESE, Kemp L., Pvt.
REYNOLDS, Roy K., PFC
RHEA, John D., PFC
RIDDLE, Delbert L., PFC
ROBERTS, James B., PFC
ROGERS, Ivan P. Jr., PFC
ROLIWITZ, Clarence B., Sgt.
RYAN, James S., Corp.
SCHUEHLE, Clyde C., Corp.
SIMONS, Regan L., PFC
SLOAN, J. P. Jr., Sgt.
SMITH, John J. S. Jr., PFC
SMITH, John M. Jr., Pvt.
SPENCE, Ralph E., PFC
STALLCUP, Howard K., Sgt.
STRASBURGER, Allen H., PFC
SULLIVAN, J. R., PISgt.
SWAIN, Sigel R., Corp.
TANNER, Karl, 1st Lt.
TANTON, Andrew T., PFC
THOMAS, Leon E., PFC
THOMAS, Oscar M. Jr., Ack
THOMAS, Sam B., PFC
TUCK, Charles F., PFC
TURNER, Thomas T., PFC
UHL, Robert V., Sgt.
UMBARGER, Harland B., Pvt.
WALKER, Daniel A., PFC
WARD, Clifton M. Jr., Corp.

WARWICK, Lawrence E., PFC
WATTS, Buford E., PFC
WEAVER, Charles L., PFC
WEBSTER, William P. Jr., Sgt.
WHITE, Robert D., PFC
WINOGRAD, Nathan, Corp.

UTAH

BARKER, Stephen A., Pvt.
BRADY, Ralph J., PFC
DINEEN, Daniel E., PFC
HANSON, Howard C., Pvt.
HARDY, Roy, Corp.
HIXON, Rufus P., Corp.
HOLMES, William L., Sgt.
JONES, Donald B., PFC
JONES, Kay M., Pvt.
LARSEN, Bobby H., PFC
LLOYD, Tyndale L., PFC
MERIAM, Glade L., PFC
ROUNDT, Nathan J., Gysgt.
RUNSTEDT, Jack C., PFC

VERMONT

CARLISLE, Wendell W., Pvt.
DENNIS, Allen J., Pvt.
GATES, Lawrence J., PFC
MORIN, Edward J., Corp.
SPINSKI, Walter V., Sgt.
SHATTUCK, Max C., PFC
THOMPSON, Merrill L., PFC

VIRGINIA

ANDREWS, Arnold O., PFC
BAYLOR, Robert P. W. Jr., PFC
BINDER, William, Pvt.
BRADNER, Bennie G., PFC
BRIDGES, Thomas W., PFC
CHAMBERS, Russell A., PFC
CHARLTON, James M. Jr., Pvt.
COOK, Edgar H., Corp.
CURRY, Charles II, 1st Lt.
DANIEL, Herbert O., Pvt.
DARBY, Carl M., Pvt.
DEAN, Raymond M., PFC
DETON, William F., Corp.
DODSON, Edgar L. Jr., Pvt.
DOVE, Elbert L., PFC
DOWDY, William H., PFC
EASTERWOOD, William T., TSgt.
EDWARDS, James E., Pvt.
EDWARDS, William M., Corp.
FLANAGAN, Leslie R., Pvt.
FLEEMAN, Walter S., PFC
GORRELL, Charles A., Sgt.
GRIMM, Charles H., Corp.
HENDERSON, George E., Pvt.
HOGSHEAD, Ray E., PFC
JARRILL, Jessie F., PFC
JAWELL, Elmer W., PFC
JOHNSON, Donald M., 1st Lt.
LONG, Paul S., Pvt.
McCLINTIC, W. W. Jr., PFC
MACE, Elwood F., PFC
MARINO, Paul, Ack
MEADOWS, Harold V., Corp.
MILLER, George T., PFC
MITCHELL, Dewey W., Pvt.
OLIVER, Earl F., PFC
PARKER, John A. Jr., PFC
REED, Jack K., Corp.
RUST, Harry K., PFC
SCHLOEGEL, John J., Gysgt.
SCOTT, James O., Pvt.
SILVEY, Warren E., Pvt.
SMITH, Herbert G. Jr., 1st Lt.
STANKWYCH, Joseph K., Pvt.
TIDWELL, Jasper H., Corp.
TOMLINSON, Cornelius E., Pvt.
TOMLINSON, George E., PFC
THOMPSON, Raymond, PFC
TOMAN, Albert W., Pvt.
VAUGHAN, Luther R., Ack
WALLACE, Alfred L., PFC
WALLACE, James E., Pvt.
WATSON, J. B. Jr., PFC

WASHINGTON

ALLEN, Richard C., PFC
BROWN, Laverne C., Corp.
DOUGLAS, Charles E., 2nd Lt.
ELLSWORTH, Leon W., 2nd Lt.
EVANSON, Clifford B., PFC
FORTIER, James L., PFC
FOSSUM, John W., PFC
GIER, Keith S., Pvt.
HAWKINS, William R., PFC
HAWSON, Richard L., PFC
HOFF, Leslie W., Pvt.
HOLEK, Frank E., PFC
KELLER, Stanley H., PFC
KELLY, Richard S., Corp.
KLEMMER, Floyd A., Sgt.
KUBICEK, Milton W., Corp.
MACKIE, Alexander W., 2nd Lt.
MARLOW, Alan C., PFC
SHELTON, Donald J., Pvt.
SWANBY, Owen D., Corp.
TABERT, Frederick J., Corp.
WEIR, James R., Pvt.
WHITE, Raymond B., PFC
WILLIAMS, Thomas J., Corp.

WEST VIRGINIA

BERRY, Hardwick, Corp.
BOSTON, Glenn E., PFC
BROWN, Raymond W., Pvt.
CALE, Clarence R., PFC
CRAIG, Karl E., PFC
DAMRON, Woodrow H., PFC
EDWARDS, Guy M., Corp.
FERGUSON, Joseph F., Pvt.
FIELDS, Noel H., PFC
GARRISON, Henry E., Pvt.
HALLER, Charles R., PFC
HARRISON, Darrell L., PFC
HERDMAN, Peter W., PFC
HIBBS, James H., Corp.
JEFFRIES, Richard G., PFC
KELLEY, Walter A., Pvt.
KINCAID, Claude O., Pvt.
KIRBY, Earl J., PFC
KREVOSKY, George, PFC
LANDES, Marple W., Corp.
LAYMAN, William E., PFC
LAZELLE, Blair J., PFC
McCORKLE, Jack J., Corp.
McNEALLY, Carl L., Corp.
MIDKIFF, Kenneth D., Sgt.
MILLIGAN, Bruce A., PFC
MORELAND, Don D., Pvt.

MULLINS, John H., PFC
PEDNEAU, Bernard L., 1st Lt.
PRUTSOK, Johnnie E., PFC
SEBESTIN, Billy, PFC
SHAFER, William E., PFC
TAYLOR, Marston L., Pvt.
WATSON, John L., Pvt.
WAYNE, Lawrence, Corp.
WAZNIS, Walter F., PFC
WILBURN, Homer H., PFC
WOODS, Lawrence O., Pvt.
WOODS, William J., PFC

WISCONSIN

ABRAHAM, Donald R., PFC
ADAMS, Paul L., PFC
ALGER, Warren G., Sgt.
BALDWIN, Philip R., Sgt.
BRONSON, Floyd H., 1st Lt.
CHAPMAN, Daniel F., Pvt.
CHIER, Donald T., Pvt.
CONNELL, Calvin O., Pvt.
COOK, Duane P., Pvt.
DAY, Donald W., PFC
DELAPE, Earl A., Pvt.
DEMOISES, Donell M., Pvt.
DEYA, Robert, Pvt.
DOBERN, Thomas W., PFC
DOWNEY, William E., Corp.
FACAN, Francis L., Capt.
FINNEGAN, Maurice H., Pvt.
FOLEY, Guy C., Sgt.
FRANCOIS, Otis R., Pvt.
FRAUENHOLTZ, Albert P., PFC
GAHLMAN, Robert C., Corp.
GAMBINO, Frank J., Ack
GANKEE, Walter A., Sgt.
GAUGLER, Edward J., PFC
GIESE, David H., Pvt.
GILBOY, John A., PFC
GRIFFIN, Richard F., Pvt.
HACKEL, Isadore O., Pvt.
HEDEEN, James G., Pvt.
HEWITT, Raymond E., Corp.
HOFFMAN, William C., Corp.
HOLTZ, Charles L., PFC
HOOLIHAN, James P., Corp.
HUBERT, Raymond J., Corp.
INGRAHAM, Gene H., PFC
IRISH, Guy C., Corp.
JANKOWSKI, Roman A., Pvt.
KAISER, Ralph W., PFC
KAPLA, John D., PFC
KELLEY, Creighton W., PFC
KLATT, Richard A., PFC
KURTH, Desmond G., PFC
LANG, Alexander O., Pvt.
LUCAS, James R., PFC
LYKSETT, Oliver P., PFC
McCAHILL, Robert L., Capt.
MADOSH, Earl W., Pvt.
MALALEPSZY, Walter, PFC
MANTUANO, Tony, PFC
MARTIN, Walter W., PFC
MITTELSTAEDT, D. R., Corp.
NEUMANN, Gordon A., PFC
ONELIA, Robert M., Capt.
PAGE, Harlan L., PFC
PARKER, Max E., Pvt.
PATRICKI, Frank, Sgt.
PEERENBOOM, Clyde M., PFC
PETROPLOS, Thomas N., PFC
PHELPS, John L., 1st Lt.
REINECKE, Harold J., PFC
REUTER, James J., Pvt.
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ROHAN, John A., Corp.
SCHIRK, George A., PFC
SCHISEL, Gordon G., Corp.
SCHNEIDER, John, Pvt.
SENRORACKE, Joseph C., Corp.
STANTON, Daniel C., Pvt.
STAUSS, Robert W., PFC
THOMPSON, Max Robert, PFC
WALKER, William H., PFC
WELLS, Weldon G., Corp.
WIESE, Robert R., PFC
WISHOWSKI, Donald W., PFC
ZIEGLER, Lloyd C., PFC

WYOMING

BARNHART, Derrell P., Pvt.
DREW, Robert L., PFC
FRANKLIN, Bill D., Pvt.
HARDEE, Robert E., Corp.
JENKINS, Lavar H., Pvt.
MURRELL, William P., PFC
SLAGLE, Everett B., Sgt.
SMITH, Floyd E., Pvt.
STODDARD, Robert E., 2nd Lt.

ALASKA

WEYAND, Wayland L., 1st Lt.

MISSISSIPPI

ARMSTRONG, Bernard M., Corp.

ARKANSAS

HALBERT, Miller G., 1st Lt.

CALIFORNIA

CAHILL, William J., Sgt.
CARPENTER, Jarvis H., 1st Lt.
HOUSE, James E. Jr., Corp.
JACOBS, Vincent A., 2nd Lt.
LEBARON, Eugene C., Pvt.
LEE, Orval R., PISgt.
SCOTT, Gerald D., 1st Lt.
SMITH, John B., 2nd Lt.
ISK, Floyd S. Jr., Pvt.
STOUT, Joseph L., 2nd Lt.
URBOM, Oscar D., 2nd Lt.
WILLIAMS, James H., 1st Lt.
WOOSTER, Gordon K., 1st Lt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BERRY, John W., 1st Lt.

ILLINOIS

FITZGIBBON, Patrick M., PFC
JOHNSTON, John R., 1st Lt.
LUKASEK, Frank T., MTSgt.
PARSONS, John R., 1st Lt.
PETERS, Elwood D., 2nd Lt.
RONAN, James P., 2nd Lt.

INDIANA

PHILLIPS, Charles E., MTSgt.
SNELLING, George W., Pvt.

IOWA

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WIRICK, Richard D., Pvt.

OREGON

CLAFLIN, Lynn E., Sgt.
STODD, John Philip, 2nd Lt.

PENNSYLVANIA

GANTT, William L., 2nd Lt.
GREEN, Robert L., Capt.
HUGLER, Robert K., 2nd Lt.
LOY, Guy R., Sgt.

RHODE ISLAND

ALWARD, Everett V., Major
PRATT, Roy C., 2nd Lt.

TENNESSEE

SOWERS, Roy E., Pvt.

TEXAS

HILL, Charles H., Sgt.
JONES, Robert M., Capt.
PARKS, Mitchell L., Capt.

UTAH

HYATT, Dallas L., 2nd Lt.

VERMONT

RUSSELL, Ralph A., 2nd Lt.

VIRGINIA

ZEHRING, F. F., 1st Lt.

WASHINGTON

HEBRON, Samuel J., Pvt.
MORGAN, John L. Jr., Capt.

WISCONSIN

WUNROW, Robert F., MTSgt.

The casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin since December 7, 1941, to 49,818, which breaks down by classification as follows:

Dead 14,284
Wounded 32,774
Missing 881
Prisoner of War . . . 1,879



"Oh, boy! Where did you get that!"

Rescue at Koror

By Lt. Comdr. Fred H. Mamer

as told to
TSgt. DAVID STICK
USMC Combat Correspondent

EDITOR'S NOTE: On 4 March, 1945 Corsair fighter-bombers of the Fourth Marine Air Wing based here flew a total of 143 sorties against Jap positions in the northern Palau Islands.

One of the targets was "Battery Hill," a heavy concentration of varied-size anti-aircraft emplacements on Koror Island, former seat of government for the Japanese mandated area in the Western Carolines. On a strike against "Battery Hill" in the early afternoon, a Corsair piloted by Marine First Lieutenant Walter F. Brown of Bradenton, Fla., was set afire by enemy anti-aircraft, and Brown was forced to bail out. He landed less than 200 yards from shore within easy range of the guns on "Battery Hill" and of small arms fire from Jap troops on the beach.

Brown was picked up a few minutes later by a PBY Dumbo rescue plane piloted by Navy Lieutenant Commander Fred Hopkins Mamer of Benton Harbor, Mich.

The following is a report of the rescue mission:

"MY CREW was assigned the Dumbo mission with the third strike on Koror Town, Koror Island, Palau Group, on 4 March 1945. We took off in a PBY-5A, at 1335, following the Corsair striking group.

"We circled the field once and then started north over the outer western reef of the Palau Group. Our orbiting point was over the reef directly west of the target area, but when we reached that point the attack had not yet begun. I figured that the presence of a Dumbo plane orbiting over the reef just off Koror town would give away the strike, so I continued north along the reef until the flak appeared over the target area. Evidently there was no element of surprise during this third strike for the anti-aircraft bursts appeared while the first wave was in its approach. At this time we turned back toward Koror Town inside of the reef to better observe any plane that might ditch.

"Over VHF (radio) we heard someone saying that one of the pilots bailed out over the target. Just then we saw a parachute open and float down to the water just off the beach in the center of the harbor front. I remember saying to Lieutenant Landers (Navy Lieutenant (jg) Maurice D. Landers of Casper, Wyo.) my First Pilot, over the interphone, 'there's one who's a goner, for sure.'

"We were heading toward the area just off Arakabesan (an island adjoining Koror) when the Corsairs came out calling, 'Dumbo, did you see the man go in just off the beach?'

"I answered that I did, wondering at the time if they expected me to go into a place like that to pick him up. Just then the Corsairs came up again on VHF, saying, 'Hello Dumbo, all fighters will form a Lufberry Circle over you and cover you with strafing during rescue.'

"I called back: 'How about going in and sizing up that small calibre flak from the beach. When we're on the water we'll be in easy range of it.'

"So the fighters went in and took a look, calling back that they thought we could get away with it. I was sure that we wouldn't have a damned chance to get in there and out again. 'What about the wife and daughter, mine and a couple of my crew's?' These thoughts went through my mind as I circled trying to make my decision and planning my approach if I should go in.

"Landers said over the interphone: 'Aren't we the lucky ones? What a position to have a guy go down.'

"And I knew what he meant. I had to make a decision whether to risk the lives of nine men in order to save one. After what seemed hours I finally called the Corsairs, saying: 'This is Dumbo. I'm going in. Do your damndest to keep them busy.'

"JUST then directly ahead of us broke a black burst of flak and just over Brown's (Marine First Lieutenant Walter F. Brown of Bradenton, Fla., the downed pilot) position a white phosphorus burst broke. That first anti-aircraft burst gave me a start as the concussion thumped the side of the plane, and I remember looking over at Landers and seeing considerable sweat standing out on his face. I probably had some, too. About then I asked the Corsairs if they thought I had any chance at all of getting in and out again. I still wasn't convinced that I had any chance at all. The only answer that came back was the continual urging.

"So I circled, put the floats down, and with the fighters doing a beautiful job of covering the beach and strafing, started on my approach. I was at about 300 feet, paralleling the northwest side of Arakabesan, about 300 to 400 yards off the beach. Anti-aircraft was going all around us.

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"I remember shouting over VHF: 'This is Dumbo. Stop that stuff on Arakabesan.'

"And they did, for it dropped off. About then we took a burst of flak below and just ahead and another directly under the hull. It sounded as if someone thumped the hull and threw large rocks at the bottom. I was sure that we were holed, so I pulled out, signalled the flight engineer, (Edward W. Heffner, Aviation Machinist Mate Second Class, of Vallejo, Cal.) to put up the floats, and got out of there. I told the fighters to hold their ammunition while we checked the hull for holes. The crew looked over the bottom and unbelievably found no sign of damage, so I circled to get in position for another approach. With all stations reported ready, I told the fighters to start in, and began my second approach.

"This time the Corsairs were really on the job and the small calibre fire from the beach was much lighter. But the flak from the heavy positions on Battery Hill (Jap anti-aircraft concentration on Koror) and the top of Arakabesan was very intense and breaking all around us. I guess I was too busy to worry much about it. My approach was about 90 degrees to my landing course — to keep from going directly over ack-ack positions. I made a flipper turn of 300 feet, cut my engines, and headed for the water.

"The surface conditions were normal harbor conditions with a choppy sea which allowed me to choose most any type of landing. I commenced a normal landing but realizing that I was just a little too far back from Brown, I let her bounce and pulled up into a full stall, dropping her in about 50 yards from him. She settled nicely; I could start taxiing immediately.

"Brown was in sight, directly ahead, just west of the dye marker he had released in the water. He was in his Mae West on his back, splashing as hard as he could. I taxied up to him, keeping him on my port side so I could see him. As we went by, the crew in after station threw him a life ring on the end of a line. Brown caught it, but due to his having been wounded, he had difficulty holding on. Because of his position in relation to the beach reef, I couldn't taxi to him directly into the wind.

"AFTER we had him on the end of the line, I couldn't prevent the plane from weathercocking (swinging around) into the 15 to 20 knot wind. I couldn't use sea anchors for fear of fouling Brown in them and dragging him under water. The weathercocking effect of the wind pulled the tail of the plane across Brown so that he was on the starboard side with the line to him going under the hull. He finally had to release the line.

"Shells were hitting just short of us and just beyond us from the installations on Battery Hill and Arakabesan. One threw water over the starboard wing, but I decided as long as we had stuck our necks out that far, we might as well make another try at getting Brown. So I turned to port, taxiing directly through a patch on the water where a shell had exploded a moment before. I could see the traces on the water and could smell the black powder smoke. We made another good run on Brown but the same situation developed as on the first try. Brown finally let go again as he went under the stern, too weak to hang on.

"About this time Landers asked me if I wanted him to go to after station to see if he could help. I gave him the okay and he left the cockpit. On the way back he told Ensign Russell (Ensign Philip E. Russell of Glencoe, Ill.) our Second Pilot, to hop up into the cockpit.

"I said to myself: 'Goddamit, I've got to get him this next try or we'll have to get out of here.' It was just getting too hot to stay any longer. One shell exploded so close that a sheet of water hit my starboard engine and I thought for a moment it was going to conk out, but Heffner, in the Flight Engineer's station in the tower, did a good job of keeping her running. Having failed on two attempts at using a line, I decided to turn to starboard toward the beach reef and come up on Brown close enough aboard my port side that the men in the blister could grab him by hand. This involved some danger to Brown because the port prop would pass directly over him, but I figured we had to take that chance. I knew if I misjudged and hit the reef, that it would slice our hull open and sink us. But we made it.

"As soon as the plane was past the down wind line, I cut back my engines and let her weathercock slowly into the wind, bringing up alongside Brown at the slowest speed possible with both engines running. I brought the plane so close to him that he was bumping it as we moved by. He had the presence of mind to duck under water as the prop passed over him, coming up again right at the blister. Landers caught him by the life jacket and he and Burrough swung him into the plane head first.

"Looking back I saw his legs going into the blister and I shouted to Russell to pour the coal to her — we got 50-some inches (manifold pressure) out of those engines as we started the takeoff run. I was about 70 degrees out of the wind in order to clear the reefs but we had no trouble on takeoff. As soon as the engines turned up I knew we were okay unless the flak got a lucky hit on us. A moment later we were off and on our way home." END

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The Editor's Report

Valor on the "Franklin"

Marine First Lieutenant Ken Linder of Arcadia, Cal., and Navy Commander Edwin B. Parker, Jr., of San Francisco, Cal., have been credited in a delayed dispatch with bagging the Japanese bombing plane which damaged the aircraft carrier Franklin. The dispatch, by Second Lieutenant Jim Hardin, a Marine Corps Public Relations Officer, also revealed that two Marine fighter squadrons were aboard the carrier. These were the famed "Black Sheep," formerly led by the 26-plane ace, Major Gregory Boyington, and the recently organized "Sky Raiders."

The "Black Sheep" were in the air and navy planes were rendezvousing above the carrier for a strike at Kobe, Japan, when the Jap plane dived from the overcast. Lieut. Linder got to him first, put several bursts into the enemy bomber, and was followed by Comdr. Parker, who finished him off.

WHEN the history of the Pacific war is written in complete detail one of the glowing chapters will be the saga of the USS carrier *Franklin*. This story will be a tribute to the cool courage of the sailors and Marines who manned her in action and who brought her home.

But the story of the *Franklin* represents more than a glowing chapter in American naval history. It represents the teamwork which is providing the winning combination in the Pacific, the teamwork of civilian labor and management which built the carrier and of the armed forces which sailed her.

The significance of this story is not lost on the enemy. It is a record of what is happening now and a forecast of the shape of things to come.

On March 19 the *Franklin* was operating with a fast carrier task force in the air strike against remnants of the Japanese fleet sighted in the Inland Sea. The vessel was within 60 miles of the Japanese coast. Many of her planes were still on deck, loaded with bombs, rockets and machine gun ammunition, preparing to take off.

Suddenly, a Japanese dive-bomber streaked down at the carrier. Its pilot was not suicide bent. He was doing a straight dive-bombing job. Pulling out of his dive at low altitude, he released two armor-piercing 500-pound bombs. Both scored direct hits. One detonated beneath the flight deck on which the armed planes were spotted ready for take-off. The second bomb went off on the hangar deck, where other planes, fueled and armed, were waiting to be taken to the flight deck.

Many major explosions followed the initial blasts. Large bombs exploded and threw men and planes the length of the ship. Smaller bombs, rockets and machine gun ammunition killed dozens of men who had survived the first explosions. The resulting fires were fed by thousands of gallons of aviation gasoline.

In the inferno that followed there was no panic. It was the cool courage of the men that averted further disaster and enabled them to save the ship. When the regular damage con-

trol parties were either killed or trapped by flames, volunteers took charge. It was not uncommon for a pilot, a mechanic, a ship's officer and a steward's mate to be manning the same hose.

In the first hour that followed the attack, the condition of the carrier grew steadily worse. Groups of men were trapped in the stern. Others began to go over the side to escape what seemed to be certain death. But damage control parties succeeded in flooding some of the magazines below decks.

Soon other ships came to the rescue, to remove wounded. Once rescue operations had to be halted when one of the carrier's gun positions caught fire and threatened to explode. By afternoon the fires were brought under control and the listing carrier was taken in tow. By the morning of March 20 one of the carrier's fire rooms had resumed operations and the list had been corrected. During the day more boilers were put in operation and the tow line was dropped. But the ship was still in bad shape. She had no electric power, but sufficient food. A small walkie-talkie, powered by batteries, was her only radio equipment. The steering gear was wrecked completely and it was necessary to control her heading by varying the speed of the main engines.

On March 21 about 300 men went back aboard the *Franklin* from ships which had picked them up. An offer of additional crewmen and food was refused. The ship radioed: "We have plenty of men and food. All we want to do is get the hell out of here."

On March 22 the carrier and a cruiser escort headed for home. She reached New York with her main mast leaning at a sharp angle, her foremast a jagged stump, her steel plates buckled and torn and her flight deck completely destroyed. She had lost a greater number of men and sustained more battle damage than any ship ever to enter New York harbor under her own power.

Many of the *Franklin's* original crew never will sail again. She suffered more than 1100 casualties, many dead and missing. But the rest of her crew soon will be back in action helping to deliver the final blows which will crush the enemy.

At a ceremony held on her flight deck shortly after arrival in New York, 97 officers and enlisted men were decorated for valor. Navy officials described the ceremony as the largest mass decoration of its kind in American naval history. Another 100 of her crew, absent on the day of the citation exercises, are slated for decoration.

Captain Leslie E. Gehres, commanding officer of the *Franklin*, headed the list of 11 officers and one enlisted man who received the Navy Cross for their skill and valor in coping with the catastrophe. Silver Stars and Bronze Stars were awarded to the others decorated. Lieutenant Commander Joseph O'Callahan, the ship's chaplain, who played an heroic role, and Lieutenant Donald A. Gary, who saved 300 trapped men in a mess compartment, have been recommended by Capt. Gehres for the Congressional Medal of Honor.

BACK OF THE BOOK

POWERS

Gunnery Sergeant Grant Powers, whose cartoon spread "Personnel Attack," appears on pages 10 and 11 of this issue, has been a Marine in two wars.



After having served in the Marine Corps in World War I, Powers went to work for the press and rose in his profession to become one of the best known newspaper cartoonists in New York City. When World War II came along he reenlisted in the Corps and tried for a combat assignment. He joined the Fifth Marine Division and shipped out with that outfit when it left the States. The cartoons which appear in this issue were made en route to Iwo Jima.

MATTIE

Staff Sergeant George H. Mattie must have given personnel classification quite a headache before he was assigned as a Marine Corps combat correspondent.



That's because in addition to newspaper work, Mattie has been a lumberman, farm hand, coal miner, steel worker, hobo, high school English teacher, basketball coach and chemical supervisor, all in the space of 33 years. A native of Pennsylvania, Mattie attended the University of Missouri's Journalism School and then got a newspaper job. He joined the Corps in January, 1944, was assigned as a CC and is now overseas with FMF-PAC. His story "Flying Scouts" appears on pages 24, 25

TRETICK

When Staff Sergeant Stanley Tretick did the picture story on the sergeants' club in Pearl Harbor, which appears on pages 39, 41 of this issue under the title



"Pacific Slop Chute," he was working for the Division of Public Relations. Since then he has joined the staff of **THE LEATHERNECK**. A native of Washington, D. C., Tretick was an apprentice photographer with the *Washington Post*, the *Times-Herald*, and *Acme Newspictures* before joining the Marine Corps in October, 1942. He spent 22 months in the Pacific with PR doing photographic work and just recently returned Stateside.

★ ★ ★

Picture Credits

Sgt. John Jolokai, pp. 20, 21, 36, 37.

Sgt. Louis Lowery, pp. 15, 16, 17, 32, 33.

Sgt. Robert Wilton, pp. 18, 19, 24, 25.

Official USMC, pp. 26, 27, 28, 29.

Sgt. Stanley Tretick, pp. 39, 40, 41.



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